May 1981

Smithsonian

Spring flowers bloom at Dumbarton Oaks, an enclave of beauty and scholarship (p. 92)

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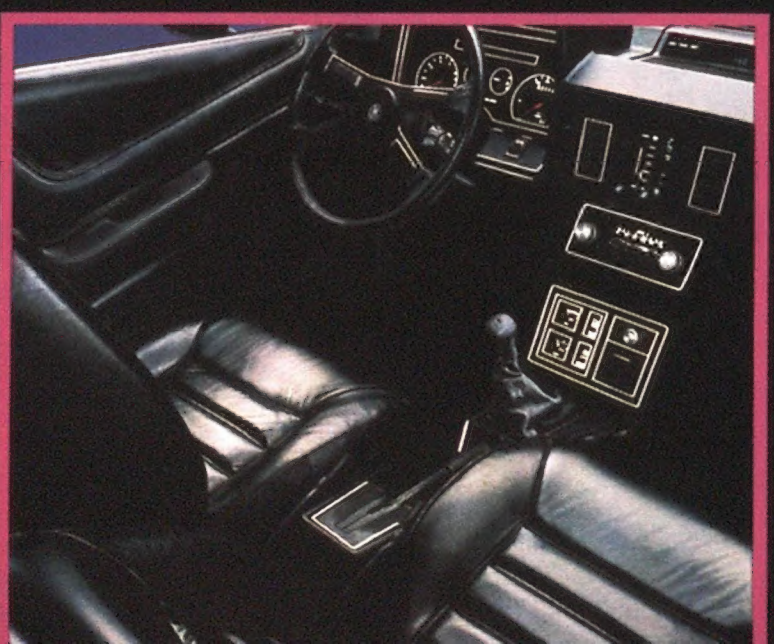

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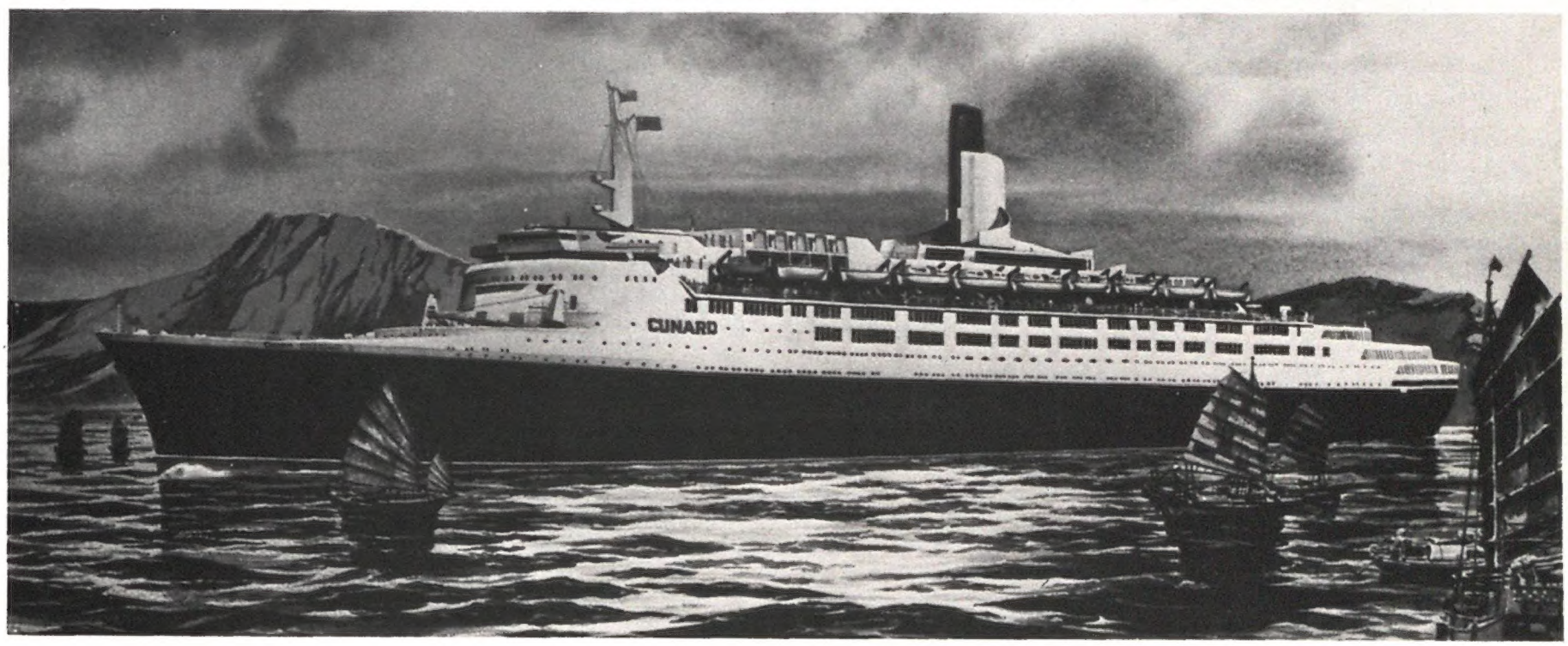

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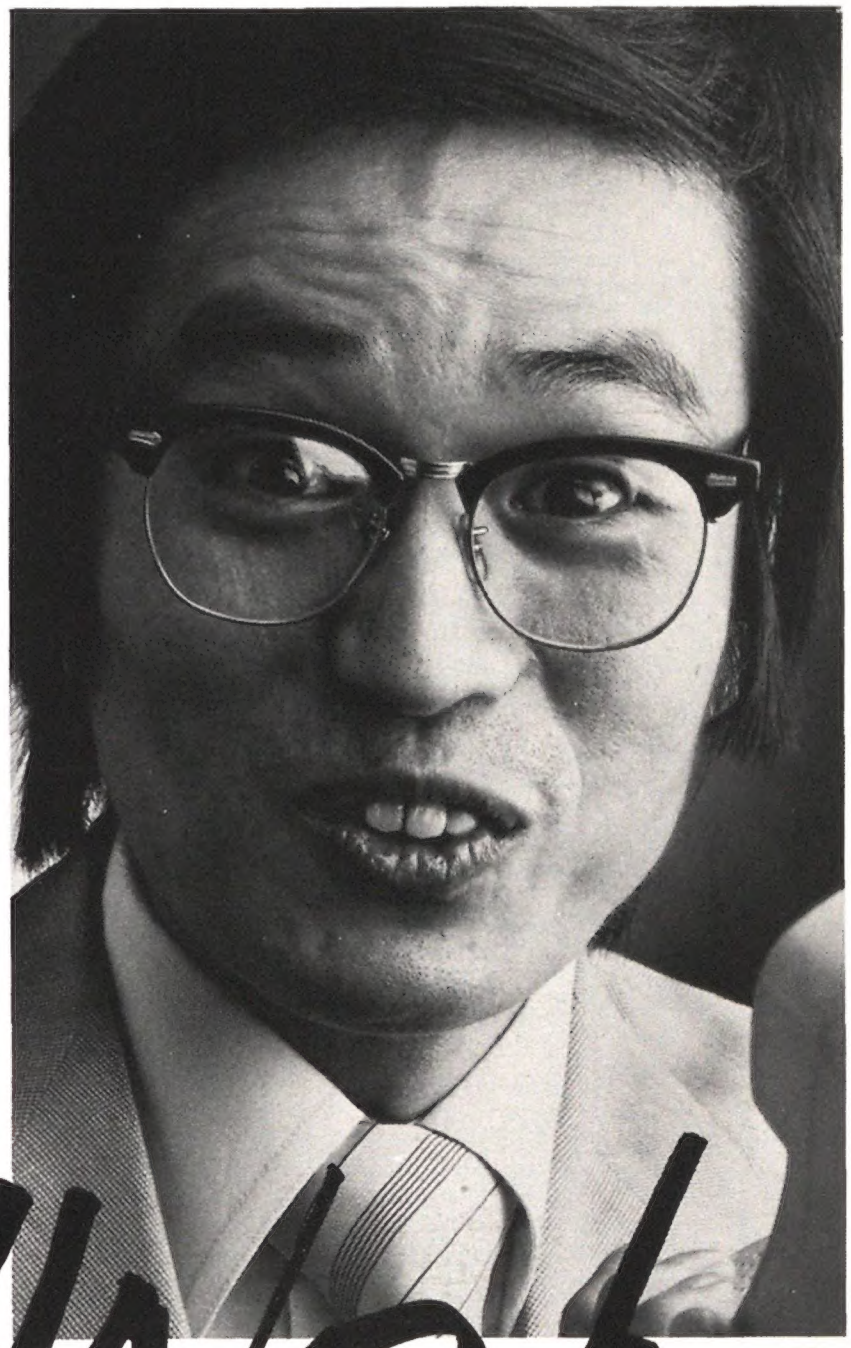

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May 1981

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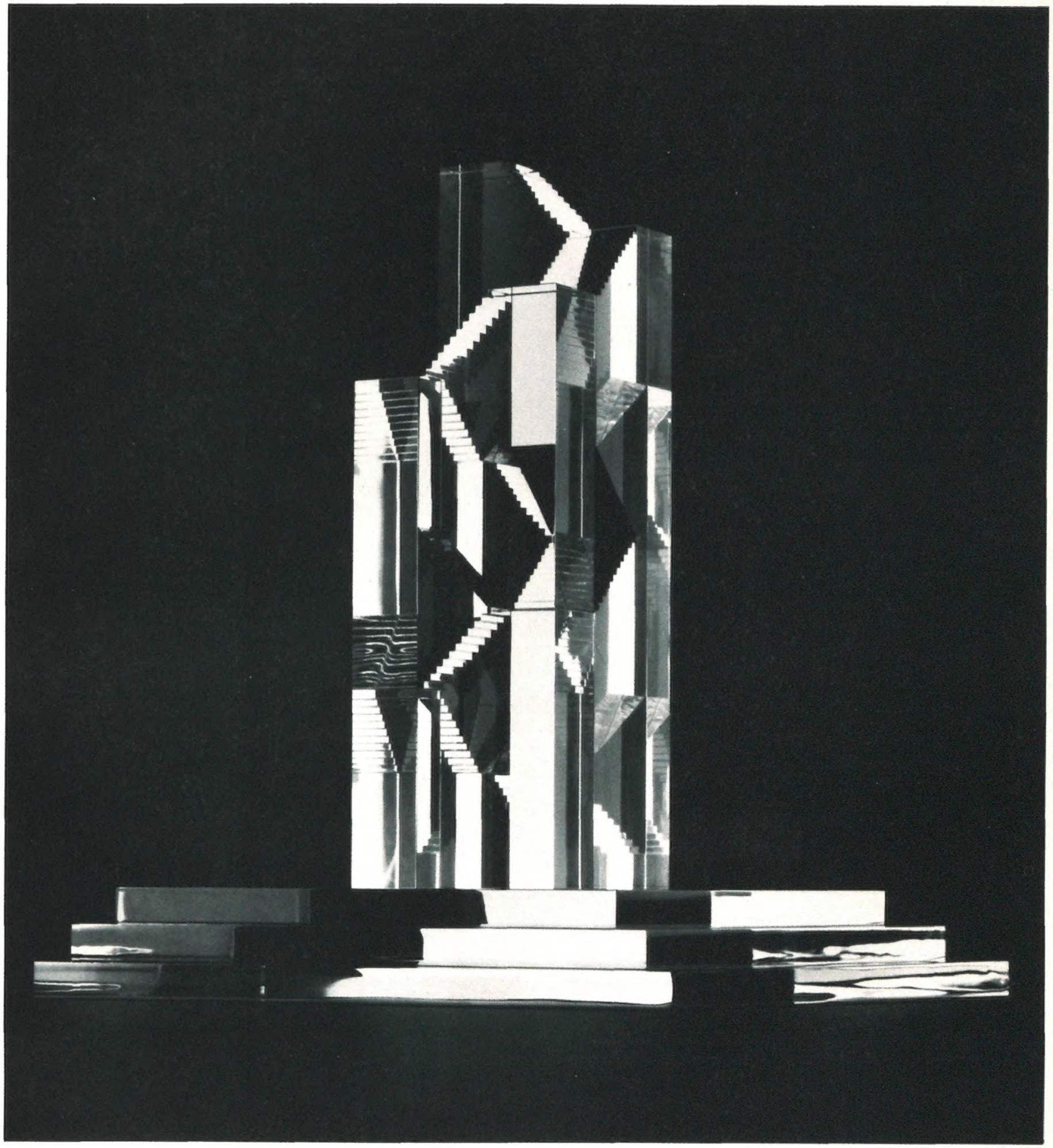

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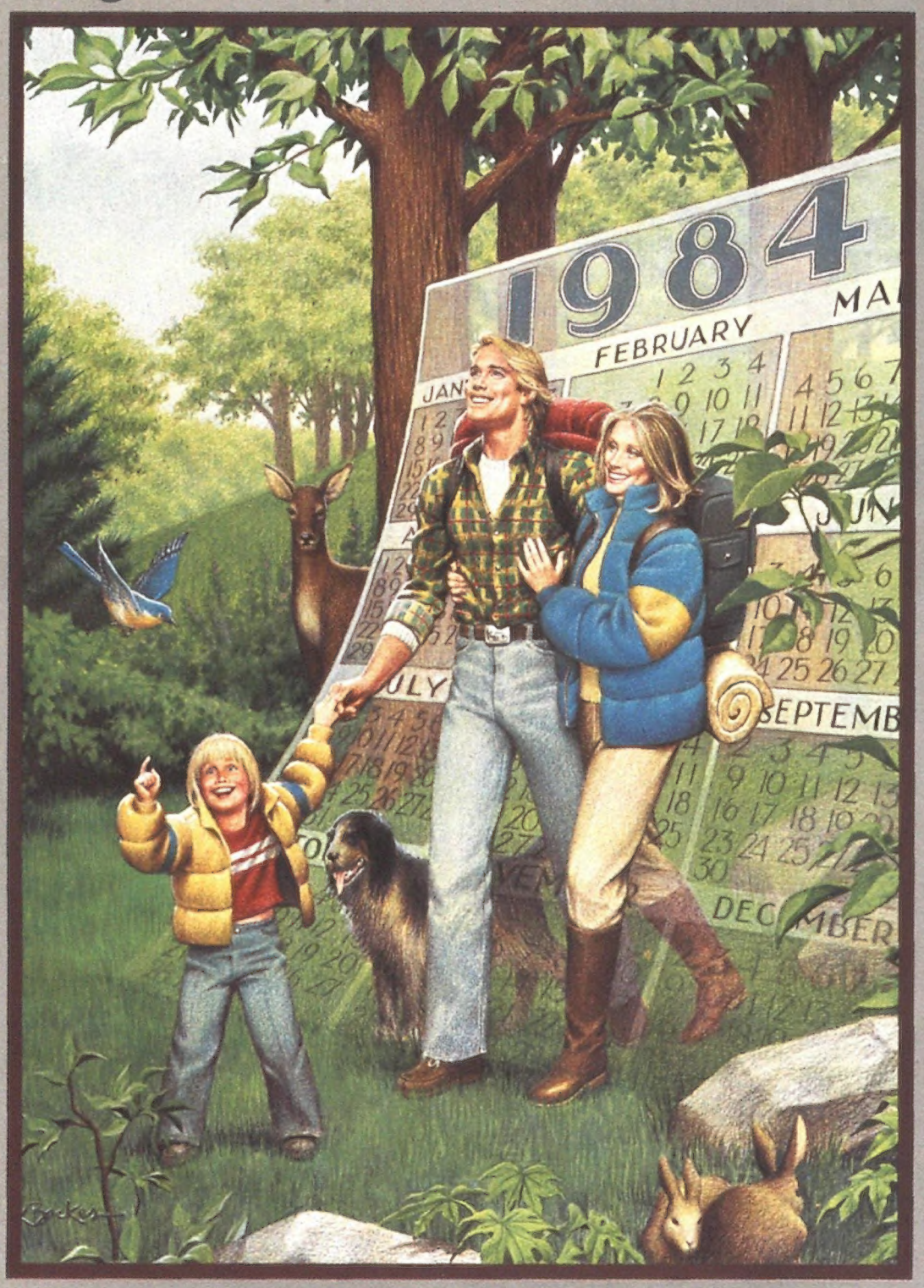

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Secretary Ripley's comments

The view from the castle

State of the Smithsonian:

From the Annual Report—Part 2

The past year has been significant at the Smithsonian in terms of outstanding research accomplishments with new facilities. For instance, latest reports indicate that because of the sharp images, the capabilities of the Multiple Mirror Telescope are exceeding our expectations (SMITHSONIAN, May 1979). The site at the summit of Mt. Hopkins in Arizona is turning out to be excellent for observation purposes, and may be one of the very best such locations in the continental United States. Apparently the unusual design of the building (right) helps maintain good image quality. Modifications planned for the next few years should result in even sharper stellar images than are being obtained now, often better than one arc second. Increasing the sharpness of the image is equivalent to increasing the diameter of the telescope by the same factor. Thus, these improvements are making available to American astronomers an instrument that will be considerably more powerful than the 176-inch equivalent we had anticipated originally.

At the Smithsonian Tropical Research Institute, an important new facility at the Naos Island Marine Laboratory was opened by the President of Panama in July 1980. In this completely new system for studies of captive marine organisms, seawater can be provided in raw, filtered and sediment-free states. And water from non-Pacific sources (the Caribbean, for example) can be sterilized and returned to the Pacific without contamination (p. 10). This facility will greatly enhance the research potential of our marine laboratory and should provide an important adjunct to any future sea-level canal studies, long a concern of the Smithsonian.

Our Marine Systems Laboratory, located in the National Museum of Natural History, has acquired its own research vessel and seaplane (p. 10), and last year successfully conducted its first combined sea-and-air mission. The trip to the Caribbean focused on the study of coral reefs off the coast of Haiti and the Virgin Islands. With the success of this expedition, plans are moving forward for the study of Pacific reefs using the same ship-and-plane combination.

It is irresponsible, as well as unethical, for museums to harvest collections only to let them gradually decay in ill-ventilated, overheated and crowded storage areas. The proper housing of the collections of the Museum of Natural History is not only an Institutional priority, but—it can be said with no hesitation—a national one, for these collections in major part are unduplicated anywhere else and totally irreplaceable.

The MMT, seen against the sunset, atop Mt. Hopkins.

In their aggregate they represent an extremely valuable part of the nation's—indeed the world's—scholarly inheritance.

And so, last fall, after more than ten years of planning, countless meetings and studies, and numerous presentations to the Congress, action was finally taken on one of the Institution's highest priorities. Ground was broken in February at Silver Hill, Maryland, for the new Museum Support Center. When completed, it will permit, at long last, the removal of vast portions of the collections of the Museum of Natural History from inadequate facilities to a milieu where they can be properly conserved, easily retrieved and studied, and maintained within laboratories equipped with the most up-to-date technology. Thus, a significant new chapter is opening, one which no doubt in the decades ahead will have to be expanded, but which in the near term can be described as a quantum improvement.

It is with great satisfaction that I have presided over the achievement of this goal, and I look forward to the dedication of the building, on schedule, toward the end of 1982. Thereafter, we plan to initiate a program of training in conservation to help alleviate the critical shortage of fully qualified conservators, an endemic situation in America.

On earlier occasions I have spoken of the "evidence" which our objects and exhibits provide. I mean it in the sense of a *manifestation*. William Walton used the word in the title of his book, *The Evidence of Washington* (1966). Evidence is an aggregate of things, signs and symbols, past and present. It is not merely an exhibit, but the mood that it creates. In the artist's eye, vision induces perspicuity, a seeing through. So it is with objects, objects collected by museums, objects from an attic or a bureau drawer. When my father died, I opened his drawer, and there spread before me was the *materia vita*, like a Harnett still life—the spectacles, a silver pencil from a waistcoat chain, collar

Studying marine organisms at Naos Island, Panama.

Our new seaplane, since painted blue and white.

buttons, a photograph of a boy in the uniform of the Knickerbocker Grays, an old letter and a diary. They summoned up his presence as vividly as any memory.

If we did not build the Museum Support facility, where would our conscience be? If we did not collect objects, what evidence of truth would there be? Objects are surer evidence than legal precedents, which were questioned by Henry Clay in one of his speeches in the Senate (1835): "But a solitary precedent . . . which has never been reexamined, cannot be conclusive." It is not so with objects. Now that people read less, perhaps objects will return to their former status as evidence of truth, old testaments to revelation. Sometimes I have described museums, a bit facetiously, as the only legitimate growth industry in a world of declining resources.

It is true that in our present mode of life, despite the successes of the auction business (SMITHSONIAN, April 1981), greater numbers of people live under increasingly compressed physical conditions. Rooms are smaller, ceilings lower, attics soon to be nonexistent (like, as it sometimes seems, the trunk spaces of automobiles). More and more museums are being called upon as a last resort to winnow the chaff of people's possessions, and to authenticate and curate what is left. So, museums live as they grow, presiding over the verities of history.

I once quoted the famous writer and churchman, John Henry Cardinal Newman, as saying "Growth [is] the only evidence of life," a statement with a convincing biological ring. If one assumes this to be true, then museums and their careful curating have a far higher priority in life than public recognition or support gives them credit for.

S. Dillon Ripley

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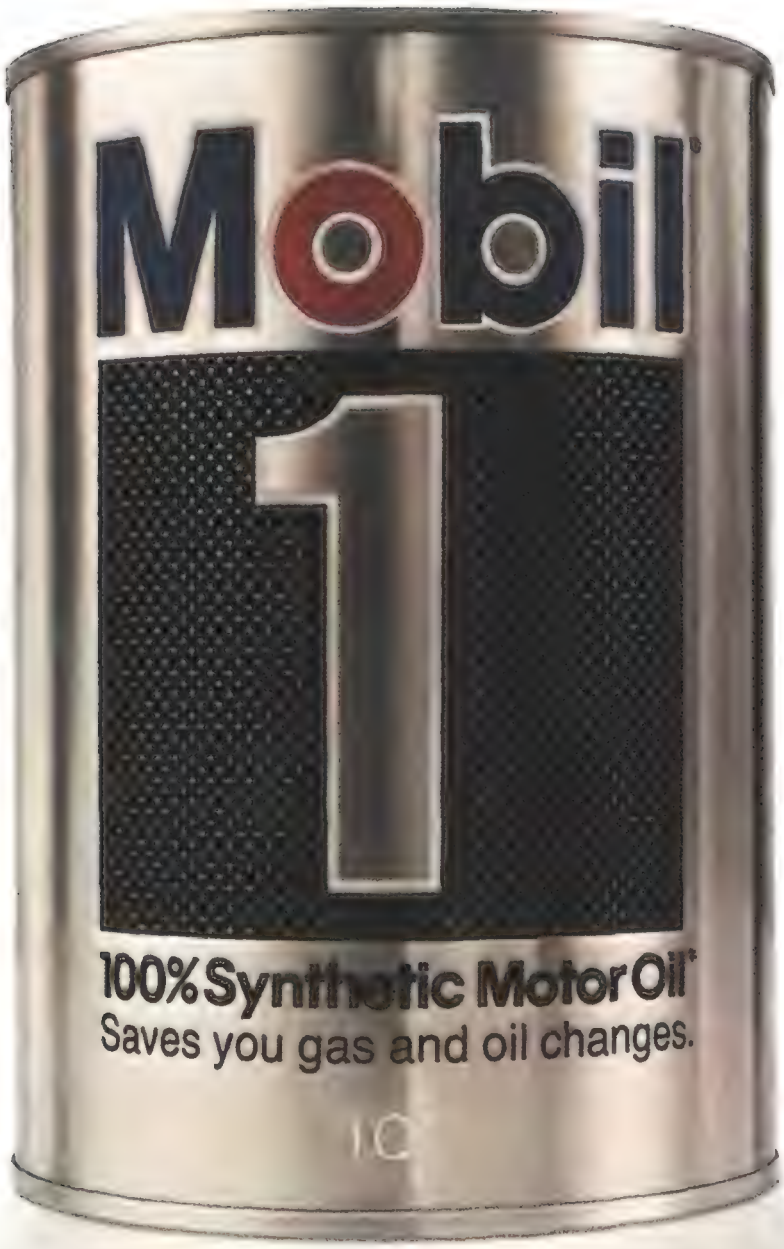

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Letters to the Editor

Art in North Carolina

Dear Sir: Many thanks to authors Frank Getlein (North Carolina School of the Arts) and Julia Markus (N.C.-born Romare Bearden's art returns home) for a splendid double dose of N.C. culture in your March issue.

The School of the Arts, part of our university system, and the Mint Museum, enthusiastically supported by the Charlotte community, are two big reasons for our claim to the title, "State of the arts." There are others, too, including the N.C. Symphony, the state Arts Council, and the N.C. Museum of Art, which celebrates its 25th anniversary with the dedication this May of a splendid new building scheduled to open in 1982. Thank you for helping us share our treasures.

Sara W. Hodgkins
N.C. Department of Cultural Resources
Raleigh, North Carolina

Cassowaries

Dear Sir: In the very interesting article on the cassowary, specifically where it is stated that "a site for 500 birds was set up on a few acres [of] casuarina trees," it seems worth noting that the tree was named for the bird because its foliage resembles the bird's plumage.

C. B. Harvey
Key West, Florida

Rescued sculpture

Dear Sir: Paul Seligman's article, "Forsaken sculpture enriches garden at Brooklyn Museum," brought back many fond memories to me. I am glad that these

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Nearly all of America's freight railroads build, maintain and pay taxes on their track and rights-of-way, and these costs are paid from dollars earned by the railroads. As a result, it costs the railroads 34¢ out of every dollar of revenue for track and rights-of-way, compared to the 5¢ paid by trucks and the .003¢ paid by barges, neither of which amounts to a fair share of costs.

All transportation has received government assistance at one time or another. The freight railroads, however, have reimbursed the government for most prior aid. Much of the current aid to some railroads is in the form of loans to be repaid with interest. On the other hand, trucks and barges have long received outright subsidies.

All forms of freight transportation should pay their full costs of doing business. When they do, the American people will receive the most economical transportation services—and a needless burden will be lifted from the motorist and taxpayer.

For more information, write: Competition, Dept. 6, Association of American Railroads, American Railroads Building, Washington, D.C. 20036.

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Walter R. Welsch
University of Florida
Gainesville

Gasohol

Dear Sir: Michael Parfit's article on "Corn-belt enthusiasts . . ." offered an impressive amount of information, but it left one critical factor out of alcohol-fuel calculation. If the dreams of the agribusiness community come true, there will be a major upsurge in agricultural production to produce fuel without starving out the livestock industry or the production of food grains. There is only one problem—where is all the water going to come from to grow that corn?

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A NATIONWIDE PRESENTATION OF
INDIAN CULTURE IN 1981-82
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past year's widespread drought and the continued decline of the nation's aquifers, I think, before we go too far on the alcohol vs. gasoline question, we should decide where the water is going to come from. As much as I love my car, I can survive without it. But I wouldn't want to try living without grain or meat.
Steven E. Daskal
Tucson

Dear Sir: In citing the Department of Energy-sponsored Energy Research Advisory Board report, you could have added the information that even after all of the alcohol distilleries are converted to coal, one gallon of grain alcohol will cut our dependence on foreign petroleum by only half a gallon. The farm machinery involved in alcohol agriculture cannot run on coal and will still use petroleum.
Vern W. Weekman jr.
Sudbury, Massachusetts
A recent report shows a net gain of more than ¾ to almost 1 ¼ gallons. Ed.

Dear Sir: Distillation of alcohol requires heat. With the exception of geothermal sources, it appears that this heat energy will be supplied by fossil fuels in large-scale production.

All this energy utilized in production will never be recovered in the product. There is no silver lining in our energy crunch and it appears to me that alcohol production is just the age-old sham in disguise of selling elixirs to cure all ills.
Steven A. Gustavson
Prairie Grove, Arkansas

Dear Sir: I believe the caption writer for the opening picture miscued on the size of that pile of corn Al Mavis sits atop, or is my eyesight deceiving me? My guess is the "250 bushels" is more likely to be 250,000 bushels.
George A. Wick
Sibley, Iowa
Reader Wick is correct. Ed.

Dear Sir: Jamie Jacobson's "Apple Wine 10 percent Alcohol," appearing in the picture with his still, is what we used to know as hard cider, and the still produces what we knew as applejack.

Instead of using fuel to operate the still, a ready source of natural energy might be applied to remove the water from the ten percent apple wine.

Grandfather used to place an old-fashioned wash basin full of hard cider outside the upstairs window in the snow just before going to bed. By morning, the water would have formed a frosty ring in the shape of a Christmas wreath. He would lift out the ring of ice, leaving a very potent applejack for him to savor on cold evenings.

Mr. Jacobson might experiment to see what percent of alcohol he could get by the freezing method.
Ernest B. Shipley
Oakland, California

Dear Sir: I have just written an article on engineer Douglas Brown and the company he founded with biochemist Robert Bender. Since 1979, their Stake Technology Ltd. (Canada based) has been setting up small manufacturing units in the United States which convert wood chips or agricultural waste into cattle feed. A small (it would fit in a double garage) unit produces 9,000 pounds of feed component in an hour. Their product, soon to be produced in the Philippines and Mexico, has enormous potential for correcting the Third World's protein deficiency as it converts waste into sugar and fiber, which, in turn, enters the food chain. Now Stake Technology is turning its attention to adapting their technique to alcohol production. So you see, there is hope for both food and fuel from waste.
Sandi Gurowitz
Ithaca, New York

Soil erosion

Dear Sir: As a lifetime Minnesota farmer, I find both the story on the use of alcohol as fuel and the article on soil erosion by James Risser especially interesting.

How very true that modern farming is damaging our farmland at an ever-increasing rate. Fifty years ago, farmers thought of their land as a place for themselves and their descendants to live. Now, nothing seems to matter except that more and more money must be derived from the land with no regard for long-term consequences.
Sumner S. Sheldon
Houston, Minnesota

Dear Sir: Your articles on soil erosion and on corn for alcohol fuel each neglect an important technology which will dramatically affect all agricultural issues, including these two, over the next ten to

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20 years—genetic engineering. We have just completed a comprehensive evaluation of the agricultural potential of this technology. Two issues are directly relevant: 1) Corn crops, given projected prices and need as nutrient, cannot meet the current fuel-use projections touted by gasohol advocates; 2) genetically engineered crops can have a substantial positive effect on the productivity problems caused by the expanding difficulties of soil erosion.
Lester Teichner, president
The Chicago Group, Inc.
Chicago

Lloyd's of London

Dear Sir: In Timothy Green's article, on Lloyd's of London, there was, unfortunately, a misspelling of an underwriter's name—it is Ian *Posgate*, not Posner.
Eleanor Herzog
New York City

Paul Winter's music

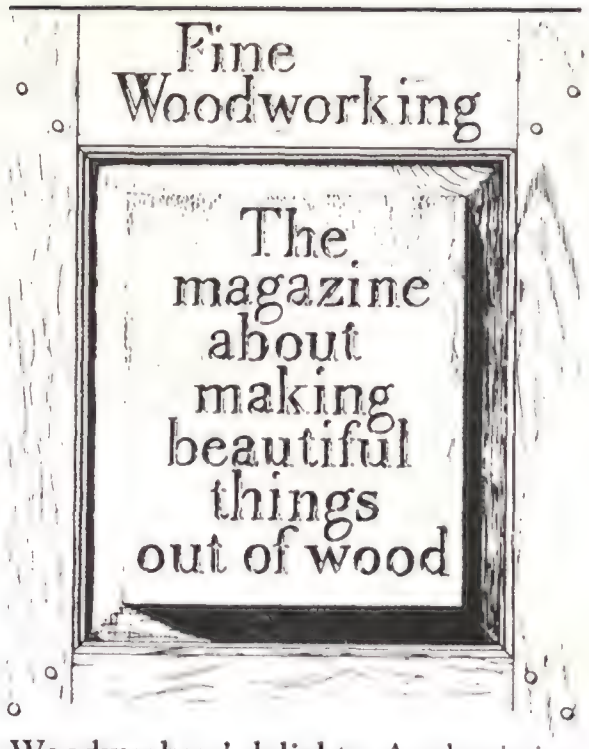
Dear Sir: In Bart Barlow's article, "As wolves howl and whales sing, listen to the music," I don't find Paul Winter's music a gimmick. Would that others could mimic one-tenth of his sound—joy is to be found. We don't need gurus, just more folks whose lives are lived for Life.
Nancy Spies
Baltimore, Maryland

Belva Lockwood

Dear Sir: Julia Davis, in her article on Belva Lockwood, quotes her as saying "We, the people," from the Declaration of Independence. As you must know, "We, the People" is from the preamble of the Constitution.
Dorothy T. Wood
Denison, Texas

Around the Mall and beyond

Dear Sir: I am a devoted reader of SMITHSONIAN, and I always begin with Edwards Park's column. I have just warmed up again after visiting with him the deserted Naval Gun factory on the frigid trip to see the barn owl. As one of the "Audubon people," I was especially delighted by his description of the outing.
Cloyce Reed
Harvard, Massachusetts



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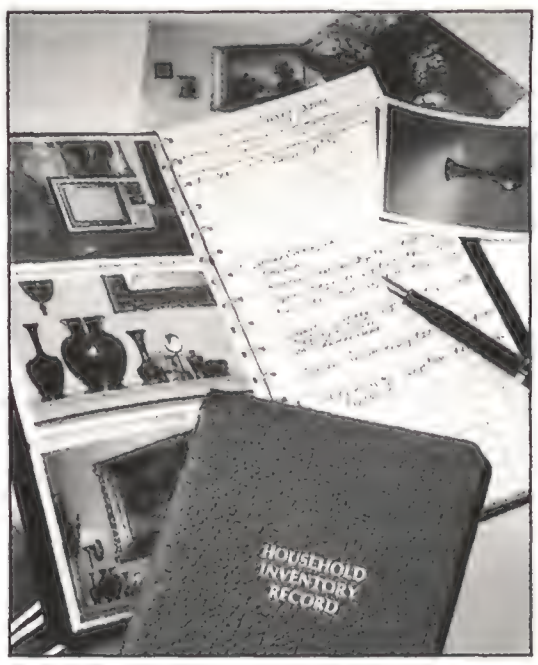

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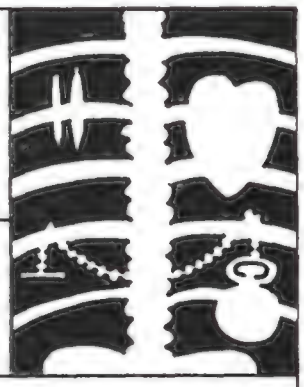

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Around the Mall and beyond

If you live around New York and you get this magazine on May 1, you still have ten days to hurry over to the Cooper-Hewitt and catch the exhibit on American innovative furniture. If you live near Montreal, you can see it in June. Pittsburghers can visit it in August. Floridians will find it in Coral Gables in October.

The display was organized by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service, which, as you can readily understand, is always referred to by its acronym: SITES. The Cooper-Hewitt, where the exhibit opened in March, was simply its springboard into the real world. I go into all this detail because it's a fine display of the offbeat ways that furniture has sometimes been built for the last 170 years or so. The earliest example, in fact, is a side chair of 1808 by a Yankee named Samuel Gragg. He learned how to bend wood under steam pressure and so came up with a nice flowing shape.

On page 26 is a modern counterpart to the innovation of the good Gragg. It's an armchair by Frank Lloyd Wright, done in 1936 out of walnut and (the innovation) quite a lot of steel. Twelve years later, Davis Pratt produced a chair made of inflated rubber with metal legs.

The exhibit contains 47 pieces of furniture, gathered by guest curator David Hanks. They include such things as an invalid chair of 1876 which can assume any number of shapes and contours to make you madly comfortable. They say that after it came out, healthy hedonists could barely be restrained from kicking invalids out of these chairs in order to wallow in them.

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walk around and spraddles into position when you sit. And there's a rotary desk that opens into a complete office, except for a stenographer, and a folding lounge that must be the great-grandmother of the Murphy bed, and finally a combined sofa and bathtub. I am hard pressed to see much need for it. Perhaps you lay on the sofa until dust gathered on you, and then rolled into the bath. Anyway, watch for this good show.

Chia-Chia, the sexy British panda, arrived at our National Zoo on a cold March day and quickly agreed to a press conference. I attended, of course, expecting him to show up in an expensive dressing gown, with a silk scarf knotted at the throat. He turned out to be pleasant-mannered and healthy, but really just another panda.

I am at a disadvantage as I write this, for you readers may know already whether Ling-Ling, the zoo's female, responded favorably to Chia-Chia's romantic overtures, or whether Chia-Chia botched the job as badly as Hsing-Hsing, our own male panda, has done. As I write, the assignation has not yet been arranged.

At the press conference, Chia-Chia (pronounced "Cha-Cha") paced up and down in his dressing room, tastefully decorated with shoots of bamboo, and peered out at the yard where Ling-Ling was strolling. Chia-Chia wasn't yet allowed out, being still in quarantine, but he

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knew she was there, by scent and sound. One of the news people suggested that he was muttering to himself, "Where *is* the woman, anyway?" which is far too anthropomorphic to be quoted in SMITHSONIAN.

Chia-Chia's British keeper, George Callard, told me he had a good flight. "He didn't sleep, of course. He just sat there and sulked." Since that's exactly what all air passengers do these days, no one was worried. He got to New York in a snowstorm and was trucked down to Washington. He seemed to enjoy the traffic on the New Jersey Turnpike. Mr. Callard said Chia-Chia has no track record in siring little pandas, but he seems to know how to go about it—and that's an improvement over Hsing-Hsing.

I was the only journalist, that morning, to have a chat with Hsing-Hsing while the rest of the media were absorbed with Chia-Chia, who was pacing around impatiently and munching on things that looked like dog biscuit—doubtless some sort of high-potency diet. I found Hsing-Hsing sitting in his room, legs straight out in front of him, eating carrots. He would flick one out with a claw, then snap it down with his front teeth, like Bugs Bunny. "What's up, Doc?" he asked.

"You'd be surprised," I replied.

Not long before Chia-Chia's arrival, I visited the zoo on a bitter day to see what it's like at a time of hibernation for some animals and confusion for others.

The first impression was that of a total lack of people. The human race, at the zoo that afternoon, had been decimated. I parked near the elephant house (ample room in the lot) and went inside to get warm. Two elephants were pacing up and down, stopping to twiddle an iron ring on the floor with their trunks. A baby giraffe nuzzled its mother. A pigmy hippo bawled endlessly in its bath. No one came.

Outside, by the bears, I met one seedy-looking sloth bear. A Kodiak came to his door, looked out, rocking his head from side to side, then said "the hell with it," and went back in.

In Beaver Valley, the seals and sea lions were playing happily, and I wondered if their pool was heated. Don't see how it can be. The beavers were moving about. The otters were zonked out in their house.

The Ape House wasn't finished, but some apes were out in the cold playing. The siamangs, which come from Malaya and Sumatra, filled their throat sacs and

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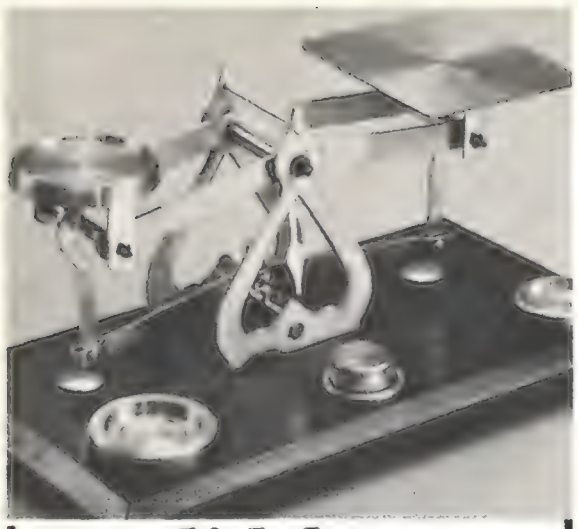

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shouted as though it were already April.

On lion and tiger hill a white tiger and a big old orange and black tiger were both basking outside as though this were August. And the lions, for once, were not basking, but were playing a reasonably rough game. One of them became "It" and was set upon by the others. There was much slashing of great paws and baring of long teeth and there were deep, booming growls that made you very thoughtful as they echoed around the zoo. Then two lions got tired of the game and went into a concrete areaway and beat on the door with their paws. No one had *better* come!

Back at the Victorian Garden, Robert Frost the squirrel—the one who swings on shrubs and climbs the castle wall—shinnied up to the window of the Under Secretary and beat on it with his arms, just like the lions. Nobody came.

A lot of people, however, *have* come to the Institution this year. Among them, three notables: Madame Sadat, leading all those Egyptians who were mentioned last month; Chia-Chia, of course; and a month or so before him, President Chun Doo Hwan of the Republic of Korea, and Madame Chun.

When they called upon the Freer Gallery, on another icy early morning, I was cleaned up and allowed to watch the official arrival. The cars arrived exactly on time, which is an extraordinary occurrence in Washington, and the long, black presidential limousine was met by various Smithsonian dignitaries. Also by a small Korean lady, neatly dressed, who had been standing well out of the way of the greeters and the press. She stepped forward, waving two little flags, one American, one Korean, and she shouted a greeting to President and Madame Chun in Korean. Various secret servicemen who were escorting the party eyed her coldly, but apparently whatever she was saying was OK with them. I couldn't determine whether it was OK with the president, but apparently it was, for he carried off his official duties at the Freer with aplomb and good humor.

As the presidential party left the museum the mysterious Korean lady stepped forward again and shouted out another speech. She had been waiting in the cold, and looked it. As the limousine passed her, she bowed deeply.

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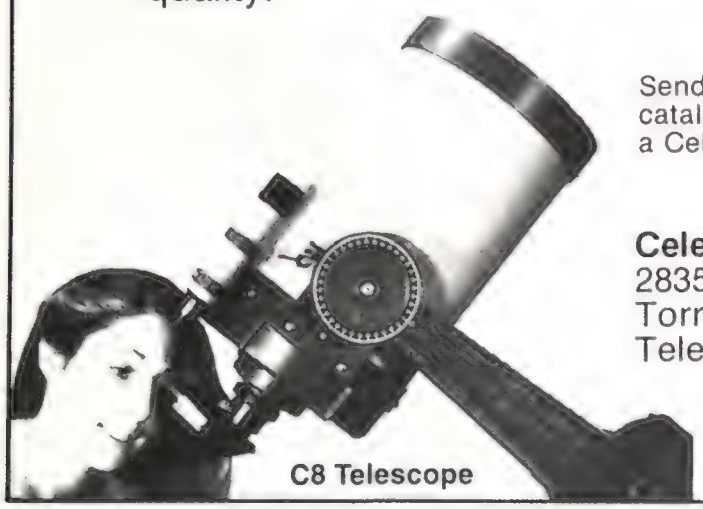

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About four years ago, a Boston TV newsman named Jack Borden stopped a score of people on the street and, without letting them look up, asked them what the sky was like. No one had a clue. This test, and others like it, have turned Jack into a raving fanatic about the sky. The nationwide group he has set up, For Spacious Skies, meets from May 29 through June 1 at the South Rim of the Grand Canyon to foster sky awareness. The sky there seems to start about 20 degrees below the horizon in one direction and end up the same distance down in the other. You can't help being aware of it.

I was a little bewildered by Jack's discovery that there are lots of people who pay no attention to the sky. I can see them ignoring the energy crunch or the whooping crane, but the sky is the most ubiquitous part of our environment. Yet Von Del Chamberlain, an astronomer at our Air and Space Museum, says he has seen people leave planetarium shows designed to make them notice the night sky—and look at the ground. I suppose it's a personal thing. Some people never see a sunrise. Some are unmoved by a cumulus cloud, an approaching storm, a sunset. Also by Beethoven.

Here's a bit of really good news about the Smithsonian. Owing to an unfortunate tradition, there has been a thing called the Interagency Jogging Association Race, held on the third Wednesday of every month. The wretched competitors drive themselves, gasping, around the Tidal Basin—a Washington landmark known for its lovely serenity until it becomes a three-kilometer racecourse for the psychologically deprived.

To the Smithsonian's shame, our joggers have been *winning* this series for the past two years. The good news is that we have now dropped to a tie for second place in the standings. That's a sure sign that the culture of the Institution is rubbing off on our muscular young people. They are at last growing flabby with scholarship, short-winded with erudition, dissipated with their burgeoning sense of good taste. Perhaps next year they will make it down to fourth place. I'm worried, however. A couple of our staff people have a habit of winning marathons. I get the feeling that no matter how much culture they absorb, they will *never* experience the delightful sensation of falling apart physically.

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Phenomena, comment and notes

Five males in a Florida aviary, and one still on the marshes, appear to be the last dusky seaside sparrows

Five middle-aged sparrows are living under tight security on the outskirts of Gainesville, Florida, unaware that they are the last of their kind. All five are males. The search for females will go on this year and next, but no one expects to find any. The five are the end of the line.

They are dusky seaside sparrows, a very local subspecies of the seaside sparrow that inhabits saltwater marshes from Massachusetts to Texas. Although they are not the first animals for which the federal government bought a whole refuge, it looks as if they will be the first on the official "endangered species" list to disappear before our eyes.

The dusky is a dark sparrow, almost black above, and heavily streaked below. A patch of yellow between the bill and the eye is supposed to be a diagnostic field mark, but it doesn't jump out at you. Well camouflaged, the bird has always been difficult to see anyway, because it feeds on the ground between clumps of tall cordgrass in saltwater marshes.

And their total numbers have always been small. The dusky seaside sparrow never was a passenger pigeon, darkening the sky with sheer numbers. As far as anyone knows, they have never been found anywhere except on Merritt Island, site of the Kennedy Space Center, and along the St. Johns River west of Titusville. They are a population of seaside sparrows that became isolated, perhaps originally by postglacial flooding and more recently

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Dusky seaside sparrow, one of the last, perches in a Florida salt marsh.

by hurricane damage to marshes to the north and south. They gradually became different enough to rate their own entry in taxonomists' lists and in field guides. Only discovered in 1872, and described in 1873 from a female specimen now in the Smithsonian, they were considered a species in their own right for 100 years, until the American Ornithologists' Union demoted them to subspecies status.

I went to see the last five one morning in March. Michael Delany, a biologist with the Florida Game and Freshwater Fish Commission, led me to a wooden stockade, ten feet high with electric-shock wires at top and bottom. Inside you come next to a sheet-metal fence, waist high, there to keep snakes out. Inside that is the aviary itself, chain link fence lined with wire mesh, about 600 square feet of half hexagons around a central square.

Once a home for alligators and at other times for pelicans, the enclosure is now planted with cordgrass and wetted down regularly with an overhead sprinkler system. I looked carefully, but saw no sign of birdlife.

Delany first opened a small hatch and with a long pole reached around a blind to retrieve a ground feeding station. This he scrubbed with rock salt to remove any droppings, then filled hoppers with half a dozen kinds of seeds, some dry and some soaked. He slid the feeder back in, but no birds appeared.

Next he put a lawn chair on top of a double-door entrance way, climbed up, and with binoculars made the first of the twice-a-day censuses. Standing underneath, I finally saw a dusky. A dark little

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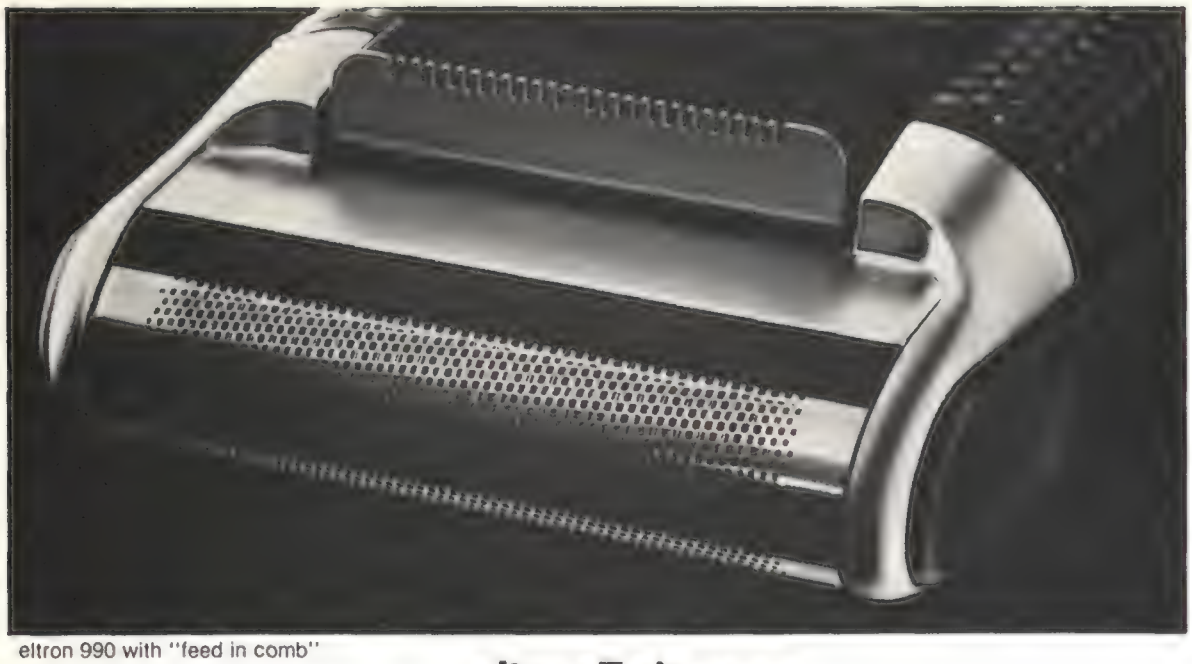

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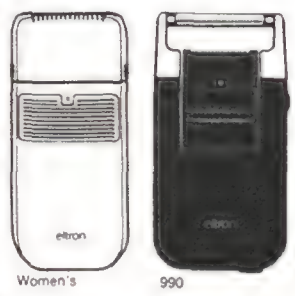

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bird hopped out from between some grass clumps, skittered across a sandy patch and disappeared again.

Delany identifies individuals by their color-coded leg bands, and watches each to see how well it walks and flies. He also looks carefully at the eyes for any sign of illness. After his "aerial census," Delany climbs down, swishes his boots in a pan of disinfectant, and enters the enclosure to check again on both birds and the minimarsh itself. As he moves ever so slowly around the cage, he scatters handfuls of live crickets, a favorite food.

Delany said the birds were becoming territorial as the breeding season approached, scolding and chasing each other around their limited world. Within a couple of weeks they were to be transferred to brand new aviaries across town at the Teaching Zoo operated by Santa Fe Community College. There more salt marshes were growing in March inside brand new aluminum and mesh cages. Sliding panels can be closed to separate birds during periods of aggression.

No matter how meticulous the care, the birds will not live forever. The youngest male is believed to be at least three years old, and the others are four to six. One that died in captivity last year was more than eight years old (judging by the date it was first banded) but that may have been unusual.

The duskies are an endangered species, and as such their fate will be decided by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The plan is to hold the birds for two years at Santa Fe while sperm collection techniques are developed, and to maintain their former habitat in the wild for at least that length of time. Biologists also hope to crossbreed them with another seaside subspecies and to freeze their sperm. They want to preserve the sparrows' genetic information, any way they can. But the dusky itself is about to disappear. How did it happen? It's a story of goodwill, conflicting goals, missed opportunities. Basically it seems to be a story of human impact upon the environment, too much pressure on a creature that lived in a habitat with a very delicate balance between water and fire.

Duskies depend on salt marshes that are flooded every year and that burn every three years or so. The cordgrass they call home, *Spartina bakerii*, goes to seed just before the marshes are flooded each

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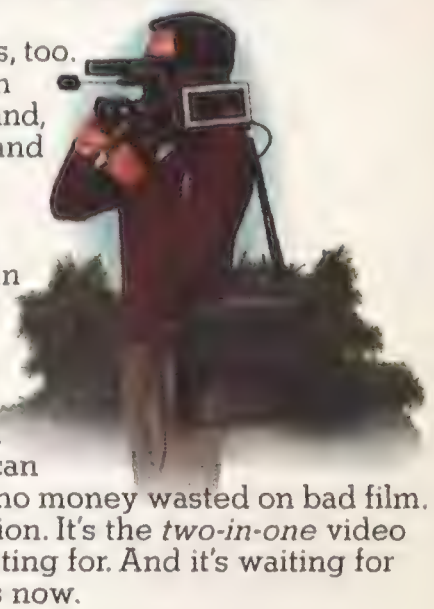

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summer by the 30 to 35 inches of rain that falls in July-August thunderstorms in their part of Florida. And if a given area of marsh is not burned for five or six years (historically a result of those same thunderstorms), the grass becomes too dense for the duskies.

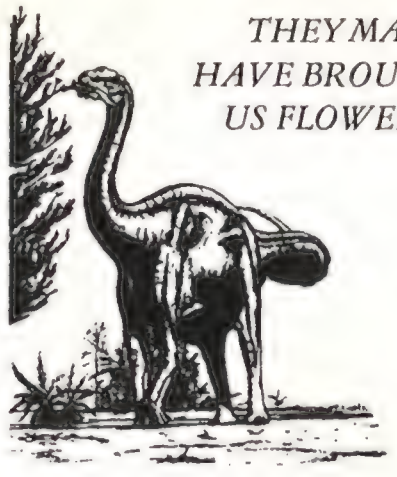
Now we are losing the dusky because it lost its habitat. On Merritt Island there was good news followed almost immediately by fatally bad news. NASA acquired most of the island between 1958 and 1962, and in 1963 all the land not being used for the space program became a national wildlife refuge—a common way in which refuges are acquired. But it was still NASA land, mosquitoes were a major nuisance, and so in the early 1960s the local mosquito district began building dikes to flood the marshes. The mosquitoes' breeding grounds were destroyed, and so were the duskies'.

Along the St. Johns the situation is more complicated. Farmers have been draining marshes along the river since at least the 1920s. Since World War II, cattle ranchers have periodically burned off their pastures to improve the forage. These are winter fires, unlike those produced by thunderstorms, and they sweep through the marshes, relatively dry at this season, at 20 miles per hour. The flow of the St. Johns has been dropping at least since 1962. Dikes along drainage canals sprouted wax myrtle and these became avenues to predators on dusky nests. Red-winged blackbirds, attracted by the new vegetation, appeared on the old dusky marshes. An expressway linking Cape Canaveral and Orlando was rammed right through some of the best dusky areas in the early 1970s.

The subspecies was declared endangered in 1966. The first detailed census was made in 1968 by Brian Sharp, then a graduate student. He estimated 894 male duskies along the St. Johns and saw 34 on Merritt Island (where he estimated the "original population" at 2,000 pairs).

The birds were in trouble. Ornithologists, notably Dr. Herbert W. Kale II, now vice president for ornithological research of the Florida Audubon Society, rallied to its cause. In 1969 Kale organized a meeting in Titusville to see what could be done to save the duskies.

The Bee Line Expressway, though delayed for more study, went through as originally planned, but between 1971 and



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"An abominable mystery," Charles Darwin called the origins of flowers (or angiosperms, as they are known to scientists). Now Robert Bakker, a Smithsonian research associate, has found evidence that the emergence of angiosperms was probably caused by changes in the browsing habits of dinosaurs. About 100 million years ago, as ornithischian dinosaurs replaced taller sauropods and stegosaurs, their predominant diet shifted from tall trees to low-lying shrubs. This eating pattern hastened the evolution of plants capable of rapid growth to recolonize the bare spots. Enter the fast-growing angiosperms, about five to ten million years after the appearance of the ornithischians. Thus may dinosaur diets have beautified our environment.

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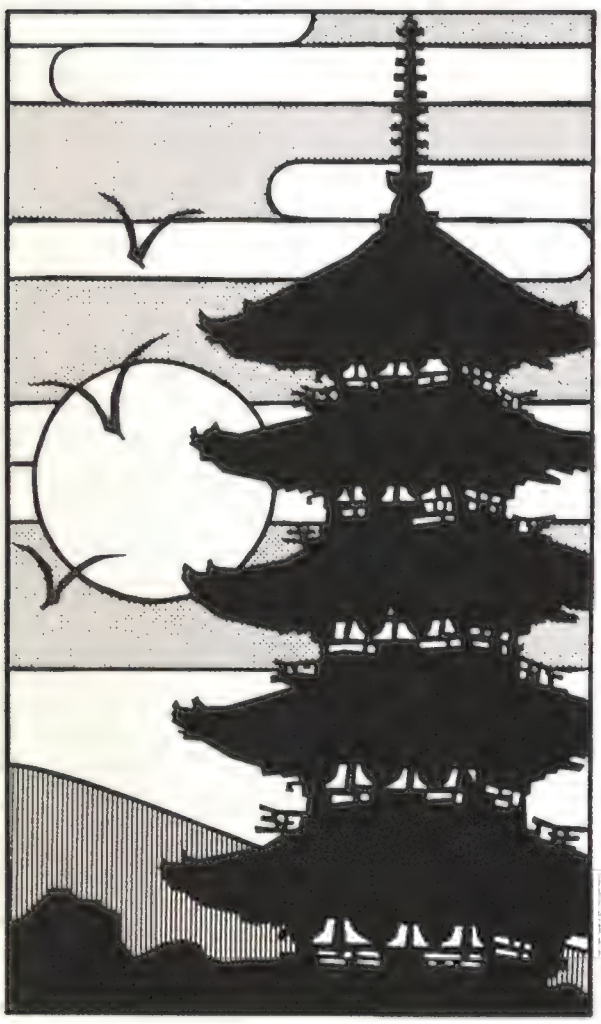

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1979 the federal government spent $2.6 million to buy up more than 6,000 acres of marshes along the relict river, most of it north of Route 50, the old highway to Orlando, and some of it around the new expressway. Fires burned nearly 2,000 acres of the refuge in the winter of 1972. In the winter of 1975-76, two fires burned a total of 3,000 acres. The dusky population dropped from at least 100 to fewer than 30.

On Merritt Island the last successful nest was seen in 1975, the last known female was spotted in 1976, and the last two males a year later. Along the St. Johns, according to Kale, a female may have been seen in 1978 but none has been seen since. Thirteen males were found in 1979; three were captured. Last year four males were discovered; three of those were captured. One of the six captured birds died last year; the remaining five are the ones I saw in Gainesville. The last dusky seaside sparrow in the wild, known by his leg bands as Aluminum Green, has not been seen since July 23, 1980. If he is still alive, he is singing in the St. Johns marshes right now, singing to attract females who no longer exist, singing to stake out a territory against other males who no longer threaten.

Right about now biologists are walking the marshes again, playing tapes of dusky songs and dragging rattles on ropes to flush out any birds in their path. They are looking for females, and they are looking for Aluminum Green. If they find him, they will watch him for days, hoping to see him carrying food to a nest. If the situation looks hopeless, they will catch him in a mist net and take him to join the living sperm bank in Gainesville.

Some biologists are urging that the male duskies be bred with another race of seaside sparrows, the Scott's, that inhabits marshes on the west coast of Florida. An experimental crossbreeding attempt last year succeeded. The biologists argue that by continuing to breed the male duskies with such offspring, the results after six back crosses would be better than 98 percent dusky. Its genetic information would be largely saved.

The Fish and Wildlife Service, however, acting on the opinion of Interior Department lawyers, contends that interbreeding would not preserve an absolutely pure dusky gene pool and that any "hybrid" offspring would not be pro-

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tected under literal interpretation of the Endangered Species Act. The Service is preparing, though, to freeze dusky sperm at its Patuxent Wildlife Research Center for possible future use.

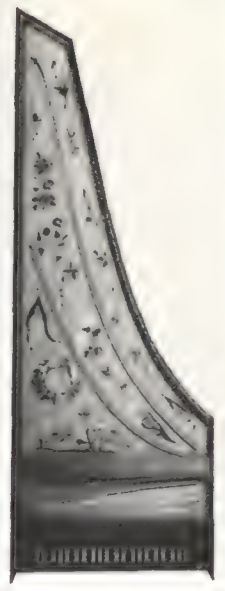
The semantics are very important here. Warren B. King, chairman of the U.S. section of the International Council for Bird Preservation (ICBP), argues that the word hybrid makes no sense when referring to offspring of mixed subspecies. "There is no such thing as a pure subspecies," he argued in a letter to the *New York Times*. There is variation within a subspecies just as there is variation between subspecies. Intermediates, he wrote, occur naturally.

In March the Fish and Wildlife Service was reconsidering its prohibition of cross-breeding. Indications were that if permission were to come, money would not. And the whole process, as currently conceived, could cost up to two hundred thousand dollars. Taking care of the birds, finding suitable combinations of male and female, and housing the offspring are part of it. And then for successful release the biologists want to transfer birds to aviaries out on the marshes and hold them there with wild-reared birds until they learn from the wild-birds to be afraid of predators. It means years of painstaking work, and that means money.

As birds go, the dusky is hard to get excited about. It's nothing like a California condor, a whooping crane or peregrine falcon. But it's a life form about to disappear. Editorial writers in Florida have treated the dusky's decline as an early-warning system about the environment. We can afford to lose the dusky, the feeling seems to be, but how much more can we afford to lose before we really will be hurt?

I found myself thinking of Herb Kale as the early-warning system. When I went to see him in Vero Beach, he went from talking about the dusky to talking about the impact of high-rise condominiums on wetlands and overpopulation on the barrier islands. He seems to spend as much time testifying before planning commissions as he does trying to save the dusky seaside sparrow. I'm not sure yet what I think we should do about the dusky, but I do know I'm glad that Herb Kale is out on the marshes while the rest of us go about our business.

—John P. Wiley jr.



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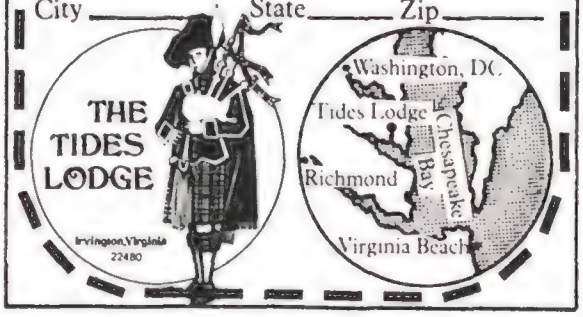


There are some evenings that are magical.
When the wines are gentle, the gentlemen witty
and all the women beautiful.

Lenox China & Crystal

Lawrenceville, New Jersey

By Timothy S. Green

Diamond diggers in Namibia sift ocean sands for gemstones

On the 'skeleton' coast of southwest Africa De Beers' giant Consolidated Diamond Mines is discovering riches by rolling back the sea

Uncut gems are marked with India ink so cutters may cleave them with, not against, the grain.

They are reputed to be a girl's best friend, and are said to be forever. Yet back of them—and ahead, in such African countries as Namibia and Botswana—are tales more romantic than any of the uses to which diamonds are put. The diamond business as we know it today unquestionably dates from the rush to what became Kimberley in the early 1870s. Until the South African discoveries, diamond production had been limited to India, which had been the traditional fountain of diamonds since before the birth of Christ, and to Brazil, where diamonds had been discovered in the early years of the 18th century. A completely new dimension was given to the trade as more diamonds were found in South Africa in the next ten years than had been mined in Brazil in the previous 140, and very probably more than in all history.

The legend has it that a glittering stone caught the eye of 15-year-old Erasmus Jacobs as he strolled along the bank of the Orange River one day in 1866. The real prize, however, was the estate of two Boer brothers, Johannes and Diedrick De Beer. Beneath the De Beers' farm were two of the richest diamond deposits ever located in South Africa, which became known as the De Beers Mine and the Kimberley Mine. (The brothers De Beer, unfortunately for them, sold out early and too cheap.) During the next 40 years the burrowings of diggers at Kimberley created the awesome "Big Hole"—the deepest open-pit mine ever dug by man, plunging down almost 1,300 feet into the depths of the Earth. The essential difference between these finds and the earlier alluvial ones on the Orange and Vaal Rivers was that they were all diamond pipes, vertical cylinders in which the diamonds—formed of carbon under tremendous pressure—along with blue, crumbly kimberlite, were thrust up from the bowels of the Earth by volcanic activity.

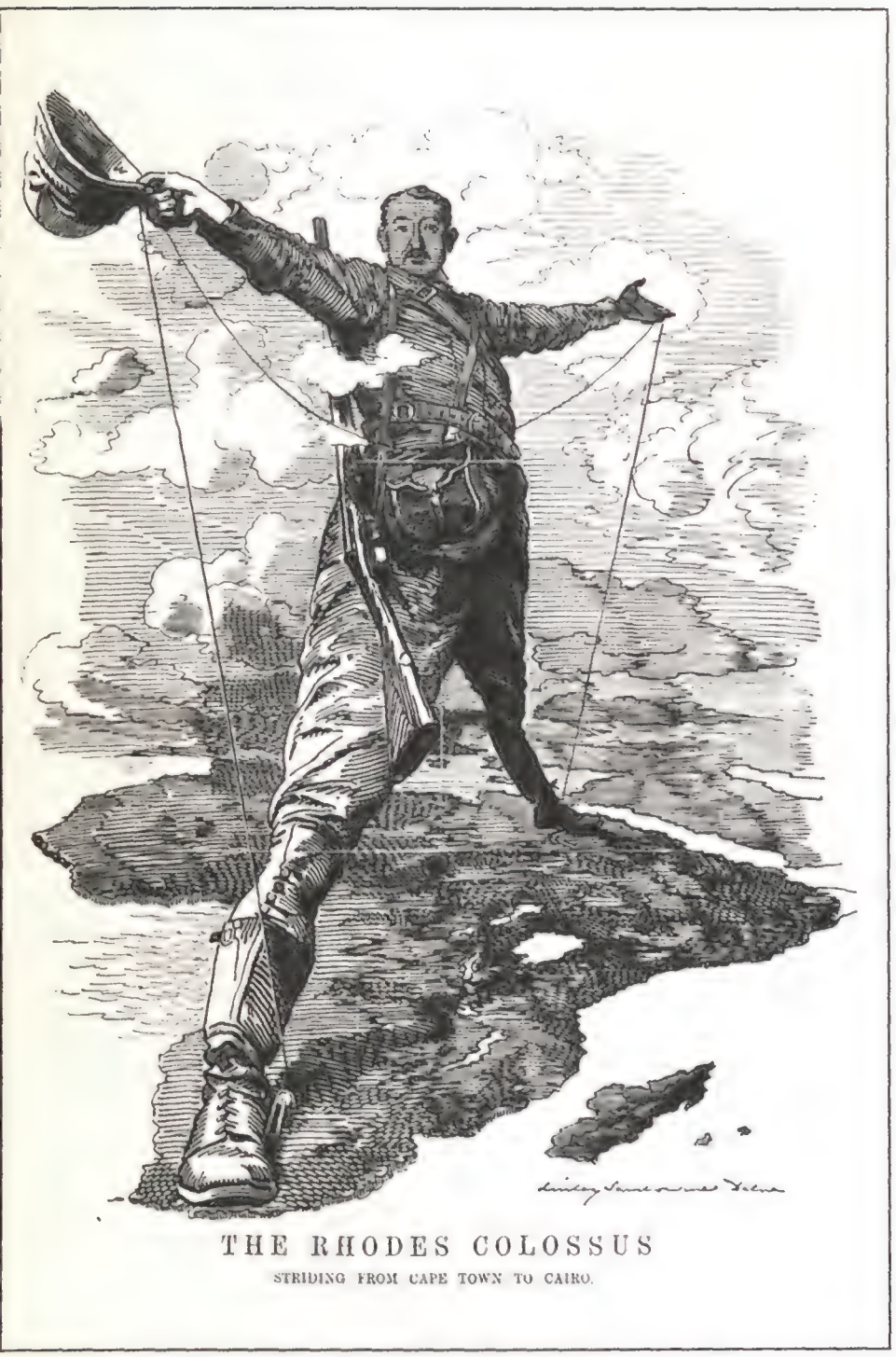
"Bedrock cleaners" of the Ovambo tribe scour gullies eroded by the Atlantic, seeking elusive diamonds.

Around the world, just over 46 million carats (10.5 metric tons) of diamonds are mined each year. About 80 percent are inferior, of no use for jewelry; gemstones account for scarcely 20 percent of output, but they bring in 80 percent of the return; the rest, mostly ground to powder, go to industry.

All told, $4 billion of new diamonds are mined each year, providing a living for armies of sorters and cut-

Mining the 'diamond desert' of Namibia

Crushed conglomerate raises dust as it cascades onto a man-made dune at CDM's Oranjemund complex.



An English cartoon of 1892 shows 39-year-old Cecil Rhodes astride the whole of Africa. Spreading the British Empire was a life aim.

ters in Amsterdam, Antwerp and Tel Aviv, for the sellers on 47th Street in Manhattan, for the diggers in a dozen African nations, for smugglers and thieves, and, of course, reaping untold profits for the giant monopoly that De Beers has become. The living is not so good nowadays because prices, always a good world-wide indicator, are depressed; but they will go up again as they always have.

The man who made it such a gigantic business arrived in Africa 111 years ago. In the same month that the Union Jack was run up over the diamond fields—an annexation by Britain that was never forgotten or forgiven by the Boers and one of the bitter grievances to foment the Boer War 30 years later—a tall, auburn-haired young Englishman in baggy white cricket flannels came trekking over the veld. He had a bucket and spade, a few volumes of the classics, a Greek lexicon and a box of cough lozenges piled on an ox wagon. His name was Cecil John Rhodes; he was just 18 and many thousands of miles from Oxford, where he was to be a student, and from Bishop's Stortford in Hertfordshire, where he had been born.

He set up his tent at De Beers' "New Rush," where the diamonds were right on his doorstep. "I found a 17⅝ carat on Saturday," he wrote home. "It was very slightly off and I hope to get £100 for it. Does it not seem an absurd price. . . ?" He thought that every man should have an aim in life, and for his part he meant to enlarge the British Empire.

A fortune in diamonds was one way of underwriting that goal. Soon, concentrating on the De Beers mine, he owned a major share of the mine claims himself. To manage them during eight years of commuting to Oriel College, Oxford, in pursuit of his degree, he

Behind great dikes, mining goes on below sea level. Water-filled areas have been emptied of diamonds.

formed an alliance with another young Englishman, Charles Rudd. In search of a financial wizard to help cement the growing empire, he turned to Alfred Beit, from Hamburg. Asked Rhodes: "What's your game?" Replied Beit: "I am going to control the whole diamond output before I am much older." Said Rhodes: "That's funny; I have made up my mind to do the same. We had better join hands."

To get more capital, Rhodes went to the banking house of Rothschild in London, and before long he struck a deal with his strongest competitor, a former London urchin named Barney Barnato, who controlled most of the Kimberley Mine, even richer than the De Beers. In time the deal would give Rhodes, at 36, control of nine-tenths of the world's diamond output and, with De Beers Consolidated Mines behind him, the financial power to go ahead with his rather staggering ambitions.

By way of celebration Rhodes, according to one story, turned to Barnato and said, "I've always wanted to see a bucketful of diamonds." Barnato obligingly had a bucket filled with gems. Rhodes plunged his arms in ecstatically and let the diamonds cascade through his fingers.

The man who would ultimately fulfill his dream was Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, who began as a lowly sorter. The world of diamonds today, in which production and sales are tightly allied, is Sir Ernest's creation, more than that of any other single man; perhaps fittingly his son, Harry, became chairman of De Beers, as had the father before him.

Sir Ernest reorganized the Diamond Syndicate in 1930 with a view to making it the marketing conduit of the whole world, not just of South Africa. Along with producers, the syndicate came on dark days in the Depression of the 1930s; Oppenheimer simply decreed a shutdown of mines to halt a disastrous decline in prices. Business eventually recovered, but for a time Diamond Corporation staffers spent their days patiently sorting rough diamonds into the customary piles, but every evening they mixed them all together again just to give themselves something to do the following day.

"The demand for diamonds," Harry Oppenheimer once observed, "is based on vanity." Indeed, thousands of stones that wind up on the ring fingers of American and other girls start out in the diggings of South Africa, but the focus is slowly shifting northward. Later in this decade it may shift to Botswana, but today it is in Namibia.

This former German territory, next door to South Africa, has been held by the latter country in defiance of a 15-year-old United Nations demand that it vacate. The reason South Africa gives is that Marxists would take over Namibia; a deeper reason for fear may be racial, the territory being nine-tenths black. Fighting over Namibian independence has gone on for years and probably will not end this year. But whoever wins, De Beers has a big slice of its fortune tied up on the Namibian shore.

The desolate diamond coast, for more than a thousand miles the southwest edge of Africa, is a wasteland of sand dunes and scrub, constantly blasted by an incessant wind gusting in from the South Atlantic ocean. For generations this "skeleton" coast was feared by sailors and avoided by all but the hardiest explorers or bushmen—avoided, that is, until the chance discovery of a diamond in the Namibian sand in 1908 by a man clearing a dune for a proposed railway track.

Today that diamond coast hums with activity. The most concentrated fleet of earth-moving equipment in the world burrows through the sand in pursuit of the elusive gems scattered like stardust along the shore. And out at sea a fleet of small boats probes for diamonds on the ocean floor. The hunt goes on both on South Africa's Namaqualand coast and in Namibia (formerly South West Africa), where De Beers Consolidated Diamond Mines of South West Africa (CDM) has enjoyed an exclusive domain for more than half a century. What the German colonial rulers of South West Africa originally dubbed the Sperrgebiet—the forbidden territory, once the diamonds were found—is still closed to all unauthorized visitors. This barren slice of Namibia has remained a vast private estate fenced off by De Beers from the rest of the world.

Mr. Green traveled 50,000 miles in researching his new book, The World of Diamonds, *from which this article is adapted. The publisher is William Morrow.*

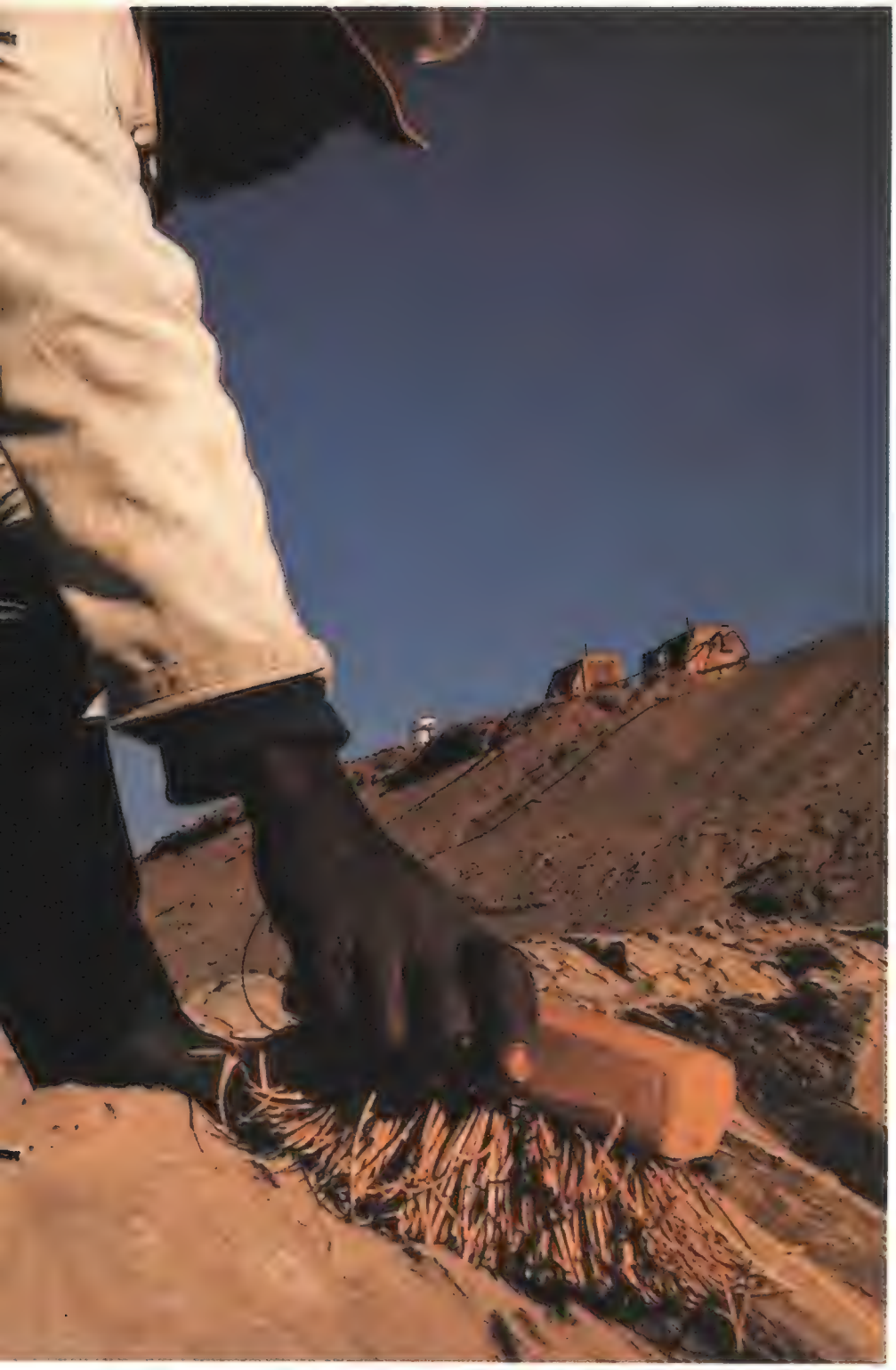
Mining the 'diamond desert' of Namibia

This housing compound near Oranjemund is for white families of De Beers' Namibian staff.

To make sure no diamonds go unfound amid rock and sand on the windy coast, this man and

The boldness of the enterprise at CDM is immense. It involves nothing less than rolling up the desert, section by section, along a front 50 miles long and varying in width from 400 yards to two miles. The sea has also been pushed back behind great sand walls for almost ten miles to get at the stones beneath the waves.

As we flew north along the coast from Cape Town in a twin-engined Beechcraft, the lush green of the Cape swiftly gave way to arid desert, pressing right to the shore. Finally the Orange River came into sight, the trees on its banks making a green ribbon stretching inland. The plane landed on a strip at Alexander Bay, just on the South African side of the river. A small concrete building served as a terminal, but no one was around. Presently an old white Mercedes came bowling over the desert road. Out climbed a cheerful round-faced man in a blue safari suit. "I'm Derek



other Ovambos brush the landscape broom-clean.
If one of them finds a diamond, he gets reward.

Erickson from De Beers," he said. We set off toward the river, crossing on a 1,000-yard-long bridge named after Sir Ernest Oppenheimer. There were metal gates at either end: one in South Africa, the other in Namibia. CDM's domain began on the northern bank.

Although diamonds have been found around the mouths of virtually every river ushering into the Atlantic along this coast, none can equal the profusion with which they occur close to the Orange, the longest of South Africa's rivers, which sweeps through the heartland of the country for 1,300 miles. And down the Orange River, perhaps 90 million years ago, came the diamonds as they were slowly washed away by erosion from kimberlite pipes somewhere in the interior.

When the diamonds reached the sea, some were deposited immediately close to the river mouth (there is a particularly rich deposit at Alexander Bay, on the South African side of the Orange estuary), but many rolled northward, urged on by the cold Benguela Current and the southwest winds. Eventually these stones came to rest in marine terraces along the beaches. The richest terraces were laid down for nearly 60 miles or so north of the Orange in Namibia and over time were buried beneath the sands. The terraces lay so deep that originally they were completely overlooked when the first diamond discoveries were made at Lüderitz, farther up the coast, in 1908. The diamonds there were on the surface and could be picked up by hand. Not until the late 1920s did geologists detect that the real crop was in six layers of buried marine terraces nearer the north bank of the Orange.

Since the diamond deposits around Lüderitz were almost worked out, they were soon abandoned in favor of the richer fields along the Orange River, which have yielded CDM an extraordinary harvest for almost half a century. While conventional mines delving into kimberlite pipes yield a blend of gems with fragments of industrial quality, the diamonds in Namibia are essentially all gems that survived the long journey downriver and the scouring of the sea.

"The river is our lifeline"

For the people at CDM the Orange River, once the conduit for diamonds, plays a vital role. "The river is our lifeline," said Derek Erickson. "We've got two farms along it that provide us with milk, meat, fruit and vegetables, and its water has been piped over the desert to create the garden town of Oranjemund." The town, an oasis of green in the sand, came into view. We drove down an avenue of wild olive trees, passing neat, white houses surrounded by hibiscus hedges. "We've got a cricket ground, a golf course, a riding club, a flying club and a yacht club," said Erickson proudly, "but it's all completely artificial. If it wasn't for diamonds none of this would exist—no town, no vegetation. The closest real towns are Cape Town 500 miles south and Windhoek [the capital of Namibia], which is 700 miles north."

Oranjemund (meaning Orange Mouth) is truly a company town. The 8,000 inhabitants are virtually all CDM employees or their families. They live free in company houses or hostels; they shop in a company supermarket, relax at the company's cinema and send their young children to the company school. (The older children of white employees go to boarding school in South Africa.) The only locals not on the CDM payroll are the bank and post office staffs, the clergy and the police. Three thousand of the inhabitants are white, mostly mining engineers, geologists and technicians with their wives and children. There are 5,000 black Namibians, of whom most are migrant

Surface tension makes diamonds adhere to this grease-covered conveyor belt.

At Orapa, up in Botswana, diamonds—which become fluorescent under X rays—are blown out into a bin, along with some debris.

workers. The majority of the migrants, on contracts of between six and 12 months, are Ovambos, a tall, stately tribe from northern Namibia, who provide most of the work force at CDM. Many Ovambos have spent their entire working lives on the diamond fields, returning home to their families only for a few months between each contract. In the past they have been limited to unskilled or semiskilled tasks, but by the late 1970s, with Namibian independence in prospect, De Beers established training schools, to teach them more skilled trades. After Namibian independence the pressure to "localize" more jobs is likely to be intense. The days of white domination are numbered.

The isolation of Oranjemund is such that until 1975 the town itself was regarded as part of the security area of the mine. Everyone drove around in company cars that could never leave. Private cars were all parked across the Orange River in South Africa, and everyone went through elaborate checks before leaving. Furniture, radios and household appliances could not be taken out at all. There was good reason for this. The confines of life at Oranjemund, as in prison, concentrate the mind wonderfully on how to beat the system and smuggle out diamonds. The lesson on what could be done with a car was learned in the early days when one engineer, who had acquired some diamonds illicitly, carefully took several large bolts from the chassis of his car, drilled out the inside of the bolts, filled the cavities with diamonds, replaced the bolts, tightened the nuts and drove through several times without detection. After he was caught, De Beers decreed that cars coming into Oranjemund stayed there until they were scrap. Today, however, Oranjemund is completely outside the security area.

Heading that way in Erickson's Mercedes, we came up to a high, double-barbed-wire fence stretching away into the distance, through which there is a single entrance to the mining area. Erickson left his car by a high wall covered with "Beware-of-guard-dog" signs, and we entered a low, white building directed by signs like those to airport customs. Each of us took a plastic card and inserted it into a slot device, whereupon a door ahead swung open into a passage with a door at the other end. A closed-circuit TV camera beamed down, and presumably an unseen guard approved what he saw. The door at the far end opened automatically. "We've now been registered on the computer," said Erickson, "and when we come out it will decide whether you get a free walk or are searched."

We went into a courtyard where an array of Land-Rovers, Nissan minibuses and small Toyota cars were parked. All had CDM emblazoned on the side, and most looked as if they had been sandpapered through long exposure to the desert.

Erickson selected a minibus, and we set off up the coast. "Down here the mining area runs in from the sea for two miles, but up in the north it narrows to about 400 yards," he explained. "We don't mine systematically because the diamonds are not evenly distributed. We aim at a mix in terms of grade and size, and mine about 40 different patches at any one time."

Half a mile ahead a great swirl of flying sand turned

out to be a squadron of bulldozers and scrapers engaged in an endless minuet of stripping sand from an area about a half-mile long and a quarter wide. In endless motion a scraper lined up for a run, two bulldozers tucked in behind, and they set off in a cloud of sand. When the scraper had pushed up 35 tons of sand, it peeled away toward growing dunes beside the new mine area, grunted to the top, ejected its load, rolled down the far side and lined up for another run. This goes on around the clock six days a week. Between 30 and 60 feet of sand has to be stripped away to reach the ancient diamondiferous gravel in the marine terraces beneath. The statistics become prodigious; close to 60 million tons of sand are moved annually by this stripping operation, and ultimately the proportion of waste material to diamonds recovered is 200 million to one.

Diamonds nestling in nooks and crannies

Once the sand has been peeled away to reveal the marine terraces, the backbreaking work begins. The terraces, about three feet thick, are a mixture of sea-smoothed boulders and diamondiferous gravel, or conglomerate, which has to be ripped up by bulldozers and mechanical diggers, and hauled to the crushing plants. This would be relatively easy if the bedrock was flat and smooth, but it was eroded by the sea millions of years ago into ravines and gullies. The diamonds have a habit of nestling in nooks and crannies of the bedrock. Someone invented a giant vacuum cleaner to suck them out, but it has never worked as well as a good old-fashioned dustpan and brush.

That chore falls to gangs of Ovambos known as "the bedrock cleaners." We came upon a group of 20 of them, muffled up against the windblown sand in orange-colored waterproofs and caps and earmuffs, working their way slowly across a moonscape of bare rock. Most of the boulders and conglomerate of the terrace had already been hauled away, but a hydraulic excavator was tap-tapping relentlessly at odd pockets in a gully 20 feet deep. Along the bottom of the gully an Ovambo, with a broom in one hand and a bent metal spike in the other, swept over every particle of loose material, probing into odd corners to pry out any dirt and, it is hoped, a diamond. If he finds one he gives it to the headman of his gang, who has a little tray which he turns in at the end of the shift. The lucky finder gets a reward. Once CDM paid its bedrock cleaners the same for any diamond, regardless of size, but the shrewd were then inclined to break any stone into pieces, thus claiming several rewards but ruining beautiful gems. The reward is strictly according to size now. The best is equivalent to about one month's basic pay for a bedrock cleaner.

Still, the temptation to hide a good diamond exists, and it is not difficult when working in a hidden crevice to secrete one in the mouth or the pocket. The real battle is to get it out of the mine area. Twenty-three Ovambos had been caught in a roundup shortly before my visit, in what the security staff claimed was a concerted attempt to steal diamonds to help finance the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO), the foremost party fighting for true independence for Namibia from South Africa. One of the tricks employed was to take the diamonds on the bus north to the little town of Lüderitz, outside the diamond area on the way home. The stones were simply carried in the pocket; if there was a spot check, the diamond was immediately dropped on the floor of the bus and written off as lost.

The rich diamond deposits on the seashore at CDM naturally led to the conclusion that there were diamonds out to sea as well. De Beers' Marine Diamonds Corporation secured exclusive concessions from the shore of Namibia to the edge of the continental shelf, thus insulating CDM from seaborne intruders. The

Famed Hope Diamond at the Smithsonian weighs 45½ carats, is set in a 62-stone necklace.

sea-mining operation has been conducted by De Beers on a limited scale. The real development, however, has been a massive thrust to push back the sea itself for nearly a quarter of a mile along a ten-mile front.

Leaving the bedrock cleaners and their brooms, Erickson drove toward the sea, which was completely obscured by a towering man-made dune. "The bulldozers began by pushing sand into the sea," he explained, "and gradually we built up a wall 60 feet high and 60 feet thick. Once we had started, the tide and the current helped by carrying the sand north to extend the wall for us." We stopped on top of the barrier.

"We're now a quarter of a mile out beyond the original beach," said Erickson, "and you can see inside the wall how we've cut out a huge box right down to the marine terrace, 60 feet below sea level. We have pumps at work around the clock to keep pace with the water seeping in." Since speed is essential before a storm can breach the wall, a giant bucket-wheel excavator has been brought in that devours sand with the enthusiasm of a monster on the *Muppet Show*.

All the material from the excavated terraces is hauled by truck to four computer-operated treatment plants placed at strategic intervals along the coast for screening, crushing, milling and scrubbing with water. The boulders, which do not contain diamonds, are quickly eliminated by an ingenious, if deafeningly noisy, machine designed on the principle that boulders, when dropped, bounce higher than conglomerate. The boulders jump over a separator and can be dumped, while the less bouncy conglomerate passes onward to be broken up by rubber-lined crushers into pebbles no larger than gravel in a stream bed. These, in turn, are fed into the dense liquid of a heavy media separator, in which light material stays in suspension and can be skimmed off, while heavier pebbles—and diamonds—sink to the bottom. By now 90 percent of the waste material has been removed. The remainder is taken in locked dump trucks to the central recovery plant, where a final crushing takes place in sealed rooms that may be entered only by a select handful of CDM staff. Finally, the gravels and the diamonds pass along conveyor belts which are scanned by X-ray separators. Diamonds fluoresce under X ray, and the light they emit activates a compressed air jet, which literally blows them out from the gravel into a side channel. The diamonds come tumbling down a tube onto a wooden table in the sorting room, in full view of visitors on the far side of a bullet-proof window.

A middle-aged woman in white coveralls stands by the table as the diamonds, and small bits of gravel that get blown along with them, arrive. Holding a pair of tweezers in her left hand, she picks out the diamonds with the dexterity of a gull picking up shellfish on a mudflat and pops them into an orange plastic cup in her right hand. Once in a while she empties the cup into the growing pile of rough diamonds before her. This is the harvest of those bulldozers, sandscrapers and bedrock cleaners scattered along over 50 miles of coast. It amounts to around 5,000 carats of diamonds a day—enough to fill a couple of large coffee mugs. A typical day's sample is laid out beneath spotlights in a sealed glass case beside the sorting room. There are eight large stones between five and ten carats, perhaps a hundred ranging from one to five carats, a pile of 50 points to one carat and a mugful of smaller stones.

The real secret of CDM is not just that it produces 1.6 million carats of gem diamonds a year, but that they are much more valuable because of consistent quality, size and shape (which means they can be cut and polished with much less loss). Indeed, a study commissioned by the Commonwealth Fund for Technical Cooperation reckoned that stones from CDM earned more than twice as much per carat as stones from the Namaqualand fields just to the south.

The undisputed point, as Namibia fights for independence after 60 years under South African domination, is that plenty of diamonds still lie hidden beneath the sands of the Namib desert and just offshore in the turbulent waters of the South Atlantic. Although production has peaked out (and De Beers is sometimes accused of having snatched away the best diamonds ahead of independence), at least 20 years' work remains in the present mining area. As De Beers' Chairman Harry Oppenheimer himself has stressed, "CDM will be of major importance to the emergent state of Namibia."

Giant earthmovers trace patterns in the sand as they strip a beach to find diamonds for De Beers.

Navin Kumar Gallery, New York

By Constance Bond

India's divine art reveals a god as savant and rogue

The great deity Shiva, both lover and yogi, creator and destroyer, seems contradictory—but to a Hindu all the parts fit perfectly

When we think of India today, we think of 680 million people crowded onto a great subcontinent that stretches from the Himalayas in the north to Sri Lanka in the south. There is, still, a caste system. And there is Hinduism, a religion that has shaped every aspect of daily life. From birth to death, life in India, perhaps more than elsewhere, is a life defined by rules.

And yet one of the favorite gods in India, Shiva, is a god who breaks all the rules. He is at once an ascetic, a sexually abstinent practitioner of yoga—and a passionate lover, a married man with two children. He is the elegant teacher of dancing and music—and a madman, at times so drunk that he can't even keep his balance. He is worshiped throughout India by the humblest peasant—and by the most sophisticated city dweller. He is, quite simply, a very complex god.

It was precisely because of Shiva's complexity and the marvelous expressiveness of the art that portrays him that Dr. Stella Kramrisch, Curator of Indian Art at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, decided to organize an exhibition devoted exclusively to him. That was ten years ago. It took that long to mount "Manifestations of Shiva," now open at the Philadelphia Museum of Art and running until June 7. It will then travel to the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth (August 1-September 27), the Seattle Art Museum (November 25-January 31, 1982), and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (March 23-May 30, 1982). The exhibition is supported by grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Atlantic Richfield Foundation, the Pew Memorial Trust, the Indo-U.S. Subcommission on Education and Culture, Air India, and the Smithsonian Institution Foreign Currency Program.

With 129 sculptures and 64 paintings, "Manifestations of Shiva" is the largest and the most extensively documented exhibition of Hindu art ever to be presented in the United States. The works come from museums and private collections in the United States, Canada, Australia, Europe and Nepal. But the real coup, rounding out the comprehensive coverage of 2,000 years of artistic expression, is 22 sculptures that were sent over from India.

There are two ways of viewing this show. One is to enjoy great art. The other is to experience it as an integral part of the culture, stepping into the life of an immense society. For example, an 18th-century painting from Rajasthan (opposite) shows the god Shiva, wearing a necklace of severed heads, dancing on a hillside. Above him hovers the form of an elephant, actually the flayed skin of a demon he has just slain. On the surface it is, to the Western eye, an odd and even fanciful picture. But to the Hindu who has been brought up from birth living with art that is part of his everyday life, it expresses fundamental truths about the transience of human life (symbolized by the necklace) and Shiva's incredible power over all things transient (expressed in his dance of victory).

Shiva dances after victory over an elephant demon; severed heads symbolize endless cycle of rebirth.

From fertility worship to philosophical treatises

More than 500 million of India's inhabitants are Hindus (the others are Muslims, Christians, Sikhs, Buddhists, Jains, Parsis or Jews). Hinduism is an amalgam of many levels and currents of belief, some very primitive and intuitive, some highly intellectual and philosophical. Its roots go back at least to the Indus Valley Civilization (third millennium B.C.), a highly developed urban culture located in present-day Pakistan. Objects from that civilization representing seated figures in yogic posture, female figures with exaggerated hips and breasts, and elongated stones that probably were worshiped as phallic emblems indicate that Indus people practiced some form of yoga, as well as fertility worship.

Some time after the fall of the Indus Valley Civilization, around 1700 B.C., massive invasions by Aryans from the northwest of India permanently changed Indian culture. In their hymns, called the Vedas, the Aryans personified the various forces of nature as gods.

Collection Ralph Benkaim, Beverly Hills

At his wedding feast, Shiva (entwined with snake) sits in center of circle below multi-headed Brahma, blue-skinned Vishnu. Bride Parvati, in the women's quarters at upper right, demurely awaits her husband.

In the latest phase of the Vedic period, all the gods came to be viewed as manifestations of a single absolute being, called Brahma, as people speculated about the nature of reality and existence.

By about 200 B.C., all of the currents—pre-Vedic and Vedic—coalesced into a new religion called Hinduism. During the first five or six centuries A.D., ancient myths relating in wonderful detail the exploits of the Hindu gods were gathered together into vast compilations, called the Puranas.

Today, every Hindu is able to select from among the numerous gods and goddesses in the Hindu pantheon, each choosing the one, or several, to whom he or she feels most strongly drawn. But underlying this flexibility are several beliefs that all Hindus share.

The first is that the universe is created and destroyed in an endless succession of repeating cycles. In the traditional view, three gods are of paramount importance because it is they who make these cycles possible. Brahma, the creator, causes all the elements in the "formless void" to come together and assume the shape of a universe. Vishnu, the preserver, maintains and protects the universe as it runs its course. And Shiva is the destroyer—it is he who sets in motion the disintegration of all the elements in the universe, a dissolution back to a formless void so that the cycle can be repeated once again.

Hindus also believe that living beings experience rebirth. Everyone has a soul that is eternal and identical with the absolute or Supreme Being, who exists in a state of continual flux outside time. Yet, everyone is caught in the "wheel of life." Death is not release from this endless cycle. As one lives through each successive incarnation, he accrues *karma* ("actions"); a cowherd who accrues good *karma* may be reborn a landowner; with bad *karma* he may return as an ant.

Though no Hindu wants to move down in the wheel of life, the ultimate goal is release from this endless cycle of rebirth. Release, or *moksha,* is escape of the soul from the fetters of the wheel of life—this everyday,

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material world—to a merging with the Supreme Being.

When these basic beliefs of Hinduism developed around 200 B.C., the god Brahma was as important as Vishnu and Shiva. As time passed, Brahma gradually fell from favor while Shiva and Vishnu were joined in popularity by the goddess Devi. Today many Hindus view one or the other of these gods as the Supreme Being. The Shaivites—as followers of Shiva are called—regard Shiva as the Supreme Being and all the other gods as of somewhat lesser importance. For Shaivites, therefore, Shiva assumes all the essential roles of creator, preserver and destroyer; he is the ultimate source of all energy in the universe, unfolding the observable world out of his own substance.

Vishnu, an Aryan god, is associated with the sun and possesses a benevolent nature. Shiva, on the other hand, is associated with the moon—a far more mysterious heavenly body, and various passages in the Vedas describe him as the "howling, roaring" deity, a wild and unruly hunter.

Unlike Vishnu, Shiva is an indigenous Indian god, with many qualities that extend far back into pre-Vedic India, such as those seen in the Indus Valley Civilization. His identity encompasses a tremendous range of primitive concepts that were gradually reconciled with philosophical thought.

Collection William Theo Brown and Paul Wonner, San Francisco

Shiva made manifest in lingam of flame is worshiped by Vishnu and Brahma. Jodhpur school, c. 1850.

Supreme master of yoga—and of love

Shiva emerged in Hinduism as, first and foremost, the originator and supreme master of yoga and all the arts. Yoga is a discipline practiced for one purpose: total control of the mind and body in order to prepare for the realization of ultimate reality. As lord of dance and music, Shiva dances at critical moments, such as at creation and destruction, at his marriage, and in his madness. Each dance is different, expressing a different aspect of him.

But Shiva is also the embodiment of procreative energy. Within him are all aspects of the universe, including both the male and female principles. To express this idea, Shiva is married, enjoying a rich conjugal life with Parvati.

These two roles—on the one hand the ascetic who rises above all forms of physical life, and on the other hand a married man—would seem to be mutually exclusive. But a Shaivite realizes that, as the source of all energy, Shiva has all forms of life within him, and that it is his perfection as the great yogi that allows him to play out all other forms of existence for his worshipers' benefit.

For the Hindu, Shiva is indefinable. But worshipers need some kind of concrete image on which to focus. The sculptures and paintings that represent Shiva and other Hindu gods and goddesses are seen as interpretations in material form of what is not of the material world at all. In addition, Hindu gods have so many aspects that any one image could not express all of them. Over time, Hindus developed a symbolic vocabulary that would be effective in conveying specific aspects or qualities of their gods. Often when Westerners see images with multiple arms, eyes or heads, they judge them as bizarre because such images are clearly not attempts to imitate nature. But the Hindu artists were guided by different standards: they saw nature as illusion, not reality. Rather than trying to copy nature, they were using the only references they had to convey to worshipers the qualities of gods that transcended nature.

And so Shiva has three eyes (one of them in his forehead), which enable him to see the three divisions of time—past, present and future. His hair is long and thickly matted in the fashion of ascetics, and often drawn up into an ascetic's topknot. Above his central eye is the crescent of the moon, which marks the measure of time by months; around his upper body is a serpent, which marks the measure of time by years. When he wears a necklace of skulls or severed heads, it symbolizes the successive cycles of creation and destruction of mankind. As universal destroyer, Shiva burned up the universe by a scorching look from his third eye, and afterward rubbed the remaining ashes on his body. Therefore, he is ashen-white.

Government Museum, Madras

Graceful tenth-century granite Chola Dynasty image symbolizes unity of male and female within Shiva.

When Shiva is with Parvati (pp. 64-65), he is shown encompassing both female and male within his total nature. Parvati's elephant-headed son, Ganesh (p. 67), the god of wisdom and the placer and remover of all obstacles, is loved by all Hindus. Because he controls obstacles, he is invoked at the beginning of all undertakings, whether it be a simple *puja* (worship ceremony) in the home or a huge festival. Shiva's son, Karttikeya, who has six heads, is popularly regarded as god of war.

The myths and legends about the Hindu gods, many of which appear in the Puranas, teach people the essential nature of the gods. Some give tremendous enjoyment at the basic level of a good story, but all have within them many levels of meaning. Each Hindu comprehends a myth, as he does the gods, according to his level of understanding.

One myth related in the Puranas attests to the rivalry that existed at one time between Shiva and Vishnu. Brahma and Vishnu, having met in the formless void between destruction of one universe and creation of the next, got into a heated argument about which of them was the true creator of the universe. Suddenly they were stunned by the appearance of a flaming pillar (p. 61); it was so high they could see neither its top nor bottom. So Brahma assumed the form of a swan and flew upward to find its top, while Vishnu assumed the form of a boar and dived downward to seek its base. Both returned frustrated, unable to fathom the pillar's limits. Just then the flames parted, revealing Shiva inside in all his splendor—a classic demonstration to the other gods that he was the superior one.

The flaming pillar in which Shiva appeared also had another meaning. Very early in the development of Shaivism, the phallic emblem, in the form of an upright, elongated stone, became associated with Shiva as his lingam, or sign. While at one time it was worshiped by fertility cults, it came to be regarded as the most transcendent expression of Shiva. It symbolizes both his ability as an ascetic to withhold his seed, and also his immense procreative energy.

The lingam is the main object housed in a Shaiva temple; in fact, the temple is viewed as a microcosm of the universe with the energy emanating from the lingam as its source. In the countryside, a Shaiva temple consists only of a single square room built of stone, with a lingam in its center and no decoration at all. But there is almost no limit to how elaborate a temple can be, with antechambers, pathways around the central chamber, and ornate sculptural and painted dec-

oration. Centuries-old manuals dictate every aspect of temple layout and construction.

A Hindu generally worships in a highly personal and individual way, whether at a temple or in the home. "I used to frequent the temples in Rajasthan," says Joseph Dye, former student of Stella Kramrisch and now Curator of Asiatic Art at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts. "I'd go to one specific temple over a week's time, at a certain time every day, to see if there was a pattern of people coming and going. I remember this very old, extremely devout woman, who would come every day with her granddaughter. And the granddaughter would carry a little brass tray with flowers, fruit and a little container of water that she always had trouble balancing. The old woman would go to the doorway and face the lingam, leave the offerings, and then shout her request to Shiva so he would hear her for sure."

As with personal visits to the temple, the performance of *puja* in the home has probably remained essentially unchanged over the past 2,000 years. A family in Delhi once invited me to celebrate Diwali, a Hindu festival, with them. That evening, all three generations of the family greeted me at the door. On a low altar on the living room floor were two images each about a foot high, one of elephant-headed Ganesh, the other of Lakshmi, a goddess who brings good luck. In front of the images were trays laden with cut-up fruits, pastes of various colors, and flowers strung together on lengths of red string. Everyone sat down on the floor in a semicircle facing the images, and the grandfather took charge. Amidst chanting and prayers, he reached to the nearest tray, dipped his fingers in paste, then daubed it on the images—Ganesh first, then Lakshmi. One by one we made offerings from every tray. Eventually the images were so heavily bedecked that they were barely recognizable. After concluding prayers, the grandfather divided up the red string used in the *puja* and tied a length around everyone's wrist. For weeks afterward, Hindus I encountered asked me about this bracelet and were always pleased to learn how I had acquired it.

Though most Hindus do *puja* several times a day, they also regard every action from the moment of waking in the morning as a form of worship. Fulfilling one's given role in each life includes all activities, no matter how mundane they may appear. But while the daily life of a typical Hindu family is filled with ritual, there is within Hinduism another life-style that takes a far more philosophical approach; this is the life of

Seattle Art Museum

God of love, Kama, was sent by Brahma to divert Shiva from meditation so he would notice Parvati.

the ascetic. All over India one encounters followers of Shiva who have renounced all worldly attachments and possessions, spending their lives wandering on foot or riding pilgrimage buses from one holy spot to another. While these ascetics see Shiva in highly abstract terms, many Hindus at a more popular level love the myths that make Shiva seem a less awesome god, especially those describing his married life with the volatile Parvati.

The romance of Shiva and Parvati didn't go smoothly. Shiva was deep in meditation when Kama, god of love, came near him, trying to distract him so that he would be attracted to Parvati. But when Shiva looked at Kama, the intense fire of his asceticism shot out of his third eye, burning Kama to a crisp. In the exhibition is an exquisitely erotic and sensuous image of Kama (p. 63) that once decorated the outside wall of an 11th-century temple in Orissa.

Eventually Shiva noticed Parvati, but her mother, Mena, having heard that Shiva was a penniless ascetic, was opposed to the wedding. To teach her a lesson, Shiva showed up on the appointed day amidst a howling wind, looking ugly and disheveled. Mena fainted. When she recovered, Parvati explained to her that "Shiva has many forms, awful and wonderful; he assumes every form and is without form." Shiva then revealed himself in beauty, winning Mena over.

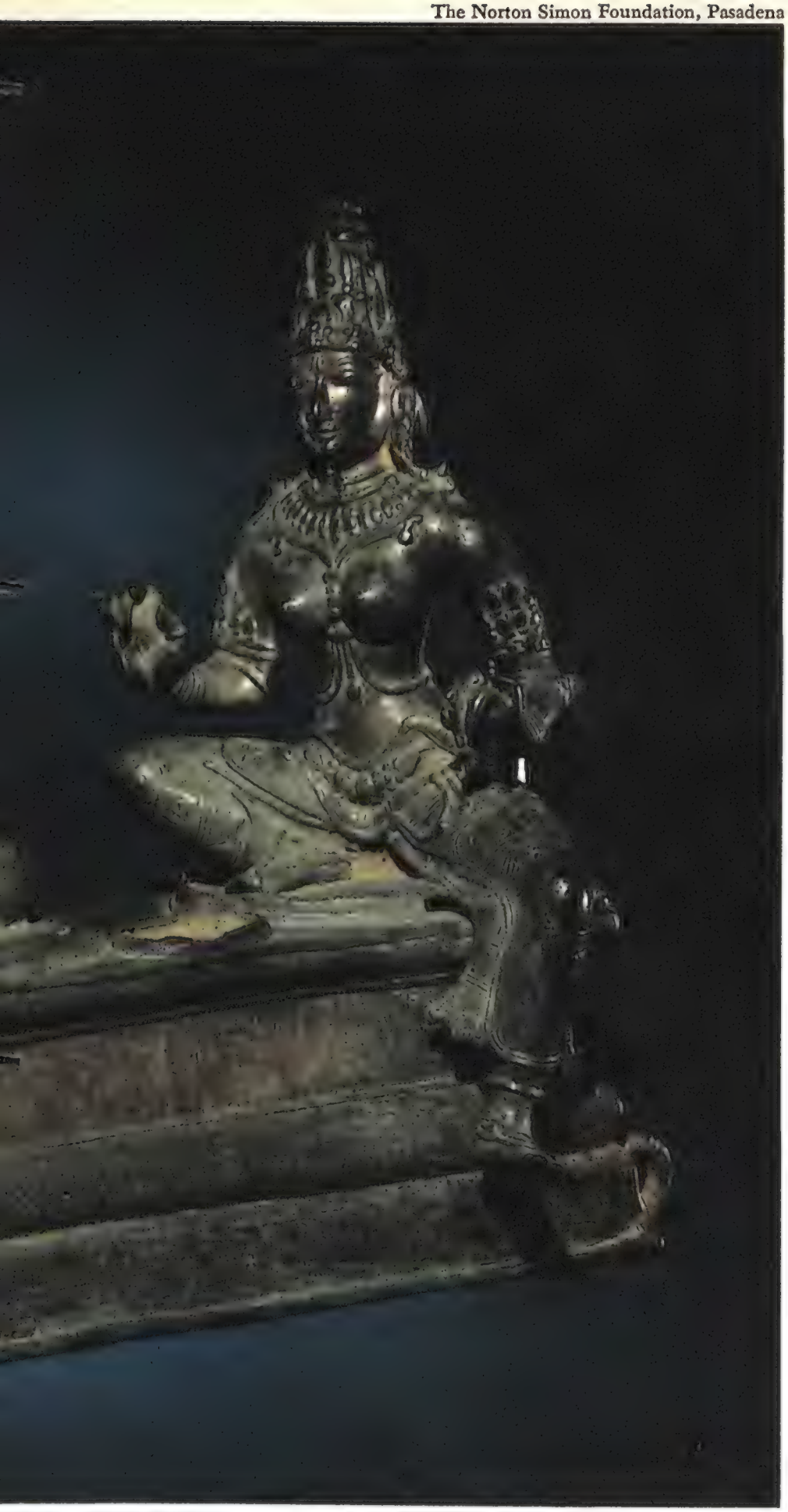
But all is not bliss for Shiva and Parvati; like most couples they frequently quarrel. Shiva loves to cheat when playing dice with Parvati by using his third eye (which tells him what future throws will be). She is outraged, demanding to know how he, a great god, can stoop so low as to cheat at a measly game of dice with his wife. One meaning of this myth is that Shiva, by using the same eye to cheat that he used to annihilate the entire universe, is demonstrating the absurdity of trying to distinguish between things in the world.

Compelling 11th-century Nolamba Dynasty bronze shows Shiva teaching and Parvati listening to her

Another frequent source of quarrels in the myths is Shiva's propensity for bhang, a hemp-based drink that is taken all over India by peasants and princes alike. In a painting done in the Western Punjab Hills (p. 67), Shiva has drunk to excess and has fallen off his startled bull Nandi, who bolts away. Above on the hill, a stoic Parvati is flanked by Ganesh and Karttikeya, who points at his ridiculous father below.

When Shiva drinks bhang, Stella Kramrisch writes

The Norton Simon Foundation, Pasadena



lord. The antelope leaping above Shiva's raised left hand is his highly complex, primordial symbol.

Los Angeles County Museum of Art

A 16th-century ceremonial headpiece of carved and painted wood represents Shiva in a terrorizing form.

Williams College Museum of Art

Anguished head of blind demon king, his body impaled on Shiva's trident, is from Orissa, 11th century.

in the exhibition catalog, "he rebukes Parvati for no fault of hers, sells all her clothes and ornaments to buy more bhang, and tells her that a wife is fortunate whose husband takes bhang, because when she becomes angry and scolds him he usually does not mind." Eventually, though, Parvati gets fed up and returns to her parents' home, but the sages intervene and bring about a reconciliation. "Shiva hugs his beloved so violently that he becomes one with her."

The form of Shiva known as Ardhanarishvara (literally, the lord who is half female) is represented in art exactly according to definition. A tenth-century Chola Dynasty granite image (p. 62), sent to the exhibition by the Government Museum, Madras, shows an androgynous figure, the left half male, the right half female. Ultimately, the continual quarrels between Shiva and Parvati are a metaphor for the inseparable nature of the male and female within the god Shiva.

Philadelphia Museum of Art

Shiva's face lights up with a rare smile on terra-cotta head from the Gupta period, fifth or sixth century.

Just as before creation there must be destruction, so too before reconciliation there must be discord, as seemingly opposite behavior becomes part of a larger cyclical whole.

When Shiva assumes his fierce aspect he is called Bhairava, and he embodies all that is associated with death, destruction and decay—all things that come with time. A 16th-century ceremonial headpiece from Kerala, on India's southwest coast (p. 65) translates Bhairava's ferocity into an ordered vision of the horrific, with three bulging eyes, curved fangs and a frame of hooded snakes. Also in the exhibition is a superlative 11th-century head, once part of a sculptural panel on a Rajasthan temple, that eloquently illustrates Shiva's awesome power as destroyer (p. 65). It is the blind demon king Andhaka, who unwisely had lusted after Parvati. Impaled on an enraged Shiva's trident, he cries out in unbearable agony.

Because Hindus see destruction as a necessary counterpart of creation, they confront the darker side of life with a directness often unnerving to people from other cultures. This can perhaps be witnessed best at Benares, the holiest city in India to worshipers of Shiva, who flock there to feel the god's presence, to bathe (and thus purify themselves) in the Ganges River, to pray and to die. Joseph Dye remembers how the city affected him the first time he arrived there: "I was riding in a cab, and the streets were jammed with people, cattle, rickshaws; and all the movement was going toward the river. There was a rickshaw in front of me. Right across the back of it was a corpse, and a bicycler pedaling it down to the river to be burned . . . there's a strange atmosphere; a constant jumble going on, constant melee, constant shifting; yet it's almost as though it's in slow motion."

The tremendous diversity of Hindu life is captured by the superb exhibition in Philadelphia. And like Hindu art itself, "Manifestations of Shiva" can be enjoyed at numerous levels. Whatever one's interest, it will be sated with a combination of artworks, introductory text, catalog, film and supporting scholarly material. The works have been grouped together by medium, beginning with the paintings, hung like colorful gems in a series of intimate rooms. The stone sculptures are dramatically spotlighted in a large, dark area. The highlight of the bronzes, which come last, are three elegant Natarajas, an image familiar to many Westerners in which Shiva, surrounded by flames, dances the world into and out of existence.

Elsewhere in the museum an hour-long movie entitled *Shiva,* filmed by Malcolm Leigh and produced by the Asia Society, is shown daily. After a short, three-minute narrative introduction, it weaves together musical and visual passages—drawn from diverse segments of everyday life in India—illustrating the endlessly repeating cycles of creation and destruction so fundamental to the Hindu view of existence. As an introduction to the topic, Joseph Dye has written a paperback book, *Ways to Shiva.* Stella Kramrisch prepared the exhaustive catalog. Finally, for those with scholarly bent, her research is being published (*The Presence of Śiva,* Princeton University Press).

While it may be true, as Stella Kramrisch points out, that Shiva is a great god who transcends all categories and embodies all paradoxes, one still might ask: does that give him the right to cheat, get drunk, play tricks on his fiancee's mother? "Shiva is a wild god, always a wild god . . . " says Dr. Kramrisch. "He's completely despicable from the point of view of established society." It may well be that even among the gods sometimes the most outrageous ones are the most compelling.

A god with a streak of madness, Shiva, intoxicated on bhang, tumbles off his faithful bull, Nandi. Calmly sniffing a flower, Parvati watches from above with children Ganesh (right) and Karttikeya.

William H. Wolff, New York

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By John G. Mitchell

Saved just in time, the buffalo graze again on our plains

The vast earth-shaking herds plummeted from 60 million to fewer than 1,000 by 1903, but today the shaggies' future is assured

In the sunlight, the animal's eye appeared red as a ruby. I remember that detail still, and the shaggy hump above its shoulder, and the horn; the concrete moat between us; the odors that I would ever after associate with zoos. I remember nothing of what some elder might have said that long-gone afternoon about the pursuit and slaughter of this creature's ancestors in wilder times, or of how the species was snagged from the maw of extinction, then to be seen only in urban corrals and a few Western parks. Youngsters of a certain age have scant patience with the details of history, and I was no exception. It was more than enough just to wonder what terrible sadness had colored the buffalo's eye.

From the buffalo pen we strolled uphill—this was at the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens sometime in the 1930s—to a strange little Japanese pagoda that had once served as a birdhouse. It was here that Martha, the passenger pigeon, passed away on the first day of September in 1914, the very last of her kind, caged or free, in the world. Once they had numbered in the billions—"no mere bird," wrote Aldo Leopold, but "a biological storm." Now, they were gone forever.

I suppose I may have wondered later about the fate of Old Redeye in his concrete pen, for the buffalo,

Two bison, part of herd of 3,000, graze on private range near Pierre, South Dakota. They will be sold for meat.

A cowboy rounds up buffalo for annual census and culling at Wichita National Forest and Game Preserve in Oklahoma. Herd is thinned so range will not be overpopulated; surplus animals are sold or given away.

Eastern critics were incredulous when they saw this 1862 color lithograph, *The Herd on the Move*, by

too, had raised its own biological storm, a storm sufficient to darken the roll and sweep of the American Plains. It would never again produce such numbers, nor roam at large in the old free way. Instead, it would know fenceposts and wire and veterinarians, and learn to digest processed fodder and to tolerate the press of two-legged critters and motorcars. In time, the remnant herds would multiply and be factored off from zoos and parks to farms and ranches across the nation, so that now and then the shaggy ruminants would have to be culled, like cattle. It would not be the most natural solution, but it would certainly be the best one under the circumstances. No individual creature deserves the dreadful distinction of being remembered as the last of its kind.

That the buffalo somehow managed to stagger out of the last century into our own is a bit of a miracle; or, if not, then it was nothing less than colossal good luck. No one will ever know how many of them were out there when the first paleskin scouts poked west toward the shining mountains for beaver. The prevailing guess is 60 million. And there may have been more than that in pre-Columbian times, before hunters acquired the horse, and before the buffalo's range drew inward to the Plains from Oregon's Blue Mountains and the Appalachian highlands in the East.

About ten years, roughly the 1870s—less than a human generation—is all it took to tumble the millions into hundreds, thanks to the railroads, the long-range Sharps rifles, and an inordinate national appetite for robes and hides. By 1903, the zoologist William T. Hornaday could feel some confidence about the accuracy of numbers; that year he counted 969 buffalo remaining in the United States. With somewhat less

During October roundup at the National Bison Range near Moiese, Montana, the entire herd is corralled.

Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth

William J. Hays. But witnesses soon verified that Hays had not exaggerated the number of animals.

Some are weighed and released, some sold to ranchers. Herd is kept at 325, the number range can support.

confidence in their latest figure, census takers nowadays put the purebred North American buffalo population at 80,000. By all counts, the numbers have nowhere to go but up.

No doubt the buffalo would have gone the way of the passenger pigeon but for the foresight of such men as Hornaday, cofounder of the American Bison Society, and the rancher Charles Goodnight of Texas, whose domesticated herd helped reseed the wild one at Yellowstone Park after poachers nearly wiped it out in the 1890s. Nevertheless, the animal itself deserves some measure of credit for its comeback, for it is a large, gregarious, take-no-guff kind of creature, and it adapts easily to a variety of climates and habitats. The average weight of an adult bull, for example, is 2,000 pounds. Nothing in North America with warm blood and wild heritage grows so large. Its forequarters are massive, yet in an open-ended race it can sometimes outrun a horse. Prudently, it will escape danger if it can, but if cornered will fight fiercely. Its stolidity and its strong herding instinct served the buffalo well against skulking wolves on the open plains. Against human predators with rifles, hanging tough almost brought the species to extinction.

As for matters of nomenclature, it happens that the word "buffalo" is a misnomer when applied to the American ruminant. A true buffalo it is not. Asia has its water buffalo and Africa the Cape buffalo, but in North America there is only the bison, or *Bison bison bison* in the classic argot of taxonomy, not to be confused with that other bison, the wisent of Northern Europe. Of the American breed, taxonomists generally agree there are two subspecies, the plains bison and the wood bison of Canada, though

Courtesy of Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming

In *The Buffalo Hunt,* an 1890 painting by Frederic Remington, an Indian falls before the largest mammal living in North America. Tribes built their whole economies around great herds that roamed the West.

some scholars who are not inclined to split hairs insist that the only clear distinction between the two is size, as a factor of climate and geography. In any event, hairsplitting was not much in vogue when Spanish and French adventurers first laid eyes on the New World bison. The Spanish called it a wild cow or ox. Canadian voyageurs said "*boeuf.*" The English, borrowing from later French explorers, spoke of the "buffelo." And early naturalists, notably Mark Catesby, refined that into "buffalo." So it became, and so it is likely to remain: buffalo, a spirited word for a comeback critter.

The Wichita Mountains of Comanche County, Oklahoma, float like a tumbledown ark adrift on a prairie sea. They are low by mountain standards, no more than a thousand feet above the surrounding grasslands. Time has been gnawing at them, chewing the ancient rock into soils productive of post oak and red cedar, of ash and elm and hackberry, and of grasses and legumes no longer welcome in the manicured pastures of the ranches below. For wild ungulates, the Wichitas today are about as good a piece of country as one can find anywhere. There are native white-tailed deer and elk planted from Wyoming stock, and feisty, free-ranging longhorn steers from Texas. And there are buffalo, come home all the way from the Bronx Zoo.

It might fairly be said that the buffalo began its public comeback in earnest here in the Wichita Mountains of southwestern Oklahoma. A forest reserve of some 60,000 acres, encompassing much of the uplands, had been cut from the Kiowa-Comanche-Apache Indian Territory in 1901. Four years later, President Theodore Roosevelt decreed it a game preserve as well. Champions of the bison soon began to lobby in Congress for funds to establish in the Wichitas the first national herd outside Yellowstone Park. Congress appropriated all of $15,000. A fence was built to enclose 8,000 acres. From a herd at the Bronx Zoo in New York City, William Hornaday selected 15 bison and shipped them by rail, in October 1907, to the little town of Cache, just south of the Wichita National Forest and Game Preserve. Indians came from their shrinking reservations to watch at the railroad siding as the crated buffalo were transferred to horsedrawn wagons for the short trip north. Among the bison was a bull

John G. Mitchell is a free-lance writer who lives in Connecticut. His book, The Hunt, *on pros and cons of hunting, was published by Knopf in November.*

Courtesy of Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming

Rifles changed the odds forever. This 1894 painting by Louis Maurer recalls buffalo hunt for Grand Duke Alexis of Russia in 1872. Escorts were Buffalo Bill Cody (on white horse), George A. Custer (right).

named Black Dog. The bull evidently took a shine to the Wichita Mountains, siring calves and putting on weight until, at 2,800 pounds, he was judged the largest buffalo in the country.

Bison in Oklahoma no longer shatter the weight records, but the herd of the Wichitas has certainly prospered over the years. Under management of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, the herd now numbers about 650 animals, though it approaches 750 after calving in the Spring. And this presents a problem, inasmuch as the ancient ways of management by wolves and swollen rivers no longer prevail. So the modern managers each year are obliged to remove about 100 bison from the premises, lest the herd eat itself and all of the other wild ungulates out of house and home. Time used to be when removal was by rifle. Now it is by roundup and public auction of live animals in fall.

Last fall I traveled into the Wichitas at roundup time to spend a day or two with George Johnson, the Fish and Wildlife Service's resident biologist. We got into a pickup truck and drove out to a place of grass called Big Bull Pasture. Johnson said they were aiming this year to cull 20 old bulls, 50 yearlings, and the rest from among the herd's older cows. The auction would be in November. The year before, 33 buyers from five states had paid an average of $537.89 per animal. A Dallas man had paid top dollar—$800 even—for a seven-year-old bull. "The buyers are generally breeders, people with herds of their own," Johnson said. I suggested that maybe, too, they were people with a bit of the Old West nostalgia. Johnson said, "That can be part of it. The biggest part, though, is supplying the specialty markets with meat. Some people say buffalo tastes better than beef."

For a while, we tailed a bunch of Wichita cowboys riding hell-for-leather after a dozen buffalo, pushing them toward the pens where the rest of the culls from the roundup were waiting. It looked to be hard, mean work, pushing these bison around; not so mean in the saddle, out here in the open, as it would be later, afoot among bulls in the pens. When we arrived at the pens, Johnson introduced me to Elmer Parker, the head cowboy. "I've been at it 35 years," said Parker, "and been torn up once or twice. There's just nothing you can do with buffalo with comfort in it."

From the main pen, a long chute reached out to a maze of smaller chutes and corrals, each with its own heavy wooden gate and a cowboy stationed somewhere nearby. Waving coats and hats and whooping, men on foot in the main pen would cut a dozen animals at a

Passengers, hunters, train crew all take shots at a herd of buffalo in this 1871 woodcut by Berghaus.

time from the milling herd and drive them down the long chute to the smaller pens, where Elmer Parker barked out orders to close one gate or open another—the general strategy being to segregate the animals by age and sex. "Good cut, Paul," Parker shouted, and then: "Your way, Ray. Come, Paul. Come, Paul. Be nice, be nice. Talk to him easy." A buffalo charged heavily against the gate behind which Parker stood, orchestrating the maneuvers. "Don't be so mean, old witch," roared Parker. "You'll get a headache."

The men took a break for lunch. I sat with Elmer Parker in the cab of his truck, out of the cold wind, and we talked for a while about this Wichita country and the way things might have been in the old times, before fence posts and wire. Parker had a place down near Cache. I had passed that way myself, coming into the refuge, and I mentioned that I had seen the house of that other Parker, Quanah, the half-white Comanche chief who had raised hell among some hide hunters at Adobe Walls, Texas, in the days of free buffalo. The house now was a curiosity for tourists. I asked Elmer Parker if the dead chief might have been some kind of distant kin.

"Aw, I don't think so," the cowboy said. "B'sides, they tell me I'm a whole lot crazier than Quanah was."

How the names do swagger across the pages of our frontier history: Quanah Parker and Sitting Bull, Bill Cody and Bat Masterson, Dodge City and Adobe Walls; all the old buffalo warriors and battle camps lacquered now with the gloss of romance, rather than soiled as they must have been then, by one of the darkest episodes in the history of North America.

The buffalo harvest was negligible at first. Even after the tribes of the Southern Plains tamed and mounted their first Spanish horses in the early 18th century, their yearly needs hardly made a dent in 60 million. What they took from the herds they used well and shared widely. There was little waste. Every part of each animal was food or shelter or clothing. Then white people appeared in the river valley, looking for fur. The beaver hat was much in fashion, so much so that beavers were soon depleted, and hunters turned to supply the demand for buffalo robes. All the tribes, north and south, had horses now, and guns, and the capacity to kill many more buffalo than they could use for themselves. The white man traded shrewdly with them on the rivers: for one fine robe worth five dollars, an Indian hunter received a pint of watered-down spirits. By mid-century, in good years, the market was absorbing nearly a quarter-million skins a year.

On the heels of the fur traders came the wagon trains and, later, the railroads. Now the buffalo became a commissary of sorts for pioneers and railroaders. The tongue, smoked, was a delicacy. But the staples were steak from the hump ribs and the hindquarters, while the rest of the carcass—about three-fourths of the fleshy bulk—was left behind for magpies and coyotes. William F. Cody earned his reputation as a mighty hunter while in the employ of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. Cody had a contract to supply the construction crews with fresh meat. From horseback, he claimed, he killed 4,280 buffalo in 18 months.

With roadbeds completed, the trains rolled west. Now it became good sport to shoot from the windows of parlor cars into the milling herds, though not for the meat or the fur. For the fun of it. Elaborate hunts were arranged for visiting foreign dignitaries—often with the likes of Cody and George Armstrong Custer

along to lend the outing a certain swashbuckling flavor. Yet none of these would ever top the hunt of the Irish baronet, St. George Gore, who with a retinue of 40 servants and 112 horses ventured into the Northern Plains to test his marksmanship on the native game. Gore slept in a striped tent upon a brass bed. The best wines of Europe were always close at hand. His protracted three-year spree caused the slaughter of 105 bears, 1,600 elk and deer and uncounted antelope. The slaughtered bison *were* counted, at 2,000.

The "wickedest town in America"

The transcontinental railroad had divided the buffalo into two large herds, northern and southern, and the year 1872 marked the beginning of the end for the southern herds. The previous year tanners had found that buffalo hides made fine leather. And in 1873 a national recession turned cash-poor opportunists from all over into Great Plains buffalo adventurers. By snow-melt time of that year, Dodge City had become the "wickedest town in America," a burgeoning burg of 4,000 people. Two-thirds of them relied on the hide trade. Solitary hunters and assorted drifters joined in partnership. One of the larger outfits employed two hunters, one cook, a full-time cartridge reloader, nine skinners, one man to stretch and peg down the hides in the field, and two men to haul them. The hide men made good money, and most of them spent it in a fashion calculated to support the whores and gamblers who comprised the other third of wicked Dodge City's population.

A good day's work for a competent hunter was 40 to 60 buffalo, although a total of 150 was not unknown. With his Sharps rifle propped on a forked stick, a cagey hunter dropped the herd's lead animals with lung shots, and then proceeded to pick off the followers until none were left standing or the wisest survivors moved on out of range. The Sharps could drop a buffalo at a thousand yards. Indians were said to have called it the gun that "shoots today, kills tomorrow." The hunter Billy Tilghman claimed that he dropped 3,300 buffalo in a single season. J. Wright Mooar of Kansas figured he killed 20,000 in nine years.

By Spring of 1874 there was hardly a standup buffalo in all of Kansas, so the hunters saddled up and skedaddled south beyond the Arkansas and Cimarron rivers into the grasslands of the Texas Panhandle. At a place called Adobe Walls, near the Canadian River, they set up base camp—a saloon, two stores and a blacksmith shop—and then fanned out to resume the traffic in hides.

The Kiowas and Comanches, on their reservation at Fort Sill near the Wichita Mountains, were angry as word came back to their tepees that the hide men's rifles were booming along the Canadian. At dawn on June 27, Quanah Parker and several hundred warriors struck Adobe Walls. (At least one contemporary account claims the Indians were egged on by rival white hunters.) It was not a conclusive battle, as battles go. Through the long, hot day the Indians repeatedly charged and circled the sod buildings of the hide men, lifted two scalps, put fatal holes in a third man and caused a careless fourth to shoot himself as he fumbled with his rifle. The Indians lost perhaps a dozen men, although the hunters claimed a kill of 70. Quanah Parker took blood on the back of his neck from a ricochet, but survived. After a while the Indians rode away to the Wichitas, and the hunters scattered—northward to Dodge, to New Mexico, or home to the East or Midwest. Somewhat later, bluecoat troopers destroyed 1,048 Kiowa and Comanche horses in Palo Duro Canyon. But the hunters continued to be plagued by roving bands of Comanches until 1877. Still, the buffalo guns kept firing in the Panhandle as the hide hunters set about the extermination of southern herds.

There were those who believed that with the buffalo subdued, the extermination of the Plains Indians would be assured as well. At a session of the Texas legislature in 1875, feisty "Little Phil" Sheridan, the lieutenant general himself, is said to have proclaimed: "These [hide hunters] have done in the last two years, and will do in the next year, more to settle the vexed

DeGolyer Library, Dallas

Buffalo heads are piled around a railroad office in Kansas City as an advertising gimmick, c. 1869.

Buffalo roam again from Texas to Montana

Indian question than the entire Regular Army has done in the last 30 years. They are destroying the Indians' commissary. . . . Send them powder and lead, if you will; but for the sake of lasting peace, let them kill, skin, and sell until the buffaloes are exterminated. Then your prairies can be covered with speckled cattle and the festive cowboy, who follows the hunter as the second forerunner of an advanced civilization."

Sheridan was right about what the hunters would do in the next year, though not quite. They would need that year, and the two after that, to complete the job on the Southern Plains. Then there was nowhere to go but north. A new railroad was reaching across Montana, and the big rifles were booming again along the Powder and Yellowstone rivers. By late 1883, only one herd was left, about 10,000 animals ranging the Moreau and Cannonball valleys of the Dakota Territory. The hide men quickly dispatched all but 1,000. Then Sitting Bull and his Sioux followed the depleted herd. In two days the era of the great buffalo herds had come to an end.

For two or three years thereafter, a few of the hunters staked themselves out by the waterholes and riverbanks, waiting. They refused to believe what the smart ones already knew. The shaggies would be on their way any day now, the optimists said. They'll be back sure enough, wait and see. And 20 years later, down at the foot of the Wichita Mountains at Cache, old Quanah Parker, they say, was there when the train pulled in from New York with its 15 crates from the Bronx Zoo.

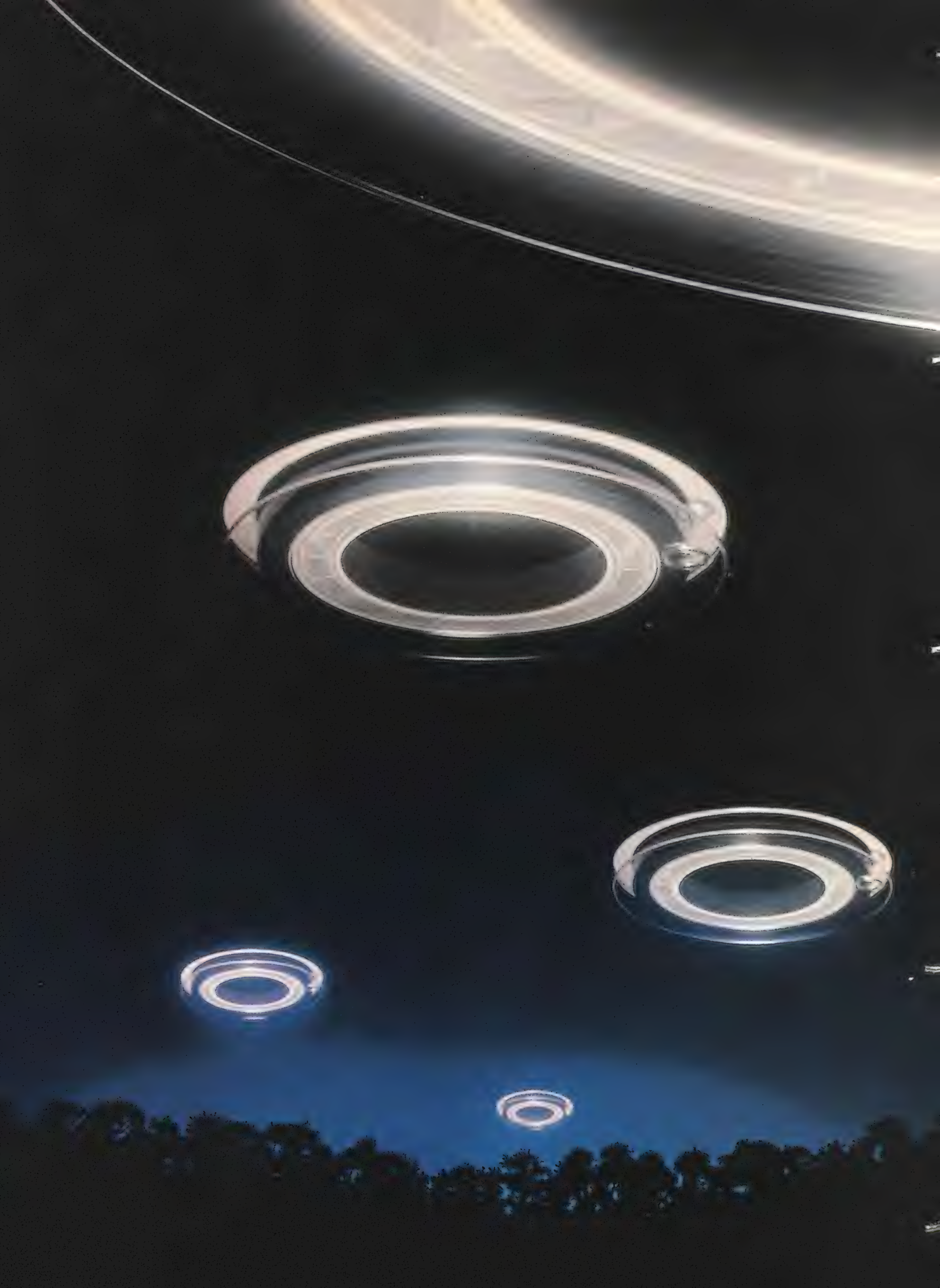
With relict herds established in the Wichitas and at Yellowstone National Park, the American Bison Society and its allies in Congress moved to create yet another preserve, the National Bison Range at Moiese, Montana. Thirty-seven animals obtained from privately owned stock were released on the range in 1909. Today the herd numbers 325. In 1912, what is now Fort Niobrara National Wildlife Refuge was created by executive order as a bird sanctuary. Buffalo were released there the following year. Today that herd numbers 225. Next to receive allotments of bison were Wind Cave National Park in the Black Hills of South Dakota, Sully's Hill National Game Refuge in North Dakota and Pisgah National Forest and Game Preserve in North Carolina. Crow and Sioux Indians established herds on their reservations and there are state-owned herds in Arizona, Utah, Kansas and South Dakota. Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park in North Dakota has close to 200 animals. In Canada, west of Lake Athabasca, Wood Bison National Park contains the largest herd on the continent.

In recent years, most government agencies in the business of managing bison herds have adopted the policy of auctioning off their surplus animals rather than slaughtering them or allowing hunters to take out the culls by lottery. A growing demand for the animals, live, is certainly there. The National Buffalo Association (not to be confused with the now-defunct American Bison Society) claims 800 members, nearly all of whom raise bison for fun and profit. Private herders abound in Florida, New York, Ohio and Michigan, not to mention the Great Plains states. Some ranchers have crossbred the bison with cattle in order to produce a hearty hybrid strain called "beefalo." (The hybrid is hearty, all right, but not very good at reproduction.)

Specialty meat packers offer buffalo steaks and roasts by direct mail, and even supermarkets are getting into the act. A restaurant in Colorado is said to serve up to 1,400 pounds of the meat every month. "Step back a century," a Dakota distributor advises, "and feast on buffalo meat."

Even if we could step through the time machine, I'm not so sure we would want to. At least, not insofar as the bison is concerned. A century ago, a sea of bleached bones stretched for hundreds of miles across the midsection of the republic. Men believed there would always be more of everything—of bison and pigeons and minerals and land—out beyond the brow of the next hill. Some folk believe that way yet, though not many. And I suspect it was the bison more than anything else that turned people's minds around. It took us beyond the last hills to show us the terrible loneliness there—and then, coming back, brought at least a part of America with it.

Saved from extinction, buffalo endures a storm. It will root through snow with its muzzle, looking for grass.



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By John Boslough

The latest word in oil rigs hits the North Slope

It's 383 tons of instant, pop-up hardware, it rolls around on wheels, and it allows roughnecks to work in their shirtsleeves

Rig 26-E, fully assembled, awaits testing and final inspection by Sohio Alaska before its long trip.

Noon on Alaska's North Slope. The men climbing three stories to the working platform of the oil rig are subdued in the face of their 12-hour shift. The December half-light that turns all color to gray or white solemnizes not only the rig but also the trucks that run endlessly and the trailers that make up the crew's quarters. When their shift is done, crew members will return quickly to the self-contained camp and await their call back to work a half-day later.

"That's all you do up here—work or rest up from work," says Bill Marmon, the drilling supervisor in charge of the rig for two weeks out of every month. The rig that Marmon, an affable North Slope veteran, runs helps make such a cheerless existence at least tolerable. It may be the most advanced land-based drilling rig in the world. The $15.2-million rig is the prototype of a new breed that soon will see wide service throughout Alaska and northern Canada. It is one of seven rigs that this winter began probing for oil, to depths of four miles or more, from artificial gravel islands in the Beaufort Sea off Alaska's barren northern coast. What it takes to run Marmon's rig—and what it took to get it there—demonstrates the task that lies ahead as the nation taps the greatest remaining depository of natural resources in North America.

In a multiple exposure, the 14-story mast of a new drilling rig is winched up during test in Alberta.

The Arctic, despite the protracted and bitter environmental debate of the early 1970s that threatened oil development there, is an energy province whose time apparently has come. Most of the action is at Prudhoe Bay on the north side of Alaska's Brooks Range. Its 4,000-foot peaks form the northernmost section of the Continental Divide and partition Alaska into two zones, the inhabitable and the inhospitable. Yet the high stakes of drilling for oil 300 miles above the Arctic Circle make it worth the cold, the discomfort and a life-style limited to sleeping, eating and working. Even alcohol, though smuggled in, is forbidden. But the workers, almost all male, don't care. An average roughneck can earn up to $70,000 a year on the dichromatic, treeless plain of the North Slope.

Drilling crews at Prudhoe Bay, an inlet ringed by 33 isolated oil camps, have tapped the continent's largest remaining oil field, 9.6 billion barrels of proven reserves. The oil accounts for nearly 30 percent of proven U.S. reserves, enough to power the country for two years without drawing on any other source. There is much more in Alaska. Nobody yet knows the precise amount, but the best guess is another ten billion barrels, most of it under the outer continental shelf.

To the east of Prudhoe Bay is the ice-clogged Beaufort Sea, one of the most significant of 10 major offshore areas in Alaska. Opened for drilling by former

The author, who lived in Alaska, is a former science editor for U.S. News & World Report.

Photographs by Kenneth Garrett

Tests complete, the rig is disassembled for the 2,000-mile rail, barge and truck trip to Prudhoe Bay.

Here modular sections of crews' living quarters and toolrooms are loaded onto flatbed railroad cars.

Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus in 1980, the shallow, 10-foot waters of the Beaufort are believed to cover one billion or more barrels of crude. Oil companies are willing to invest millions of dollars to find out exactly how much. The rig operated by Marmon, called simply 26-E, will simplify that search. What makes it valuable is the speed with which it can be moved from one drilling site to another, and its relative ease and comfort of operation. Both factors save time. And time matters, because it costs the oil companies as much as $100,000 a day to run a rig there.

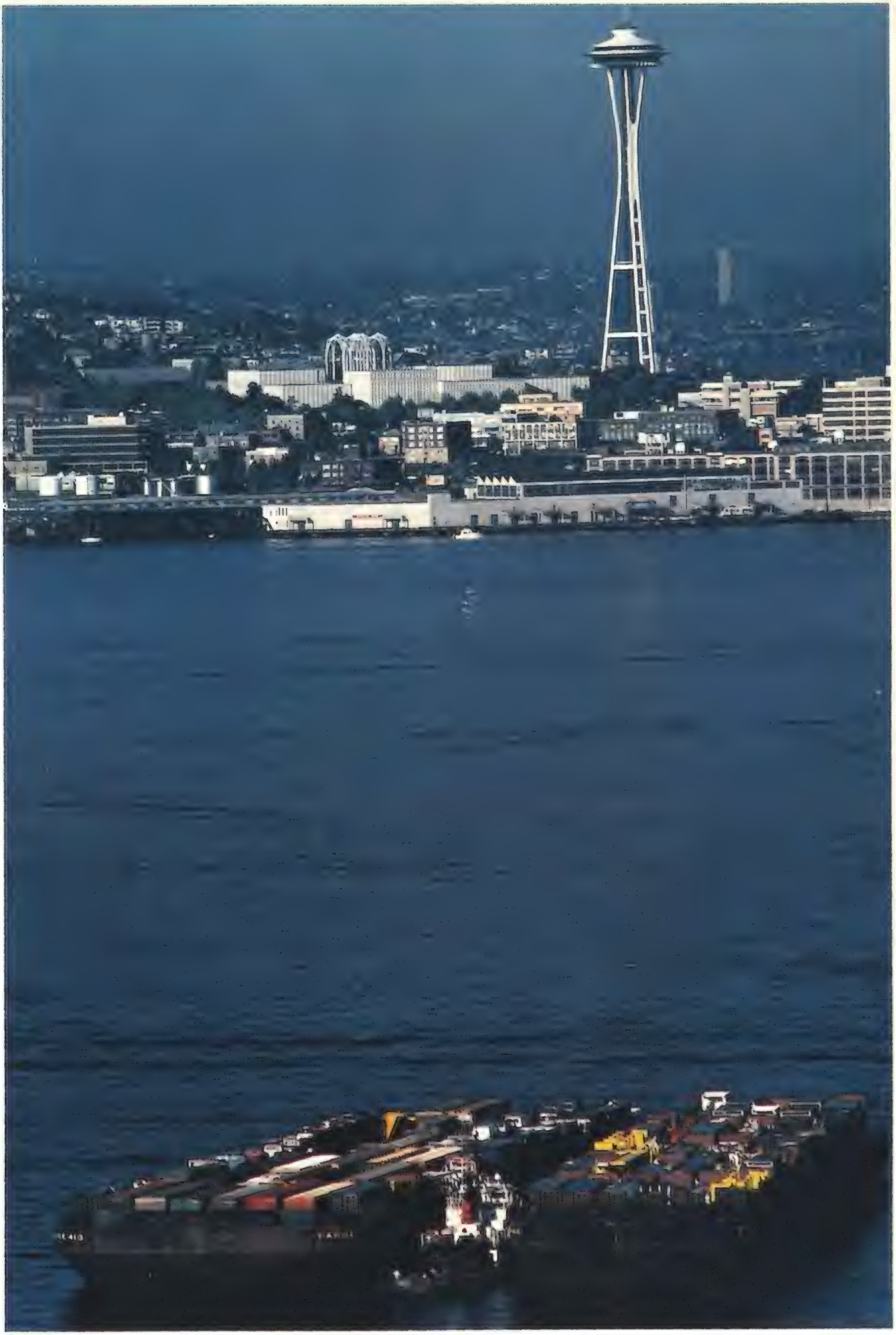
"The oil companies will do nothing but save money with this rig," says Nick Semeniuk, Alaska operations chief for Anglo Energy, the company that designed and built the new drilling unit. Some of the workers like the rig even more than do their employers. "When they're ready to take it to a new site, all they have to do is make a few quick disconnections, hoist it up on the jacks, and she's ready to roll," says Semeniuk. Such a move, which can come up frequently during an exploratory operation, can be completed in four or five hours in the summer and 10 to 12 hours in the winter. It can take as much as five or six days to relocate a normal rig a few hundred yards away.

The new rig looks like a typical Arctic drilling facility. Its mast, covered with thick windwalls around the low section to protect workers from the freezing wind, towers 14 stories above the blank Arctic landscape. Adjacent to the derrick is a complex of squat prefabricated buildings that house the tools and men that keep the rig running around the clock.

The big difference is the wheels, tall as a man, that hold the rig assembly above the tundra. The drilling unit consists of five sections mounted on wheeled trailer frames. Each trailer has its own self-jacking hydraulic system so that the entire section can be simply picked up and hooked onto a large truck or Caterpillar tractor for a quick haul from well to well on land, or over ice in winter.

The new rig is a far cry from those that operated on the North Slope when the first exploratory wells were sunk two decades ago. "For years most rigs had their drilling ends covered, but left their crews exposed to the most horrible weather," recalls Steve Matkaluk, a former vice president of drilling operations for an Anglo subsidiary in Canada, who has searched for oil in the Arctic for 30 years. "In a typical winter, it can go down to 30 or 40 below for weeks at a time. The driller, who controls all operations, had to stand out in the cold, freezing to death, unable to move because

Train carrying 26-E leaves Seattle on barges, enroute to Alaska. Foul weather slowed this part of trip.



A new generation of Arctic oil rigs

At Whittier, Alaska, the train gets back on the tracks again. The move was a round-the-clock operation.

Shortest part of the haul was the 60 miles by rail from Whittier to Anchorage. Trainmen were nervous about a tunnel with a clearance of just 12 feet, but entire train made it through without a scratch.

he had to be there to watch his instrumentation."

A waste-heat recirculation system, really a heat-exchanger, in Anglo's new rig creates a more modern working ambience. Not only does the system conserve fuel, but it heats the rig's interior to a balmy temperature that allows roughnecks to work in jeans and work shirts. Some complain that it is too hot. Other innovations include an automated pipe-handling system, an "iron roughneck" that eliminates high-risk manual pipe connections, and a revolutionary self-cleaning system that has virtually halted loss of the expensive drilling mud used to lubricate wells. The rig is powered by diesel generators fueled by North Slope crude that is refined on the spot.

Compared with the old drilling units, the new rig is so technically advanced that "it would be like putting a Boeing 747 up against a Wright Flyer," says Semeniuk. Built for Sohio Alaska, the rig weighs in at 383 tons, light by North Slope standards. That will make it easy for workers to move the modules across Beaufort Sea ice. But it was not light enough to make an easy job of getting the rig to the North Slope from Edmonton, Alberta, where it was designed and built.

There is no direct rail route from Edmonton, on the eastern side of the Canadian Rockies, to Alaska. But Anglo engineers decided to go as far as possible by train, figuring that would be fastest.

Moving the equivalent of a small industrial plant along a tenuous 2,000-mile supply line would make a military commander balk. But, says Semeniuk, "We

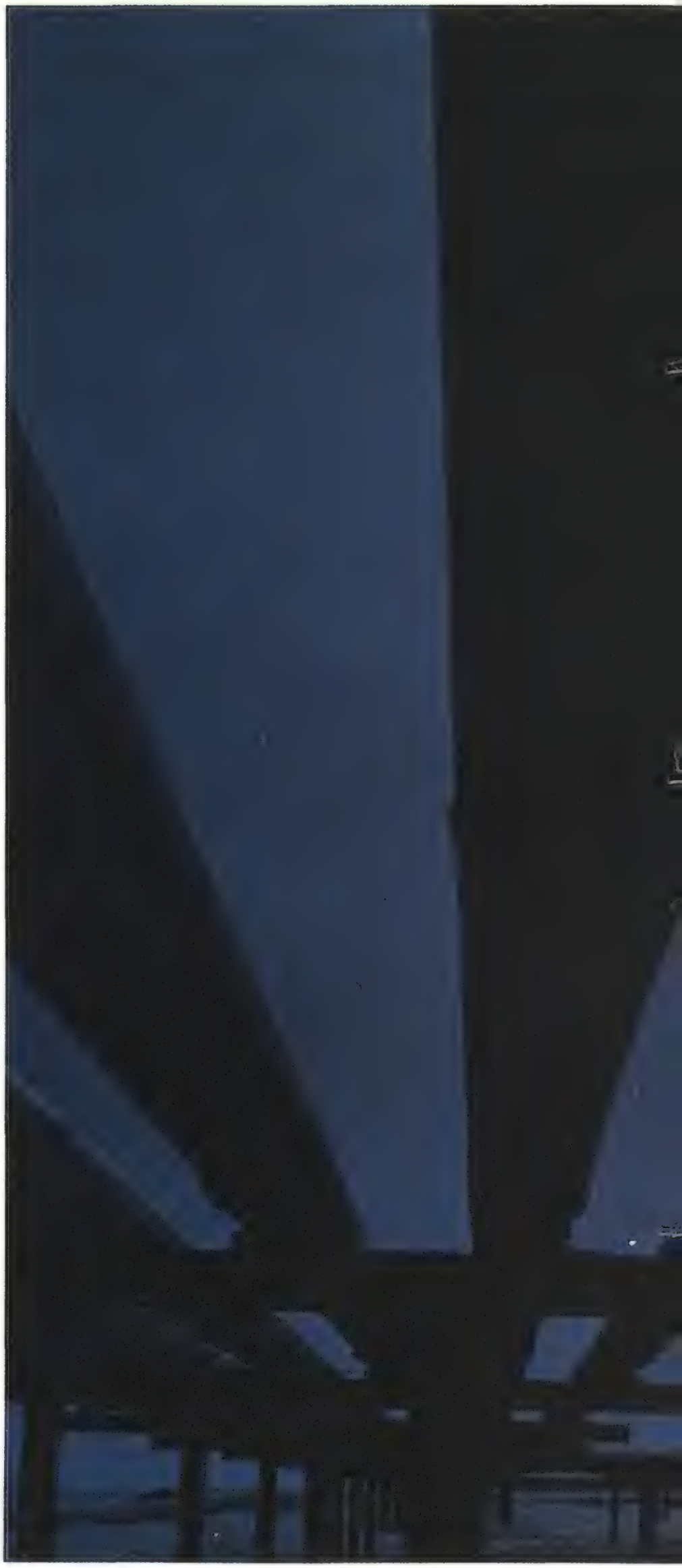
For the final 500 miles of the odyssey, the new rig traveled by truck--this one and 124 others. Known as the haul road, the highway parallels the Alyeska pipeline. Truck traffic is nonstop all year round.

knew if the planning was good, that we'd be okay." The prodigious haul began last September in Edmonton where the rig had been first assembled, tested and then torn apart. Working overtime, Anglo crews loaded the rig onto a 77-car train. Five days after leaving Edmonton, the train pulled into Seattle.

The seagoing barges that operate between Seattle and Alaska are as big as city blocks. It took just over four hours to load the entire train, minus the locomotives, onto two barges for the five-day trip to Whittier, a port southeast of Anchorage. Bad weather, a common occurrence in the Gulf of Alaska in October, turned it into a seven-day trip, frustrating Anglo officials who were working furiously to beat the contracted arrival date on the North Slope.

From Anchorage the rest of the trip went without a hitch: a quick U.S. Customs check of the "big ticket items" like the derrick assembly and diesel generators, and an overnight run to Fairbanks where crews spent six days unloading the rig onto 125 heavy-duty trucks for the overland trip to the North Slope. A single breakdown on the barren, 500-mile-long road that parallels the Alaska oil pipeline would have jeopardized the entire operation. But Anglo was lucky. Twenty-three days after leaving Anchorage the entire drilling rig arrived intact at Prudhoe Bay. Crews began digging a test well 17 days later.

"It sounds like quite a big deal," says Anglo's Semeniuk. "Actually it was a pretty typical haul." The total cost of the move was $2.7 million. But that is the kind of price the nation is going to have to pay as the oil companies explore this energy frontier.



Within days after the caravan arrives in Prudhoe Bay, the rig is hard at work. Oil pipes frame the scene.

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By Michael Olmert

Dumbarton Oaks: stately link from past to the present

Robert Woods Bliss and Mildred Bliss created an exquisite enclave devoted to gardens, Byzantine studies and pre-Columbian treasures

Opposite, a flowering pear tree towers over the north gate of the Rose Garden, fronted by boxwood.

Above, the North Vista, facing the rear of house. The tall trees on either side are Deodar cedars.

The place: the heights of Georgetown, in northwest Washington, D.C. The time: a quiet Tuesday evening, approaching twilight. Overhead, the sharply angled light is scattered into softness by the translucent green leaves of early spring. The tiniest white crab-apple petals and lilac blossoms snow themselves across a high brick wall that seems to surround an entire city block. Only a teen-ager whipping a lacrosse ball against the wall questions the bucolic charm. An opening appears in the wall—a wrought-iron gate. A single motif dominates the metalwork: a gilded sheaf of wheat. Below, the words: DUMBARTON OAKS 1920.

The story of what that sheaf symbolizes and what goes on beyond that gate is one of the minor but nonetheless great stories of taste, scholarship and collecting in this century.

But more on that later. For now, there is only time to absorb the natural simplicity and calm emanating

Photographs by Ursula Pariser and John Neubauer

The opulent yet intimate Music Room, also used for lectures and seminars, can accommodate about 200.

from the countless plantings that grace the garden beyond the gate. Inside this high wall, on what turns out to be 16 acres instead of a mere city block, boxwood and ivy, magnolia and holly, wisteria and periwinkle beckon—with the allure of a charmed circle. This is indeed the *hortus conclusus* ("the enclosed garden") of medieval times, cheek by jowl with the bustling capital. Only here, the garden produces not just vegetative growth, but rather an elevation of mind. The tree of knowledge is the real root under cultivation at the place called Dumbarton Oaks.

On a gently curving footpath, the visitor approaches a Georgian mansion that dominates the land's highest aspect. Behind its great double doors, the Dumbarton Oaks Center for Byzantine Studies unfolds. For a student of Byzantium—the Greek-speaking Christian civilization that endured from A.D. 330 to 1453—this is the place to be. The mansion houses the greatest library in the world specifically related to Byzantium (90,000 volumes). And a museum wing contains a world-renowned collection of Byzantine art. Included are silver and metalwork, ivories and jewelry, coins and enamels, textiles and lead seals (p. 95). In short, all the physical elements are present to constitute a major oasis for Byzantine studies. The spiritual components are supplied by the Dumbarton Oaks fellowship program, under which scholars spend up to a year working at the Center before returning to their careers in academe.

Library for students, experts, visitors, offers vast resources of knowledge on Byzantine history.

The surprising part is that Dumbarton Oaks is not just a center for excellence in Byzantine studies. It also houses a major collection of pre-Columbian art, which was formerly displayed at Washington's National Gallery of Art and now resides in an elegant pavilion designed by architect Philip Johnson.

Turn another corner at Dumbarton Oaks and one encounters yet another institutional interest: the history of landscape architecture. A pristine garden library, in a special wing, holds 2,400 rare books on garden history as well as 9,100 other publications related to trees, plants, and their effect on Man and the land (p.96).

This evening, in the mansion's high-ceilinged study, Tom Parker, a Dumbarton Oaks Fellow, is about to speak to his 25 colleagues. A young archaeologist from

Michael Olmert lives in Annapolis, Maryland, has a doctorate in medieval history, and wrote on the Plan of St. Gall in the May 1980 SMITHSONIAN.

Courtesy Dumbarton Oaks Research Library and Collection

Robert Woods Bliss and wife, Mildred, sit before 16th-century French fireplace in Music Room, 1930s.

North Carolina State University, Parker chooses as his topic the defense of the eastern frontier of the Roman Empire. He has been studying the Roman line of forts that passed from the Euphrates down through Palmyra, Bostra and Petra to the Red Sea.

The point to remember is that, by the fourth century, the Roman Empire was no longer headquartered in Rome. In A.D. 330, Emperor Constantine, in a move to tame the centrifugal forces pulling the empire apart, transferred the capital from Italy to a small Greek town on the Bosporus. It had been called Byzantium. From that day until 1930, the city would be known as Constantinople; the empire we have come to call Byzantine. At its farthest extent, under Justinian I (A.D. 527-565), the empire stretched from Spain to the Sudan, from Gaul to Persia.

It proved remarkably durable. Although finally shrinking in size to a few square miles of hemmed-in paranoia, the empire survived. Slavs, Bulgars, Persians and Arabs kept the pressure on from the sixth century through the tenth. Constantinople, itself a Christian capital, was mercilessly sacked in 1204 by the greedy raiders of the Fourth Crusade. But Byzantium's final hour did not come until 1453, when the Turkish flag flew over the city's battlements and Sultan Mehmet II prayed to Allah in the Hagia Sophia, which for centuries was the greatest church in Christendom.

At Dumbarton Oaks, Byzantine history comes together with pre-Columbian art and landscape architecture. Why did three such different concerns merge here? The answer is linked with the lives of two people, Robert Woods Bliss (1875-1962) and Mildred Barnes Bliss (1879-1969). As a member of the Foreign Service, Mr. Bliss was posted to Paris and Stockholm and ended his career as ambassador to Argentina in 1933. Mrs. Bliss, heiress to a patent medicine fortune, accompanied him on those travels. The two could have squandered their money on playthings. But they did not. Instead, they began collecting beautiful, carefully selected objects.

In 1912, Mr. Bliss attended a showing of pre-Columbian artifacts in Paris. He selected a 9½-inch jade Olmec standing figure of a man from the gulf coast of Mexico. With that acquisition, the pre-Columbian collection took wing.

Today, the collection holds some 600 items. But this rather small total was gathered with great care and an eye to the esthetic value of each piece. This is no assemblage of ethnographic or archaeological materials. Instead, it strives to present only the highest levels of art of which the early Americans were capable. It is a dazzling show. Accounted among the best are gold jewelry masterworks from the Sinú and Tairona cultures of Colombia (A.D. 1000-1500) that seem to have been made in lost-wax castings, except

Tiny treasures from a vast trove of Byzantine objects are, from left: pendant reliquary of St. Demetrius, 13th century; coins bearing images of the Emperor Justinian II and son Tiberius; and tenth-century clasp.

Plump clumps of Chinese wisteria festoon walls of the orangery, which was constructed in 1810.

The Garden Library contains 11,500 works on landscape design history. This is Rare Book Room.

that the gold filaments that result are too delicate to be believed. Modern goldsmiths stare slack-jawed at such lacy craftsmanship.

The most popular item in the collection is a sculpture of the Aztec goddess Tlazoltéotl, the traveling midwife of Mesoamerican culture. But perhaps the most surprising piece is an Inca ceremonial poncho woven of cotton and wool and decorated with a rich checkerboard pattern of long-lost heraldic devices and secret messages from the distant past. Bliss' instincts were so strong and his taste so dependable that such works quickly became known as the world's pioneering collection of pre-Columbian art.

Bliss continued to add pieces until his death, but unfortunately did not live to see the 1963 completion of the gemlike Philip Johnson building to house his collection (p. 99). The smallish structure is divided into eight circular bays, one for each major area of pre-Columbian culture. It is the perfect spot to study ancient art in intimate detail. And because the walls are curving panels of glass, the viewer is never far from the green world of the grounds.

The Dumbarton Oaks property was acquired by the Blisses in 1920. The land, originally part of a 1702 grant settled by a Scottish farmer from Dumbarton-on-the-Clyde, was operated as a working farm with barns and animal sheds well into the 19th century. The orangery, a sort of Palladian hothouse with its tall, arched windows, was built in 1810. The rest was extensively revamped and added to in Georgian style to become a proper display case for the Blisses' art and books. So successful was the couple that the house was again regarded as one of the grand mansions of Washington, as it had been when it belonged

to Vice President John C. Calhoun's family in the 1820s. An international meeting held there in 1944, called the "Dumbarton Oaks Conference" by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, formalized the idea of the United Nations.

For her part, Mildred Bliss was dedicated to instilling perfection in the grounds and gardens of her estate. In 1922 she hired landscape gardener Beatrix Jones Farrand (1872-1959) to oversee the task. Mrs. Farrand was a follower of British landscape designer Gertrude Jekyll and a niece of novelist Edith Wharton. Mrs. Farrand had successfully designed landscapes at Yale and Princeton, and was the only woman among the founding members of the American Society of Landscape Architects (1899).

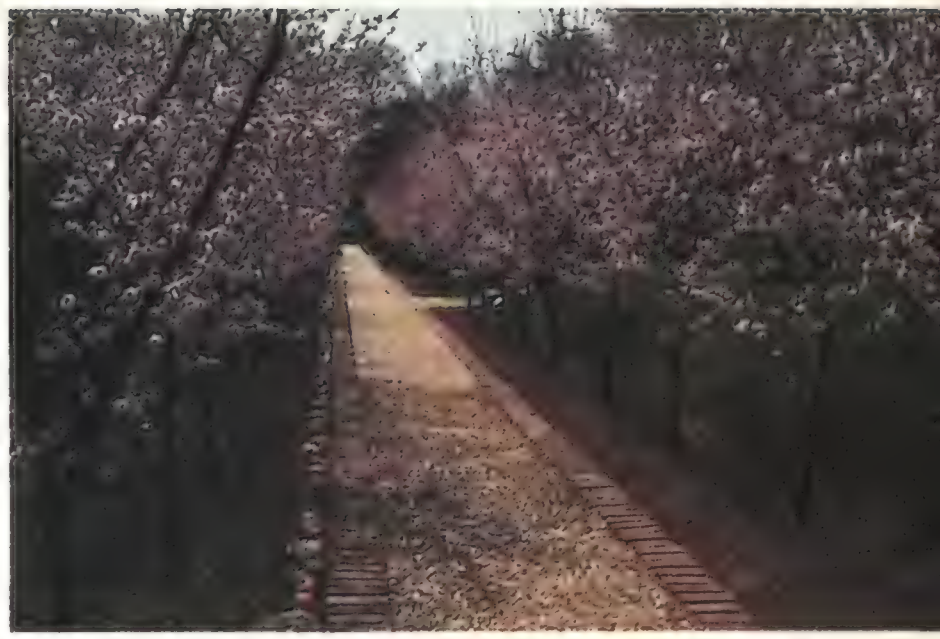
Together, the two worked for 25 years to ensure that the gardens were filled with the best of everything. They agonized over just the right proportions, colors and sites for every detail. More than 1,500 working drawings and clay mock-ups were made of all the garden sculptures, benches, canopies, heraldic motifs and gates.

The plantings included Deodar cedars originally from the Himalayas and Katsura trees from the Orient. Small-leaved Kieffer pear trees were trimmed into the stately precision of an aerial hedge. In the orangery, a creeping fig, now more than a century old, was nurtured into a miracle of botanical gerontology. Searches were made for just the right fieldstones and pebbles, the latter from the beaches of Mexico for a pebble garden laid out in ornate patterns, including a sheaf of wheat (p.101). When Mrs. Bliss saw how the piled stones looked after a sudden rainfall during construction of the garden, she decreed that the finished product should be forever covered with a shallow sheet of water, the better to heighten its colors and textures. In the summer it becomes what is probably the world's most elegant birdbath.

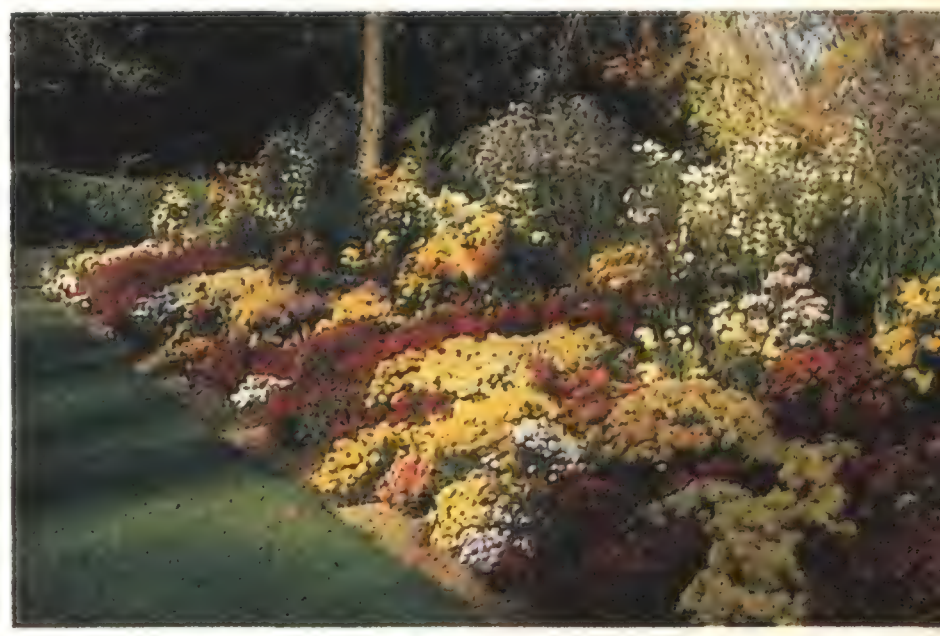
Sowing and reaping, with style

Truly, Mrs. Bliss had a genius for taking pains. The result made her the very embodiment of the Biblical epigram she had chosen for the Dumbarton Oaks motto: *Quod Severis Metes*, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." Thus, the gilded sheaf that graces the iron gates. "What you see here," says Diane Kostial McGuire, formerly acting director of studies in landscape architecture, "is the last great American garden. Economic conditions will probably never be the same again, even if we could find another Mildred Bliss."

In 1940, the Blisses gave Dumbarton Oaks to Harvard University, as a way of preserving the continuity of studies and collections after they had passed on. They moved to a smaller house a few blocks away, but



One area of meticulously cultivated gardens devoted to flowering plum trees is called Prunus Walk.



In the autumn, a glory of chrysanthemums borders a manicured Dumbarton Oaks lawn.

Forsythia Hill in spring puts on a show of weeping forsythia planted at Beatrix Farrand's direction.

came to the mansion every day to work with invited scholars from around the world.

Spurred by the breakup of numerous European libraries in the years after the war, Mrs. Bliss and Mrs. Farrand dived into the difficult process of assembling a major library in landscape architecture. This move was prompted by Mrs. Bliss' obvious interest in gardens, but was dictated by the scurrilous practice of art dealers who were cannibalizing rare books in order to sell the separate prints and engravings at a higher profit. In 1963 she built her graceful garden library to house this collection. She was to be seen there, every Wednesday afternoon until her last days, entertaining rare-book dealers as they paraded their latest finds before her experienced eye.

Through the years, Dumbarton Oaks became known for a special brand of scholarship. It was based on a Mediterranean model, the Athenian or Medicean academy. Works of the intellect would be carried out in beautiful surroundings, with the scholars dining on crisp linen, while servants attended and the floral centerpieces never so much as bowed in the direction of a wilt. A music salon was built to order in the Florentine manner, with a parquet floor imported from a French chateau, a ceiling copied from a Renaissance model and an immense hearth. The Blisses commissioned Igor Stravinsky to compose a piece for their 30th wedding anniversary on April 14, 1938. The result was his *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto* for chamber orchestra, which had its première there under the direction of Nadia Boulanger.

That image has changed somewhat lately. Although many of the fellows still eat lunch together, the preferred mufti seems to be the lumberjack shirt. Table talk ranges from Anatolia to the Andean plateau, from *Azalea indica alba* to the Washington Redskins.

Changing the Dumbarton image

Many of the changes in the operation of Dumbarton Oaks can be traced to the present director, Giles Constable, who gave up teaching medieval history at Harvard to come to Washington four years ago. Constable cuts an imposing figure, with a bearing and diction that is distinctly to the manner born. By contrast, he rules staff and fellows more like a kindly abbot, dispensing sensible advice during economically parlous times. He is committed to transforming Dumbarton's image as a frosty way station for Ivy League blue bloods into a teaching institution taking an active part in 20th-century life. He has added curators who are attuned to increasing the number of visitors to the collections. Special exhibits and loans are a matter of course. For the first time, seminars are being offered by Dumbarton Oaks scholars, even to (horrors!) under-

Everything here is ordered or natural beauty, stone in walks or balustrades against grass and hedges,

a geometry of design setting up a dialogue with trees, air. This is North Vista looking away from house.

Philip Johnson's elegant, glass-walled pavilion houses the small but rare pre-Columbian collection.

At left, a mythical pre-Columbian jadeite figurine of a rabbit containing an eagle-helmeted warrior.

graduates from local universities. The grounds are open year-round—they used to be closed in summer and winter. Outsiders are encouraged to use the library and photographic collections. "Scholarship can still flower amidst the beauty here," Constable is quick to add, "but we have made great strides in removing the stigma of exclusiveness.

"We are doing history here, after all, which means that people should be able to learn something from it —especially people who are not professional historians. I firmly believe that the problems we face in the Middle East today result from the West's failure to respond to cultural traditions that are entrenched in that area.

"For example, only in the West has there been a strict dichotomy between church and state, clergy and laity. But not in the East, where it has been a regular feature of life for churchmen actively to pursue politics. Another example: everyone must be sensitive to the pivotal role of A.D. 1453 [the year the Ottomans conquered Constantinople] in the minds of both Christian and Turk alike. Misguided attempts to reopen Hagia Sophia, either as a mosque or church, would amount to rubbing salt in a 500-year-old wound. [Kemal Ataturk decreed in the 1920s that the mosque, as it then was, should be converted into a more relaxed posture as a museum. It remains so today.]

"I see Dumbarton Oaks as having a role in this. For starters, it might not be a bad idea for ambassadors going to the Middle East to put in a compulsory term here."

An intricate tapestry of history

Byzantine history and art together are a vast and intricate tapestry. When Constantine I conquered his enemies at the Battle of Milvian Bridge (A.D. 312), he did so under the Christian banner, "*in hoc signo vinces*" ("in this sign conquer"). As a result, the unity of church and empire was sealed. The emperor became the personal representative of God on Earth, and Constantinople was built to be a reflection of the "New Jerusalem," the heavenly paradise of the Bible. This concept led to a new brand of architecture, featuring great domes rising from square or polygonal bases. Interior decorations featured large-scale frescoes and mosaics shot through with gold. The church of the Hagia Sophia ("Holy Wisdom"), dedicated in A.D. 537, was the high point of this style. At Dumbarton Oaks, Robert L. Van Nice has spent decades preparing for publication evidence on its history and condition collected in an architectural survey of the basilica.

The most damaging result of uniting ecclesiastical with temporal power, at least in the light of Western history, has been the sense of unbridled power, intrigue and even terror that seems to characterize Byz-

Medievalist Giles Constable, director of Dumbarton Oaks, stands at the wheat-sheaf-topped main gate.

antine history. Our modern adjective "Byzantine" captures that spirit and often stands for unfathomable deviousness in an organization. Nearly half of the 88 emperors who ruled between A.D. 324 and 1453 were either poisoned, decapitated, blinded, strangled, buried alive or driven into exile. Such unstable power caused cruelty in peace and war to become the order of the day.

What was perhaps the height of cruelty occurred in 1014, under Basil II. When he took 14,000 Bulgar prisoners after the battle of Struma, he blinded them all and sent them staggering home in lots of one hundred at a time, each group under the tutelage of a one-eyed man. The vision of this grisly parade so unsettled the Bulgarian king that he went into a decline and died in two days. Within the empire, the struggles between emperor and monastic authorities over the banning of icons were similarly bloody. In the mid-eighth century, Constantine V captured an entire monastery and offered the icon-worshipping monks the unhappy choice of either being blinded or marrying. There is no record of the actual choices that were made.

Fine art of the medieval world

The art produced alongside these horrors was arguably the best the medieval world had to offer. Artisans flocked to Constantinople from the four corners of the Earth, and elaborate tradesmen's guilds and apprenticeship programs produced high levels of intricate artistic achievement.

The Blisses began their Byzantine collection in the 1920s, but concentrated their acquisitions in this area about the time of the 1931 Paris exhibition of Byzantine art. Through the years, they amassed one of the world's five or six most important collections. As with the pre-Columbian collection, the impulse was to go for items of lasting esthetic value rather than artifacts alone. A few minutes browsing in the Byzantine museum wing will show the wisdom of this choice. Highlights include a large collection of liturgical silverware, featuring enormous Eucharistic patens, chalices, and a ceremonial fan called a *flabellum*, with a border of peacock feathers imitated in silver. By contrast, a tiny reliquary dedicated to St. Demetrius, about an inch in diameter, is delicately fashioned of gold and cloisonné enamel (p. 95). Inside, yet another reliquary opens its double doors to reveal a tiny gold sarcophagus of the recumbent saint, this from the same culture that created what was for a millennium the world's largest enclosed space—Hagia Sophia.

The Dumbarton Oaks collection of 11,700 Byzantine coins and 13,000 lead seals is without parallel. These artifacts shed a special light on the history of the period. The proliferation of seals reveals the

Byzantines' preoccupation with security and is an admission that Byzantine locks left a great deal to be desired. According to curator Gary Vikan, "I get the impression, from an examination of ancient keys, that a handful of master keys could have opened all the locks in medieval Byzantium." Closets, church doors, grain and wine stores, and private chambers were more secure after being sealed than after being locked. A broken wax seal, for example, constituted an undeniable telltale narrative of unauthorized entry.

Coins can be especially eloquent to the clever historian. Philip Grierson of Cambridge University spends several months each year working on the Dumbarton Oaks collection. Some 20 years ago, he discovered that the secret to precisely dating certain Byzantine coins was bound up with a seemingly arbitrary Greek letter that followed each inscription on the coinage. Since it was the custom to put the emperor's likeness on the coins of his reign, the visage of a particular ruler with, say, a beta after the accompanying inscription would signify the second year of a 15-year taxation cycle. When Grierson was able to prove they were issued in such cycles, the coins began to speak.

"Take the case of Emperor Heraclius [A.D. 610-641], for example. He was a usurper who rebelled against Emperor Phocas, initially in Carthage in 608 and moving across the Mediterranean to Constantinople in 610." The speaker is Grierson. "By dating the coins so precisely, we know Heraclius was able to mint coins starting in Carthage and Egypt in 608 and in Cyprus and Syria in 609. The written record of this period tells us nothing about this progression of influence."

It is also possible that imperial coins were the world's first shameless example of image engineering. Since the great mass of people saw their emperor only on their money, it was important to show him in either a posture of power or of patrician concern, as the situation demanded. Thus, Heraclius progresses on his coinage from aggressive young warrior to long-bearded patriarch. Since there was no agreement on imperial succession, emperors began to inculcate their sons into the public consciousness by depicting them on the coins as well. Justinian II (A.D. 705-711) is shown holding the cross alongside his son Tiberius, whose portrait actually grows as he ages from minting to minting (p. 95).

Delightful discoveries such as these continually open a direct path from the remote past to the present. These little epiphanies lead to recognition and, possibly, understanding of the puzzles that face modern man on a personal and public level. This is the real proof that the Bliss concept of the humanities is succeeding. The museums, the gardens, the music and the libraries—they still have the aura of a charmed circle, but one that is open to all, ready to delight and inform for generations to come.

Pebble Garden, with continuing motif of wheat sheaf prominent in design, is made of stones collected on Mexican beaches and transported in 100-pound sacks in trailer trucks. Ground cover is thyme and sedum.

By Israel Shenker

Lord Monboddo was a bit eccentric, even for Britain

He stood barely five feet tall, made a fetish of Homer, bathed with daring frequency and was quite sure that some men had tails

Lord Monboddo thought carriages effeminate and found it offensive to ride behind a horse.

Rising from the Scottish plain near Auchinblae, the large white building looks like a Hollywood castle—authentically turreted and forbidding, yet freshly slapped together with a thin coat of plaster. But at the end of a bumpy road hangs a sign that is not out of Hollywood. It identifies the location as "Monboddo House Development" and offers for sale one "17th-Century Restored Castle," "3 stable conversions" and "7 new family houses."

Yes, the great and insufficiently lamented Lord Monboddo *did* live in this castle. And how ironic that his name should dignify an affair of commerce. His Lordship was more at home with metaphysics and poetics and his speculations ran to anthropology, not real estate. He wrote, almost interminably, on the origin of Man and the development of language. He produced a flood of essays under such awesome titles as "Of the Principles of all Science and Demonstrative Reasoning and of the Nature of the Divine Mind." A sympathetic critic called him "the owner of a most kindly heart, the author of most unreadable books."

Lord Monboddo's whole being—all five feet of him—seemed overburdened with intellectual baggage that he was constantly trying to shift onto his audience. He looked out at the world with an expression keen and penetrating, and during moments of silence all wisdom seemed massed just behind his thin lips, struggling to emerge. His beliefs were bizarre, his counsels unwonted, his habits unorthodox. Even in an age rich in eccentricities, his departures were singular.

Monboddo scorned sedan chairs except when it rained. He would then deposit his wig in the chair and walk alongside—it was a conveyance fit for a wig, not a man. Carriages he considered slothful and effeminate, and he held it offensive to ride behind a horse. Back and forth to London every year he traveled on horseback. He would dress in a scarlet cloak, hold a copy of Homer close to his eyes and read nearsightedly while the horse went its familiar way. In 1787, while riding home from London, Monboddo, nearly 73, looked up long enough to write a 73-page manuscript on population. He saw the countryside being depopulated and warned that men were being driven to polluted cities where they ate unwholesome food, drank noxious spirits and performed dangerous work. Raw vegetables loomed large in his own diet, and he had a special pas-

sion for boiled eggs. "Show me any of your French cooks who can make a dish like this!" he would say.

In an age when bathing was uncommon, he urged a daily cold bath. He told of the Otaheite man, Omai, who came from the South Sea island which is now Tahiti, where the inhabitants bathed twice a day and complained of the offensive smell of the English. Monboddo took his cold baths out-of-doors, even in winter. Evenings, while a servant read aloud to him or took dictation, he would divest himself of all clothing, throw the windows open and take what he called an "air bath." Before retiring, he was briskly massaged with a lotion of rosewater, aromatic spirit, olive oil and Venetian soap.

He was notorious as the most gullible man in the kingdom, prepared to credit the oddest accounts and to propagate the strangest fancies. He believed, from the *Iliad*, that Achilles stood more than 14 feet tall. He believed that there were woodeaters, resembling orangutans, whose diet rendered them so nimble that they could swing easily from branch to branch. If they missed and tumbled to earth, they were so light that

Illustrations by Brenda Losey

The orangutan, said Monboddo, was an amiable, ethical sort of man who could play the flute.

they escaped injury. He also believed in one-legged men; lopsided two-legged men with one leg much longer than the other; horned satyrs with the feet of goats; wild herds of men whose language resembled the cries of bats; men with the heads of dogs; men with the bodies of lions; men without heads, but with eyes in their breasts; men with tails.

Monboddo suggested that the orangutan was a sort of man of a disposition "mild, humane, docile, tractable, capable of love and friendship, and the strongest attachments, with a sense of decency, honour, and justice. . . . And, indeed, it appears to me that they are not so much inferior to the Americans in civility and cultivation, as some nations of America were to us, when we first discovered that country."

His notions were recalled in the early 1960s when the London Zoo's orangutan, Mr. Jiggs, died and was eulogized by poet Peter Dickinson in *Punch*:

> Monboddo believed the orang-outang was human,
> Had a sense of ethics, was able to play the flute
> And differed from civilized man in his fine decorum
> And in being mute.

Monboddo thought that the orangutan could be taught to speak. Someone suggested that Monboddo believed everything possible, indeed that he was credulous on principle. "But, sir," Samuel Johnson remonstrated, "it is as possible that the orang-outang does not speak as that he speaks. However, I shall not contest the point. I should have thought it not possible to find a Monboddo, yet *he* exists."

In 1773, when Dr. Johnson and his friend James Boswell were enroute to the Hebrides, they made a detour to visit the sage of the north. In his *Journal*, Boswell noted, "There were several points of similarity between them: learning, clearness of head, precision of speech, and a love of research on many subjects which people in general do not investigate."

After the visit, Johnson wrote his good friend Mrs. Thrale of Lord Monboddo, "who has lately written a strange book about the origin of language, in which he traces monkeys up to men, and says that in some countries the human species have tails like other beasts. He inquired for these long-tailed men of Banks [Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society] and was not well pleased that they had not been found in all his peregrination."

Johnson said it was a pity that a man of Monboddo's learning published such odd beliefs. "Other people have strange notions, but they conceal them," he observed. "If they have tails, they hide them; but Monboddo is as jealous of his tail as a squirrel."

Proud father of the "Fair Burnet"

Monboddo was born James Burnet, the eldest of 17 children, of whom only four reached adulthood. He studied law in Holland and genteel social dancing in Edinburgh. He assumed the Monboddo title when appointed a law lord (he would serve 32 years on the bench with distinction), and had pinned on him the additional title of judge *a posteriori*.

Once, while attending the opening of a court session in London, he heard a crashing sound above. Everyone rushed for the exit, thinking the ceiling about to collapse. Monboddo sat unmoved. It turned out to be nothing—a bucket of water sloshing against the roof. Monboddo was asked how he had kept so cool a head. He said that he had thought it an annual ceremony, and that as a visitor he was not supposed to participate.

He married in 1758, had a son who died young and two daughters. His elder daughter eloped with her father's clerk. After the beautiful Lady Monboddo's death in childbirth, the younger daughter, Eliza, gradually assumed responsibility for the care of her father, and stayed single to devote herself to him, until her untimely death at 25. Robert Burns, whose father had been a crofter on the estate of Monboddo's father, celebrated Eliza in his *Address to Edinburgh*:

> Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
> Gay as the gilded summer sky,
> Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
> Dear as the raptured thrill of joy!
> Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,

The author, a frequent contributor, now lives in Scotland. Last month he wrote about the Lisle Letters *and, in December 1980, Kit Williams.*

The human race, asserted Monboddo, included horned satyrs with goat's feet and headless men who had eyes in their breasts. For all of his oddities, the little lord was a respected judge.

Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

" 'Fair B—,' " Burns wrote a friend, "is heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter to Lord Monboddo, at whose house I have had the honour to be more than once. There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the great Creator has formed since Milton's Eve, on the first day of her existence."

John Young, Professor of Greek at Glasgow University, wrote that "she was remarkably handsome and a very amiable young woman. She had one great personal defect, however—Her teeth were decayed and discoloured, every tooth in her mouth was carious, but fortunately she had a very small mouth, and took care not to open it much in mixed company." John Hope, Professor of Botany at the University of Edinburgh, noted that ". . . she was not very well made below—She had very thick Clumsy Ancles [sic], which She was at pains to conceal by wearing her petticoats uncommonly long—& she was not a good Dancer—but take her all in all was a beautiful Creature."

Sir Walter Scott introduced Eliza's father as a character in *Guy Mannering*, and appended a note honoring "the celebrated metaphysician and excellent man.

Fond of bright young ladies, Monboddo proposed to author Hannah More so he could teach her Greek.

Lord Monboddo," whose philosophy, as is well known, was "of a fanciful and somewhat fantastic character; but his learning was deep, and he was possessed of a singular power of eloquence. . . ." Scott wrote of Monboddo's Edinburgh supper parties "when there was a circulation of excellent Bordeaux, in flasks garlanded with roses, which were also strewed on the table after the manner of Horace. The best society—whether in respect of rank or literary distinction—was always to be found in St. John's Street, Canongate. The conversation of the excellent old man; his high, gentlemanlike chivalrous spirit, the learning and wit with which he defended his fanciful paradoxes, the kind and liberal spirit of his hospitality, must render these *noctes caenae-que* [nights and suppers] dear to all who, like the author . . . had the honour of sitting at his board."

Monboddo became a favorite with London's bluestockings, women of intellectual and literary interests, as a repository of erudition as well as a fount of amusement. When he met Fanny Burney, who became celebrated for her diary and letters, he mistook her for someone else. Miss Burney wrote Mrs. Thrale that Lord Monboddo "would talk to me of nothing but Homer . . . to the no small muscle suffering of myself . . . and the fine Bed was an admirable subject for Lord Monboddo, who talked to me about the Bed, sofa, chairs, Nectar and Ambrosia of Juno & Jupiter, as mentioned by *our friend Homer*, till *to be grave* exceeded *all power of Face. . . .*" Elizabeth Carter wrote of being dragged off to meet Monboddo, though she was perfectly happy where she was, "sitting in a cool corner among some quiet people of my own sort, without tails. . . ."

"Does your Ladyship know that Lord Monboddo has twice proposed to Mrs. Garrick?" Horace Walpole wrote the Countess of Upper Ossory. "She refused him; I don't know whether because he says in his book that men were born with tails, or because they have lost them."

While walking in the garden with Hannah More, the author, reformer and philanthropist who was 31 years his junior, Monboddo is supposed to have proposed to her as well. On being rejected, the great philospher sought out his hostess and said: "I am very sorry for this refusal. I should have so much liked to teach that nice girl Greek."

Monboddo was so convinced of the superiority of all things ancient that when he sought to determine which language was best, he quickly skipped from the present all the way back to Greek, so flexible in its roots, so various in its sounds, so rich in particles and inflections. Greek left even Latin in the shade, and Latin was incomparably better than English—"a barbarous language."

His Lordship won disciples at Oxford—and lost a few as well—when he turned up there to lecture in Latin and made lots of mistakes. But one stubborn disciple, later a bishop, commemorated Monboddo fittingly in Greek and also in Latin, hailing the noble metaphysician as "the other Aristotle" triumphing over rival intelligences by the clarity of his thought processes.

Drink wine only with water

In physics, Monboddo rejected Newton's law of motion in a straight line, holding that it was just as easy to go around in circles. In metaphysics, Monboddo sought to assure God's supremacy and to chronicle Man's errors. The rot set in, he said, when mankind resorted to houses, clothes, fire and speech. Life deteriorated with the application of manure on crops, and worsened with the consumption of cooked meat. Wine, spirits and sex for pleasure were crowning indignities. Wine should therefore be taken diluted with water, and sexual intercourse undiluted with any purpose save simple evacuation. Monboddo had the born jurist's gift for ambiguity when it came to detailing the awesome task of enforcing such continence.

There were those who credited Monboddo with be-

ing a preevolutionist. Lord Neaves, himself a Scottish judge in the 19th century, wrote:

Alas! the good lord little knew,
As this strange ground he trod, O!
That others would his path pursue,
And never name Monboddo!

Such folks should have their tails restored,
And thereon feel the rod, O!
For having thus the fame ignored
That's due to old Monboddo.

Though Darwin now proclaims the law,
And spreads it far abroad, O!
The man that first the secret saw
Was honest old Monboddo.

There is no gloss of poetry on the real estate sign that serves as Monboddo's present monument; it seems much hardier, built to survive without stanza and without rhyme. Though the castle, the stable conversions and one house have been sold, the monument hangs on, unamended. "At weekends we get many visitors, and we're thinking about going out there and knocking down the sign," said Norma Fox, who has lived in the castle now for more than a year.

Her husband Thomas commutes to an office in Aberdeen 26 miles away, returning each night to share the castle with, as he said, "some sort of presence. It's not an evil thing," he suggested. "I know my mother, who's about 79, feels there is something there."

That Monboddo should have returned to familiar haunts is probably nothing more than a final eccentricity. And how appropriate that the author of so many bankrupt theories would be wafting about a housing development that is now itself bankrupt. The unsold properties of Monboddo Ltd. are in the hands of receivers—for sale at a total price of about $220,000. If this includes rubbing shoulders with Monboddo, it's next to nothing.

New owners of Monboddo's castle must cope with tourists—and a "presence" that roams the halls.

By Michael Kernan

Starting young is a key to working with stutterers

A maverick child specialist who stuttered as a youth looks at family relationships in order to find unconventional solutions

He was three years old. When he tried to speak, nothing came out. He would grab his throat, panting: "Mommy, help me, tell me what I want to say. . . ."

A woman of 32, trying to get a word out, would stamp the floor, shake her head, squeeze her eyes shut, swing her arms grotesquely. "I hate it," she said. "It makes me hate myself. I hate my job in the cafeteria, but I do it because I don't have to talk. . . ."

A stock clerk, a college dropout with a brilliant mind, didn't get his paychecks for the first two months because he had to say his name to receive them. . .

For 20 long seconds a 16-year-old boy tried to say one word. His head shook like a palsied person's, his eyes popped, his hands jerked about, his mouth worked and strained until he covered his face. . .

Two million Americans stutter, and no one who is not one of them can possibly understand what it means. It has blighted lives. It has prevented people from following the careers they were meant for, from marrying, from making the simplest human contact. It can reshape and distort the whole personality, driving even the most talented out of school to become laborers, hiding themselves away from the world.

One doctor quit his life's work in despair saying that he would rather have been crippled by polio because then at least "nobody would expect me to walk."

"I can remember sitting in the sixth grade class," wrote one woman, "with my heart pounding, my hands shaking and sweating and my eyes unable to focus clearly. What was causing all this? The teacher was calling on individuals to read a paragraph aloud."

In his office in Baltimore, Philip Glasner holds a toy figure while working with a 4-year-old subject.

Stuttering is not outgrown. The incidence in the ninth grade is the same as in the second grade. It can make a mortifying ordeal of the most ordinary daily incidents in the elevator or taxi, on the phone, ordering at a restaurant, giving directions, making introductions. The fear of being called on in class dominates the young stutterer's days the way other people might dread their first major public speech. But for the stutterer the fear does not go away.

Philip Glasner was one of the worst stutterers ever.

He believes in getting stutterers at preschool age, uses play therapy to find family-related problems.

"I never bothered doing any homework in school," he said. "I knew I would never be called on. When I was a teen-ager, I had a friend who made my phone calls for me because I couldn't call girls for dates. I decided I would have to be an accountant because then I could sit at a desk and wouldn't have to talk. I graduated in it but I hated it. It didn't fit me. I was lost."

But Glasner, finally overcoming his problem at age 24, discovered what he regards as the key to stuttering: "It is not a speech disorder at all, but a symptom of far-reaching emotional disturbances."

Entering Johns Hopkins University in his native Baltimore to pursue training in psychology, Glasner attracted the attention of Dr. Leo Kanner, then the dean of child psychiatry in America. Dr. Kanner invited Glasner to join the staff of the Department of Child Psychiatry in the School of Medicine, volunteering to train him and suggesting that he forgo the pursuit of academic degrees. Thus, at last, Glasner embarked on his real career. "In my 36 years in child psychiatry at Johns Hopkins," Glasner said recently, "I saw very few people whose problems were as severe as the stutterer's—phobias, anxieties, learning difficulties, eating problems."

A "maverick" in his field

Glasner says that every child patient he has discharged after treatment has not only stopped stuttering but has developed into a far more integrated and better-adjusted person. His record with adults is almost as remarkable. Yet Glasner, now 71 and an emeritus professor of psychiatry and pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, for years has been considered "a total maverick" by many in his field. One expert calls Glasner's psychoanalytic viewpoint "definitely a minority one," and finds that "there appears to be more support for the idea of stuttering as learned behavior, or as a physical difference, rather than the result of emotional problems."

The divergence of opinion can be accounted for by the fact that, after years of study, the causes of stuttering remain elusive. Six years ago, at the 50th-anniversary convention of the American Speech and Hearing Association, Dr. Oliver Bloodstein of the City University of New York presented a report on the progress in treating stuttering. He began with these words:

"The principal questions about stuttering 25 to 50 years ago were: What is it? What causes it? How should we treat it? These were the big questions then, and of course they are still unanswered questions now. Theories have come and gone. Neurophysiology, biochemistry, and psychoanalysis have largely given way to learning psychology, feedback theory, and linguistics as frames of reference for investigating stuttering. A very large amount of information about stuttering has accumulated. But the basic questions remain. . . ."

Dr. Joseph Sheehan, in a 1970 study at the University of California, wrote that "the most conservative conclusion is that our data show that public school therapy of the kind represented in these studies definitely does not facilitate recovery and possibly retards it. . . . Being enrolled in therapy raises hopes, and when nothing results, hopes are dashed, and future motivation is diminished. . . . Moreover, many stutterers acquire an attitude of hopelessness, give up the

Photographs by David Attie

Trying hard to get a word out, a preschool youngster opens wide.

search, and deny themselves the possibility of future therapy that might really help them."

The treatment of stuttering in American children lies mostly in the hands of speech therapists in the public schools—despite the fact that in most cases stuttering begins between the ages of 2 and 5.

"These speech therapists almost never see a preschool stutterer," says Glasner. "They don't complete a case as part of the training; they don't know how to take a patient's history; they simply don't recognize the symptoms that a trained child psychiatrist would."

Once he was invited to lecture to speech therapy students at another university; his writings were required reading for them. He was asked if he felt they were qualified to treat stutterers. He replied, in his direct way: no. They showed him a patient they had been working with the past year: an adult male stutterer. What was his prognosis? they asked.

"Within a few minutes of examination I showed them that this patient was schizophrenic, had an urge for self-castration. They'd been with him all year, but they didn't know anything about it. They simply weren't trained."

Today there are more than 24,000 speech therapists in America, certified by the American Speech Language Hearing Association. "When I started in 1937 there were 135 therapists," Glasner said. "Nowadays, every school in Maryland has access to a therapist who meets the kids at the door of the kindergarten. They are teachers, not clinicians. It is seen as an education problem and treated purely symptomatically."

Take the case of June B: At four years June's mother, worried over her stutter, took her to a speech therapist in Maryland. The therapist's evaluation reported that June's speech included easy repetitions of syllables, parts of words and whole words, but with no awareness of their occurrence nor fear of speaking.

The report also noted that the child appeared very attached to her mother and seemed concerned that the mother would leave her alone. The mother often prodded her into talking, the therapist added.

Now listen to Glasner's report, made when June's mother, still worried despite the reassurances of the school authorities, brought the girl to him: The stuttering started a year and a half ago, several months after June's younger brother was born. Speech pathologists told the mother to ignore the situation at the time, but the mother persisted. "We wanted her to be perfect," the mother said. The stuttering grew worse. June became fearful, clung to her mother every moment at nursery school, cried every day. "She's very sensitive," the mother said, "her feelings are easily hurt—she wants to please."

Glasner noted that the parents were unusually strict, made an issue of her cleaning her plate at meals, for-

Michael Kernan, a reporter for the Washington Post, *wrote about auctions in the April* SMITHSONIAN.

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bade her walking around barefoot, told her to stop making a fuss "because you're a big girl"—at age four—and watched uneasily while June tried to nurse at her mother's breast along with her baby brother.

In brief, Glasner brought out a whole family pattern of unwholesome behavior, including the classic jealousy of the firstborn for the new baby, the heavy pressures put on the child by overanxious parents. The mother later told Glasner that just the one session gave her and her husband vital insights into their behavior with June and that things would change immediately.

Sometimes it is as simple as that. Glasner has often completed his treatments in six visits. The important thing, he argues, is to reach the child early; his youngest patient was 20 months old.

And still far too many children must wait until they are in school. Glasner is fond of quoting from a statement by Dr. Charles Van Riper, for many years considered the dean of American speech pathologists—a statement made after he had retired:

"As I neared the end of a long career in speech pathology it became evident to me, if not to others, that my professional life had been misdirected. I had concentrated my efforts on relieving stuttering in the adult rather than in children. Although I had worked intensively with many stuttering childen, and for the most part rather successfully, the suffering and challenges presented by the older confirmed stutterer were my major concern and interest. This I regret, for I was wrong—dead wrong. . . . I had done so little to stem the yearly appearance over the horizon of hordes of new stutterers. . . .

"The worst of it was that I had been forewarned. Long ago, in the early 1950s, Philip Glasner had reproached me for working so hard with adult stutterers. 'Forget them!' he said. 'Stuttering is a problem requiring an emphasis upon prophylaxis. You should be working exclusively with young stutterers. . . . What we really need is a nationwide program focused on the very young stutterer.' "

The variety of cures based on physical manipulation of the mouth is simply amazing. What adult stutterer in America hasn't had some contact with at least one of them? This writer, a stutterer for many years, remembers vividly the outlandish methods prescribed for him in childhood: the singsong treatment which involved reciting Edgar Allan Poe's musical poetry to a metronome; and the silent treatment, which called for him to remain speechless for two months at summer camp, speaking only during daily sessions with the teacher, who had him say, in slow motion, exercises like "Daredevil Dan serves double-decker dips."

Every one of the much-heralded "new" techniques for today's stutterers sounds depressingly familiar to this particular veteran. In fact, it was only with psychotherapy as an adult that the youthful stuttering habit was broken, quite incidentally.

Recently there has been some excitement over a widely publicized system that was developed at the Communications Research Institute at Hollins College in Roanoke, Virginia, where Annie Glenn, the Ohio Senator's wife, learned to curb her stutter. Hollins' Dr. Ronald Webster describes his three-week therapy as a rebuilding of speech habits through extremely slow speech and biofeedback monitoring of throat muscles, which tend to block during stuttering. Webster claims 90 to 95 percent success after the 120-hour course and 70 to 75 percent maintenance of normal speech after a year or two. He rejects Glasner's emphasis on the emotional background of stuttering as "not supported by the data when playing by the rules of the game of science." Webster called the Glasner approach "a hodgepodge of techniques with no credible documentation as to their efficacy."

An abundance of 'cures' and gimmicks

All of this draws a weary sigh from Glasner. Since these other programs don't get at the psychological causes lying beneath the physical symptoms of stuttering, he says, their success can only be haphazard. He notes that there was, as late as 1850, a barbaric idea that surgically cutting a wedge out of the root of the tongue would help. There was a technique for puffing out air before every sentence. A "chewing" gimmick. A metronome device in the ear. He notes that many of these "cures" were devised by people not trained in speech at all and, most important, that the cures often did not take. The fact is, stuttering is all too easy to alleviate temporarily. It is situational. Some of Glasner's patients have never stuttered in his presence. The permanent cure must go deeper.

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icals from petroleum; and one reas
why Gulf is committed to develop
ing other fuel sources, such as tar
sands and oil shale, is to maintain
steady supply of petrochemicals fo
plastics.

"Only about 6% of America's
crude oil supply goes into petro-
chemicals, and the crude oil we tu
into energy-efficient plastics helps
make the rest of each barrel of oil
go farther. That's more energy for
tomorrow."

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"From houses to toothbrushes, plastics can do almost anything."

The speech pathologists themselves recognize this. A 1979 paper by three leading specialists reported that "virtually all forms of intensive behavioral treatment of stuttering produce immediate dramatic increases in fluency, but encounter serious relapse problems in the post-treatment environment."

Some clinicians shy away from attempting any treatment at all, sensing their inadequacy to handle a stuttering situation. Some say they don't want to "label" a child a stutterer because they think there may be some chance he isn't aware of the problem. This, in the face of the fact that the child is obviously straining to speak. Glasner feels that the difference between the normal hesitations and repetitions of the small child just learning to speak should be obvious to a trained therapist, yet many a clinician fails to see it. At the same time, some clinicians tend to disparage the opinions of the parents who spend all their days with the child.

A most significant moment in Glasner's career was his confrontation with the noted Dr. Wendell Johnson, a speech pathology professor at the University of Iowa and a leader in the field. Johnson's diagnosogenic theory had been gospel for years. Parents, he insisted, mistook the normal repetitions of their normal children for stuttering, tried to correct them, made them self-conscious and started them stuttering in earnest. In other words, it all began in the parent's ear, not in the child's mouth.

A few years ago Glasner challenged this theory at an American Speech Language Hearing Association convention. Practically everyone in the business came to hear the debate.

"I discussed the findings of an intensive research study I had conducted with 996 parents. I found that many of these parents did the things that Johnson and others felt *must not* be done, but in spite of their corrections, the children stopped stuttering." Glasner concluded that the problem was much more severe than simply not calling attention to the child's speech.

A difficult definition

What is this ailment, then? What are its causes? Glasner claps his hands in his excitement: "Any condition or situation which can produce disturbances of a behavioral or emotional nature in children may precipitate the kind of speech referred to as stuttering in some children. Stuttering is the way a stutterer speaks when he stutters. Every person is different. Some repeat sounds, some hesitate before the sound, which is typical of a more advanced stage. You can't define it."

The causes, he says, are multiple and may be difficult to determine. But he believes they are rooted in the child's feelings of tension, unrest and insecurity. Invariably, parents speak to him of the child as "sensitive," "easily hurt," "anxious to please." And, in his view, stuttering is entirely cultural, not inherited.

Glasner estimates that boys stutter five times as much as girls. For him, the reason is that boys are put under more social pressure sooner in our culture. But according to one study of urban American black children, the ratio of female to male stutterers is significantly higher than in white children, perhaps reflecting a matriarchal community pattern.

Meeting a young patient for the first time in his office, Glasner—even in retirement from Johns Hopkins he works a 16-hour day—greets the child gently. To seemingly upset newcomers, he may say: " 'I can

In despair, young stutterer claps a hand over mouth.

talk just like you can.' Then I imitate him: 'The bbbbbbbboys are ppppppppplaying.' I say, 'That didn't come out so good.' So I tell him the reason is that it couldn't because I kept my lips closed. Then we play a game of being loose and easy, flopping like rag dolls, and the kid finds he can talk. You see the terrific relief on his face. 'Gee, this man understands me!' "

So many times, he says, even the parents haven't the slightest idea of the agony their stuttering children go through daily. The child tells Glasner, though, and often the parents are shocked. "I didn't know," they say. "I never realized."

Glasner always sees the parents for part of every visit, keeping abreast of the family situation. There are relapses, especially at first. "You watch the parents as they talk, you get insights about the family dynamics. You're not diagnosing a mouth, after all, but a child, his family and his environment. There's no one approach. There are as many approaches as cases."

The case of George: An early teen, he'd stuttered since the second grade. "My whole head feels like it will explode when I am trying to get a word out. When the phone is ringing, I think of what I am going to say and then I can't say it and that makes me feel sad."

The condition had steadily got worse, Glasner reported, "in spite of five years of school speech therapy [stuttering] is now a major problem and is having serious effects on his total adjustment."

The thoughts are there, but they can't emerge.

Starting young with stutterers

The parents he described as "two of the most demanding, perfectionist parents I have ever met. They have been exceedingly strict, insisted upon perfection in all areas, eating habits, manners, neatness, obedience, scholastic achievement, and so on. They have never indulged in pleasant, relaxed activities as a family. Mrs C. was very disappointed that he was not a girl and had a hard time accepting him. . . . His younger sister is also a stutterer."

For some time the parents didn't feel special treatment was necessary, a curious reluctance for such perfectionists. George kept telling them that it didn't matter, that he didn't mind stuttering. But when he came to Glasner he told the real story: that he was ready to explode at the humiliation and frustration.

Later, Mrs. C. told Glasner: "A lot came out of this meeting we had not discussed before even between the two of us. We knew we were hard and demanding of our children, but thought this was the way to raise children. We always took great pride in everyone liking our children. . . . We have already improved our family life. I have noticed my husband working at not yelling at the children, being more compassionate."

After ten months of treatment, George was discharged. Today he has all but forgotten the "hurt and shame" of stuttering, and feels his ability to speak before groups is a kind of miracle.

Again and again, Glasner's families come back to talk about their "blessing in disguise." Why? Because his holistic treatment of child and family gave them the self-awareness needed to break out of unhealthy psychological patterns, made them happier and better integrated people. A 1955 study by John P. Moncur at UCLA, in effect a controlled study of Glasner's methods, confirmed his findings.

"In comparison with nonstutterers, the stutterer shows many more signs of emotional disturbance," Moncur reported. "Young stutterers characteristically appear to be very nervous, are enuretic, have nightmares and night terrors, display aggressive behavior, are fussy eaters and need to be disciplined often."

While this concept is basic to Glasner's treatment, it is challenged by other experts who also cite studies to support their positions. At least one of them—in Dr. Van Riper's words "one of the most careful studies yet performed"—directly contradicts Moncur's.

Today there is a good deal of action and ferment in the area of stuttering study. Glasner's emphasis on the need for reaching stutterers while they are still very young seems to have won general acceptance. His theories about the psychological basis of the affliction have not. The majority of research in the field today —as in the past—is directed toward discovering organic causes, such as inappropriate breathing patterns or faulty performance by the larynx. According to Dr. Charles Lonegan, a stuttering expert at Towson State University, "While undoubtedly there will be new developments, you will probably see a reemphasis on the traditional approaches to therapy if the research proves organic causes to be a valid factor."

As for the psychological problems that Glasner stresses, today most speech professionals dismiss them as a result of stuttering, rather than a cause. Glasner is regarded by many as being outside the mainstream of the field, and by some as not even in touch with it.

Such criticisms don't faze Glasner in the least. In response, he brings up examples of severe stutterers who have no trouble talking to their pets, or in acting, or in singing. If stuttering did have a purely physical basis, he asks, shouldn't such people stutter in those situations too, and stutter all the time?

For the casual reader of Glasner's case histories, the pattern certainly seems to be there: compulsive, demanding parents, troubled marriages, sibling conflicts, stuttering children crippled by fears and lack of confidence, infantile in their clinging dependency.

With treatment, Glasner claims, the changes are the same too: joyful, active, aggressive children, better family dynamics, more self-aware parents—and not a sign of stuttering. Glasner treats adults, using rather more "mechanistic/symptomatic" techniques such as correct breathing and slower talking so as to establish a speaking pattern the patient can control. But here too the focus is the psychological roots of the problem.

"If we could only get people over their fear of anything to do with the word 'emotional,' " he says. "The minute they hear it they shy away. It's so sad."

All manner of words and phrases struggle for articulation; former victim now speaks them easily.

TALK
I think
I think
SING
MY NAME IS
JOHN

By David M. Schwartz

Morris dancers are coming, and so it must be May

Belled and beribboned, they wield sticks and handkerchiefs in a British ritual now spreading from Boston to Berkeley

The arrival of spring has always elevated all except the dreariest of human spirits, but this is ridiculous. Waving handkerchiefs and hefty sticks, teams of agile men and women in brightly colored regalia proclaim the awaited season by dancing in streets all over America. They step, hop and leap through an intricate wave of movements, accenting every step with a shake of the bells tied below their knees. Costumed jesters and hobbyhorses weave through the lines of moving dancers, mocking their motions. At the sideline, musicians play spirited tunes on accordions, fiddles, pipes and tabors. It's morris dancing time in more than 60 communities from New England west to California.

In Washington, D.C., the Foggy Bottom Morris Men provide dances at the foot of the Washington Monument and at the Jefferson Memorial. Ring o'Bells, an all-women team in New York City, delights museum goers and bystanders outside the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History. Invited to appear at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel for a white-tie celebration of Queen Elizabeth's birthday, the Sunset Morris Men of Los Angeles drive up in a rented limousine. As butlers reach for the door handles, the dancers burst out of the car and break into a lively rendition of "The Blue Eyed Stranger."

American folk festivals and Renaissance fairs, parks and village greens, plazas and shopping malls are gaining new pageantry from these centuries-old dances, recently imported from the Cotswold Hills region of south-central England. Relatively unknown on this side of the Atlantic a decade ago, the activity—colorful, vigorous and virile—befits the spring.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are the members of Marlboro Morris and Sword, here to bring the 'morris luck' to the inhabitants of this fine domicile," bellows team squire Anthony Barrand as six male dancers form two lines on the newly green lawn. Strapped to their white-trousered legs, brass bells on leather pads jingle lightly as the men file into place. With crimson vests and white shirts, multicolored ribbons streaming from sleeves, and fresh flowers pinned to yellow felt hats, the dancers make an arresting sight outside this small wooden house in Marlboro, Vermont.

"Our dances will ensure full, proficient fertility for the garden, the livestock and the people," continues Barrand. Then, noting that fully half the spectators stand no higher than his hip, he lowers his voice: "Fertility for that last group doesn't seem to be much needed around here!"

The dancers turn to face the musician, raising two-foot maple staves obliquely toward their partners.

"Our first dance will serve to rid your garden of squirrels and other vermin. Ordinarily, it is called 'Hunt the Squirrel,' but last year a woodchuck was seen for the first time on these grounds, so I hereby rename this dance 'Hunt the Groundhog.' "

The music begins. All six dancers flex their knees and spring straight up. At the moment their feet hit the ground, their crossed sticks come down on each other with a *whack*. Every limb leaps into motion.

"Foot up!" shouts the lead dancer. The two lines

Morris dancers from all over join musicians on a Vermont green for the Marlboro Ale.

Photographs by Suzanne Szasz

The morris dancers are coming!

Morris cake guarantees luck to the audience—
if donations to a "bagman" are also forthcoming.

shimmer forward, legs kicking out an emphatic double-step, one-two-three-hop, one-two-three-hop, with 25 or more brass bells on each leg chinking in time. Forward, in place, now backward go the lines, then once again, rising in unison, sticks clashing.

Like most Cotswold morris dances, "Hunt the Squirrel" consists of a series of double-stepped figures such as "foot up," "whole hey" and "cross over." The punctuation between figures is a repeated chorus that varies from dance to dance, but in all the dances of a particular English village, figures, arm and foot movements, and handling of handkerchiefs or sticks are virtually identical. American morris teams usually choose two or three favorite dance styles, or "traditions," named after their towns of origin—Bampton-in-the-Bush, Chipping Campden, Bledington, Ducklington, Badby, Field Town, Adderbury, Sherborne and others. The Marlboro men dance "Hunt the Squirrel" in the tradition of Headington Quarry.

"Chorus" is the call, and the dancers turn to face partners. Bowing their heads to waist level, they take long steps backward but at the turn of the music lunge forward, raising sticks. Like animals tilting in territorial battle, they twice bat sticks, legs flailing. Chorus again. Then, without missing a bellshake, they bound into the next figure.

Comic characters complete the cast

Dancing is only half the show. While six dancers perform, three comic characters cavort through an act of their own. Wielding a short stick tied to an inflated pig's bladder, a footloose Fool dressed in motley prances through the moving lines of dancers, clumsily mimicking every motion. *Whop* lands the pig's bladder on a dancer's posterior as he bows for the chorus. *Thonk* on the abdomen of another as he straightens to strike his partner's stick. Not one dancer flinches.

In yellow chiffon dress and Panama hat, Barrand plays the part of The Betty, "mother" of all the dancers. In loud falsetto, she scolds her "children" during their performance: "Larry, tuck in your shirt!" as she pulls it out; "Danny, straighten your hat!" as she knocks it askew; "David, shine your shoes!" as she smears them with sand.

The third prankster, the "hobbyhorse," gambols among the audience, nuzzling children and bantering with the Fool. Draped in a quilted cloth that hangs from a hoop around his waist, he bears a carved wooden head, not always a horse's head. His wanderings take him to the middle of the set where he appears to be hopelessly confused amidst the raging stick-wielders. At the last possible moment before an inevitable head-bashing, he takes sudden refuge by falling flat on his face at the feet of the dancers.

Men from the Marlboro Morris and Sword dance "Castle Ring" around a hobbyhorse—in this case it is a hobbydeer, held by the man in the center—at last year's Marlboro Morris Ale, an annual fair.

"I am sure that these dances will bring you luck this spring." Barrand resumes his role as announcer when his troupe has finished warding off garden pests. "However, you should be warned that the morris luck is transferred only when there is a small piece of cake partaken." On cue, a local teenager unwraps a gingerbread cake and sets it on a wooden platter, slotted to accept the long metal sword he pushes through it.

"This is the morris cake, baked from an ancient recipe," continues Barrand. "A small piece taken between thumb and forefinger will guarantee luck for a year and a day . . . but only if there is a small exchange of gifts between the spectators and the dancers." A young "bagman" gives his upturned hat a jiggle. "We accept coins of any denomination, or green pieces of paper with pictures of Presidents, or checks, money market funds, even real estate deeds." Donations help pay for costumes, transportation and sometimes even a little ale for the thirsty dancers.

As the hat is passed, six women hustle onto the stage and spin through the pinwheel figures of "Maid of the Mill." Then the team forms two long lines and heads down South Road, band playing. Up go the handkerchiefs, left, right, around, around. A cluster of spectators follows. Children on crepe-paper bedecked bicycles swarm around the moving columns.

Before the sun is down, the team will have visited every house along the two-mile road that runs from Marlboro College to the white-clapboard Whetstone Inn—as close to a "downtown" as there is in this hamlet of 400 residents. Another Marlboro May Day—first Saturday of May—is over.

As a dance form, the morris has roots that are firmly entrenched in Europe, but just how deep they go and exactly where they originate is debatable. The term "morris" refers to a variety of English dances and dramas of which the springtime handkerchief-and-stick-dances from Cotswold villages are the most

The author is a member of Marlboro Morris and Sword in Vermont. His article on weather vanes appeared in April 1976 SMITHSONIAN.

The morris dancers are coming!

Dancer, waving handkerchiefs, gets in a little practice for his solo jig at the Marlboro Ale.

famous. But sword dances performed in midwinter in Northeast England and midsummer processional clog dances from Lancashire are also sometimes called morris dances.

Why "morris?" It has been suggested that dancers used to blacken their faces, so antiquarians have conjectured that the dance had a Moorish origin. Yet for years it has been the opinion of some folklorists that today's morris dancers are the cultural descendants of members of a pre-Christian priesthood who performed seasonal rites.

But Anthony Barrand, the Marlboro team leader who teaches psychology and folklore at Marlboro College, disagrees. He has spent the last six years promoting and studying English ceremonial dance. He and some other folklorists assert that there is no evidence of anything called "morris" or "moorish" dancing before the 15th Century.

Not until the 17th Century, they say, did a dance form with two-line sets appear as a popular amusement in the courts of England, France and Spain. Close to the royal manor house at Woodstock, built by Henry I, the Cotswold villages became the English center of morris activity. Basques of northern Spain and southern France developed a similar dance, perpetuated in Boise, Idaho, by Basques who emigrated to the American West. When morris dancers performed in Northampton, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1980, a Basque exchange student raced across the square to check out what appeared to be, even at a distance, very familiar to him.

Reveling at English rural fairs

During the 200 years following the Restoration in 1660, morris dancers turned out for the popular spring pageants that flourished in the Cotswolds. Village teams competed for a coveted spot at the Whitsun ales, or fairs (named for the most popular beverage consumed). Country fairs, with their attendant revelry and dancing, were so much a part of English rural life during the 18th century that many New England towns were given, by charter, permission to hold such ales. In Marlboro the Charter from George II in 1751 reads, "as soon as there shall be fifty families resident and settled thereon [the town] shall have the liberty of holding two fairs one of which shall be held on the last Monday—in the month of May—and the other on the last Monday—in the month of October."

Changes wrought by 19th-century industrialization depopulated the English countryside and eroded English country ways. By the late 1850s, the Whitsun ales had been stopped by the Church on the grounds of insobriety. Morris dancers were out of luck, and they disappeared except at the rarest occasions.

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Traditional bell pads consist of brass bells attached to leather strips, decorated with colored ribbons.

It was an off-season appearance on a snowy Boxing Day in 1899 that brought the Headington Quarry dancers, all laid-off stone masons trying to put some needed coins into the hat, before a Cotswold audience that included Cecil Sharp, the famous folk song collector. Turning his attention to dance, Sharp began notating the music and movements of every morris dance he could rout out of Cotswold villagers. If their memories strained and their bones creaked as they pressed their tired calves through one more turn, it was a propitious exertion. No ivory-towered academic was Cecil Sharp. He trained demonstration teams and hit the lecture circuit. While he was on a visit to New York, the Country Dance and Song Society was founded under his guidance in 1915, and C.D.S.S. students were soon pounding the floorboards there.

In the late '60s and early '70s, a small number of young people taught by C.D.S.S. classes formed the first morris teams. They got a foothold in the streets of New York, Boston, Cambridge and Binghamton, New York. Women took an early role in American morris dancing, forming a team of their own in New York City. Some clubs danced with mixed sets.

With 12 American teams active by 1976, Tony Barrand of Marlboro decided to hold America's first ale, thereby consummating—some 225 years later—the sanction of his town's charter. At that Marlboro Morris Ale, 117 dancers and musicians kitted up in team colors and double-stepped through three full days of morris dancing, starting at their base camp on the Marlboro College campus and, like spring birds dispersing into every available niche, spreading out to the village greens, schoolhouse lawns and pubside alleys of 19 towns in southeastern Vermont.

The following spring, the second Marlboro Ale drew 21 teams with 261 dancers, musicians, fools and hobbyhorses, as well as a hobbydeer, a hobbyunicorn, and a hobbyalligator. (For the 1980 ale, the Binghamton Morris Men trucked in a 15-foot polyurethane hobbydinosaur.)

At least 60 morris teams are now shaking their bells in the United States and Canada. Although the ales—a second ale, in Toronto, was instituted in 1978 by Green Fiddle Morris—stop the most traffic, morris teams usually find their *raison d'être* in dancing for their own city folk on familiar streets.

"What I love most about our performances is the interaction between the crowds and the dancers," says Kit Campbell of Ring o'Bells. "We provide a pageantry that comes as a total surprise to New Yorkers going about their business. Their usual reaction is 'What in the world *are* you?' "

The residents of Marlboro, Vermont, know very well what in the world morris dancers are. Sally Beaudoin's anticipation of their arrival is typical: "In February, I start to say, 'Only three months till the morris dancers are here!' It really helps us get through the winter." And one farmer takes the fertility pitch at its word: "I used to breed the Jerseys in April but they never took. Now, I don't even bother to try before the morris dancing."

Nancy Leach, who fortifies the dancers with a smorgasbord of food and drink at her house near the end of their exhausting May Day route, is as enamored of the ritual as of the dancing itself. "It's really something quite special to live in a place where rituals are honored, to know that the dancers are coming every year. When they finally appear over the hill, waving their handkerchiefs, you get tears in your eyes."

Morris hobbyhorse head awaits its rider—a clown figure in the dance. The animals aren't always horses.

By Patrick F. Gilbo

Candid, 'cranky' Clara Barton gave us the Red Cross

She was a spunky 60 when, a century ago, she browbeat Presidents and Senators into joining a worldwide mercy movement

Clara, at 75 proud and still in office, continued to badger the Red Cross after her ouster in 1904.

Clara Barton would have loved it: less than two hours after Mt. St. Helens erupted—just a year ago—more than 1,200 American Red Cross volunteers were sheltering and feeding some 15,000 people who had fled the mountain's devastating discharge. She was a "disaster" person through and through. In fact, her neglect of the administrative chores that bored her, coupled with advancing age (she "retired" at 82) and an unsubstantiated charge of mismanagement and misuse of funds, resulted in her being railroaded out of the American Red Cross in 1904, 23 years after she had founded it on May 21, 1881. (Part of this year's anniversary observance is the exhibition, "A Century of Humanitarian Progress: 1881-1981," at the National Museum of American History, May 15 to September 7.)

I confess that during my nine years as a fieldworker for the Red Cross I grew to know Clara well—if posthumously—and became an unabashed partisan of the diminutive woman (she was only about five feet tall) who led a surprisingly tortured life behind her public facade of strength, dedication and the ability to persevere. Oh, could she persevere! Were she here today I would volunteer to balance her books—and she would still be president of the organization that was her life.

Clara was not your average person. She thrived on great challenges and throughout adulthood fell mysteriously ill in their absence. "Aunt Clara was a woman ahead of her time," suggests Robert Vessey, who directs Red Cross disaster services these days. "Much of what she did then is valid today." Her method was to bring victims back to a level of self-sufficiency as quickly as possible. During her 23 years in charge, she conducted 19 major relief operations. Although she lived within the bounds of Victorian propriety, she never let the rules interfere with lifting a fallen soldier or tending a disaster victim.

Clara wrote voluminously during her 90 years (detractors claim she wrote to make sure that nobody would forget her): official reports, some 40 diaries (most of them are now in the Library of Congress), copious letters. It is said that she penned thousands of words daily; if so, she also complained: "What a drudgery letters are—I feel more and more that they are a burden I ought to reduce."

A New Englander, she was indoctrinated with the Puritan ethic of hard work and thoroughness at an early age. Born Clarissa Harlowe Barton in North Oxford, Massachusetts, on Christmas Day 1821, she was the last of five children of Stephen and Sarah Barton. Ten years the junior of her youngest sister, she described her early childhood as one with "no playmates" but "six fathers and mothers." If one event could be termed pivotal for the child who as a woman

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At 18 Clara was a rural schoolmarm, but the strain of teaching broke her health.

would be called the "angel of the battlefield," it was her first nursing experience at the age of 11. Charged with the care of her brother David, who had been seriously hurt in an accident, she scarcely left his side for two years.

A novelist plotting the life of a 19th-century country girl who would grow up to found the American Red Cross could hardly improve on the way Clara actually did it. Before she began her first job as a schoolteacher in 1839, she had learned housekeeping and cooking from her mother and the ways of ardent patriotism from her ex-soldier father. By 1854, her health strained by rural teaching, she went to Washington, D.C., to rest up and possibly find new work. There, after surmounting formidable antifemale prejudice, she was hired as a clerk-copyist in the U.S. Patent Office (SMITHSONIAN, July 1977). At the outbreak of the Civil War she volunteered for service and was almost immediately ministering to the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment when it arrived in Washington, ragged and bloody from being attacked in Baltimore. To Union troops encamped in the countryside—en route to or from battle—she

The author is a Red Cross staffer and former newsman. His book, American Red Cross: The First Century, *was recently published by Harper & Row.*

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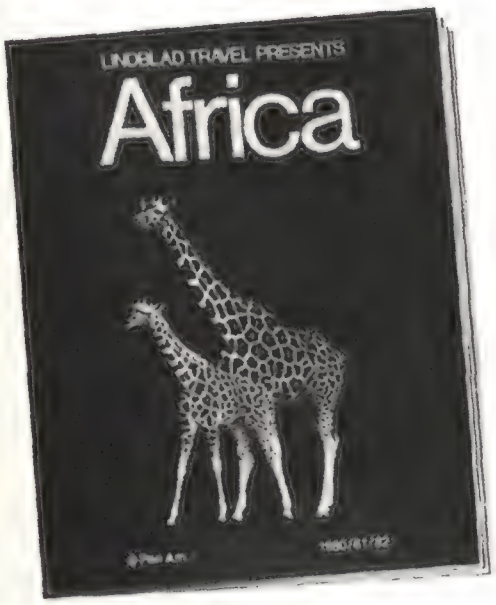

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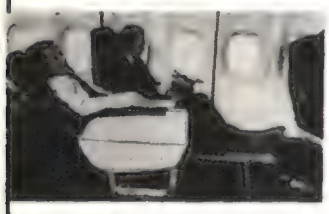

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Clara (striped neckpiece) and Red Cross colleagues picnic at Tampa, Florida, while awaiting permission to take relief supplies to war-torn Cuba in spring, 1898.

was soon supplying clothing, food, bandages, tobacco and wine—solicited from as far as New England and as near as her own neighborhood.

When Clara returned to her father's deathbed in North Oxford, he encouraged her to take her supplies and nursing skills right to the battlefield. She did —but only after an exasperating (and educational) struggle to get permission from several government departments—and functioned as a mobile commissary everywhere she went. One of the myriad soldiers she nursed was a young Swiss named Jules Golay; later his grateful parents invited her to visit them in Geneva during her 1869 European rest cure. At their home she met the administrators of the Geneva Convention treaty—an international agreement to assure protection of the wounded and of neutral relief workers in wartime—who had heard of her humanitarian deeds in the Civil War. Although 22 nations had already signed the treaty, the Swiss vainly tried a few years earlier—with the help of sympathetic Americans—to convince the U.S. government of its merit. They hoped that she would now take up the cause. She did.

"Ashamed" of her nation's reluctance to cooperate, Clara feared the civilized world would consider her countrymen not far from "barbarians." She studied the works of Henry Dunant, the Swiss philanthropist whose concept of volunteer care for the wounded in wartime was already spreading throughout Europe under the symbol of a red cross—the reverse of the white-cross-on-red Swiss flag. This was the nucleus of the international Red Cross movement that served as a model for Clara a few years later.

While she was still in Europe, the Franco-Prussian War erupted and her Swiss friends asked her to stay and help organize relief efforts for the combatants —and refugees—as she had done in her own nation's war. She agreed. But this second round of succoring the distressed drained her strength and in 1872 she was near collapse. The next year she sailed for America and another recuperation.

Not until late 1877 did she return to the Washington she knew so well—including its susceptibility to political arm-twisting—to begin her dogged crusade for American ratification of the Geneva treaty and for the creation of a Red Cross society in her own land. Five strife-filled years later, at 60, she had succeeded on both counts.

Slightly built and weighing about 90 pounds as a mature woman, Clara did not consider herself "even good looking," with features that "were strong and square, cheek-bones high, mouth large,

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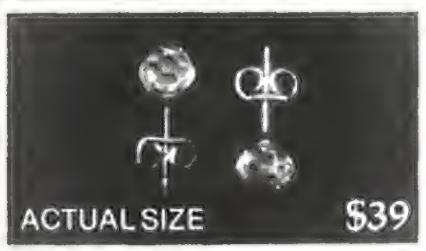

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complexion dark: my best feature was perhaps a luxuriant growth of glossy dark hair shading to blackness" (which she reportedly kept that way by coloring it with a recipe from Dr. Lucy Hall Brown, a physician and close friend).

Shy as a young girl, she nevertheless seems to have had a certain charisma. Although she never married, she was not opposed to matrimony—except in her own case. She sometimes talked of a husband and children, but apparently never met a man she felt she could live with. "My aunt said to me at one time," wrote Stephen E. Barton, "that I must not think she had never known any experiences of love. She said that she had had her romances and love affairs like other girls," but that none of the men "measured up to her ideal of a husband." Her cousin William E. Barton reported that as a 30-year-old teacher she had managed to keep three romances going at one time, leaving her in a "state of some mental uncertainty."

Men seemed drawn to her. They liked and respected her; she, in turn, called male friends "my boys." Three were particularly close: her nephew Stephen; Dr. Julian B. Hubbell (below), the first American Red Cross field representative (and a beloved associate until her death in 1912); and George H. Pullman of the railroading family.

Hubbell, sporting dundrearies (long side whiskers), is said to have remained

"Married" to Clara and her Red Cross, Julian B. Hubbell specialized in disasters.

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Some of the first graduate nurses to serve the military sail for Cuba and the war in which American troops fought typhoid and yellow fever as well as the Spaniards.

unmarried in order to stay with Clara and the Red Cross. He was on the scene at such important disaster operations as that in Russia during the 1892 famine and in Cuba during and after the Spanish-American War. He also surveyed the 1881 Michigan forest-fire relief, the Red Cross' first disaster activity.

Pullman was another story. Only three years after joining the society, he resigned over a scandal involving Miss Lily Mason, the daughter of a woman who had served during a relief mission to Armenia, scene of Turkish massacres in 1896. Lily believed that Pullman planned to marry her and became publicly outraged when she caught him with another woman. Clara, blaming Lily, remained friends with Pullman despite his antics and alleged drinking problem.

A veritable mountain of strength where others were concerned, Clara was less than aggressive about her own needs. She suffered from melancholia and once, during some lonely, anxious hours, asked her diary if the "world would have been as well, if not better" had she died from a near-fatal siege of dysentery at age five.

Clara's health was continually on her mind, which may be why she lived so long. Prescriptions slipped into her 1868 diary direct her to take before meals "pickley ash bark, peach stoned meats, wild cherry bark, poplar bark, red peruvian bark, golden seed, sassafras," all steeped and sweetened with white sugar, and to mix a "pint of Bay rum" with "allspice." Was this for the rheumatism she periodically complained about or "sharp pains" in her muscles? Toward the end of her life she required stronger medicine for symptoms that responded only to an occasional "dose of morphine."

Not consciously religious, Clara believed in God but in the nether world, too, and consulted "healing mediums," astrologers and spiritualists. On New Year's Day 1904, in the midst of the administrative struggle that saw her forced out of the Red Cross, she recalled the Chicago astrologer who had warned of a bad year: "nothing dangerous to my life or limb until about 1904—he said no more but I have never forgotten the date nor the prophecy. The date is *here*. The fulfillment of the prophecy waits." She also held seance chats with General Grant, Susan B. Anthony and Abraham Lincoln, whose death left her grief-stricken.

A devoted friend, Clara liked to give advice where she thought it was needed. To a Mr. Harbour, about to leave on a speaking tour in 1902, she counseled keeping his "talking box in good condition" by not catching cold and by avoiding unnecessary conversation aboard the train. She suggested a game of whist to keep himself amused and warned that if he arrived late and had to run, "Don't run *with your mouth open*. . . . Run if you must, but keep your *mouth shut*."

An inclination to take charge was a trait that Clara came by naturally. Her father, who had served under "Mad Anthony" Wayne in 1794 during the Indian wars, filled her head with tales of battle and the conviction that "next to Heaven, our highest duty was to love and serve our country and honor and support its laws." She loved military strategy and years later ran relief operations "along military lines to avoid confusion," perusing daily reports from her field agents. In fact, the complaints that eventually drove her from office centered on her spending so much time supervising disaster relief in the field instead of running the society from headquarters in Washington.

Criticism also stemmed from Clara's keeping "a stated sum of money" in a cashbox so that she wouldn't have to rely on the banks when disaster struck—especially on weekends. Unfortunately, her accounting methods were unorthodox and she had to defend herself against charges of financial incompetence shortly before her resignation. In her diary she wrote plaintively that her bookkeeper was the "best in the country even if his records cannot be found."

Stories of Clara's Civil War heroics are legion—and legendary. Efforts to debunk them have been made over the years by people like Mabel Boardman (p. 142), the bitter rival who maneuvered Clara out of office. As late as 1940, never-give-up Mabel wrote to the Hall of Fame for

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Great Americans insisting that "any experienced army officer" could see such tales were farfetched, but in 1976 Clara was admitted and confirmed "great."

What are some of the stories that persist through diaries, letters, family recollections? That Clara made the most of her supplies by seeing to it that every edible substance carried in her wagon was used: finding some wine bottles packed in corn meal, she cooked up the grain as gruel for the troops. That if a tent was not available, Clara wrapped herself in a blanket Indian style and slept on the ground. That she was seen leading a wagon through mud up to her knees, skirt pinned up around her waist.

Biographers have been partial to two episodes in particular. During the battle of Antietam, when many men were bleeding to death for lack of medical care, Clara extracted a rifle ball with her pocket knife from the face of one soldier. As she lifted another to give him a drink, according to Charles S. Young in *Clara Barton*, "a minnie ball from the gun of the enemy passed harmlessly through her clothing and fatally into the body of the soldier she was trying to save."

An inadvertent suffragette

Despite what would now be called her achievements as a feminist, she did not consider herself a suffragette. "I read Mrs. Ida Tarbel's [sic] article on women," she wrote in her diary in 1910, "to see what she probably wants of me. I fear I shall disappoint her, as I have taken little or no part in the progress of women as a factor. I hope I have not retarded, and have opened some doors, if I did not push her through."

Regardless of the accuracy of the Civil War tales, what Clara witnessed at places like Bull Run and later during the Franco-Prussian War precipitated her obsession with forming an American Red Cross. Official Washington in 1877, however, did not match her enthusiasm. President Hayes passed the buck to the State Department, which worried about "entangling alliances." Clara withdrew quietly to prevent receipt of a definite "no" for what was indispensable to a viable Red Cross: ratification of the Geneva treaty. Without it her cause was hopeless.

For five years she faced the frustration of trying to get the treaty accepted. While she proselytized and "put *all* my income,

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every cent from *every* source into this treaty," she also fought her old enemy depression.

On January 25, 1882, Clara approached "Mr. Brown," an aide at the State Department who let her see "where the Red Cross hangs" by showing her the Geneva treaty document that had at last been readied for President Arthur's signature. She read it, and then "I could hold up no longer—and how long a cry I indulged in I do not know—but I know it rested me, and after some time I was able to look up again—and good Mr. Brown came again and said very gently, 'does it suit you?' I said 'Oh, yes, it is all it could be. I am only sorry I have done so badly myself, but I could do no better.' He laughingly said that was all right, he 'had been watching me.' I asked when it would be signed. He said '*Any time* now.' " It happened on March 1. Fifteen suspenseful days later, her diary entry—in purple ink instead of pencil—celebrated the subsequent Congressional vote: "*Treaty ratified.*"

Referring to friends who helped her bring about ratification, she reflected: "I feel myself nothing, and yet I do suppose I have turned the crank that has set it all in motion. I wonder if I am not a *crank* myself."

Once the Red Cross was functioning, it became clear that Clara preferred natural disasters to man-made ones, which she ignored. Epidemics, cyclones, hurricanes, overseas famines—these were *worthy* cataclysms.

Her supreme disaster-relief operation swung into gear at the time of the awesome Johnstown flood. Within 17 minutes on May 31, 1889, a wall of water from a breached dam on the Conemaugh River tore through the valley below to crush houses in Johnstown, as one survivor remembered, "like eggshells against each other." Clara spent the first minutes of "five weary months" walking "among bands of workmen, squads of military, and getting around the bodies of dead animals, and often people being borne away," in an effort to find General Hastings, who was in charge of the area, to tell him that the Red Cross had arrived with supplies. When she finally found him, he treated her with such deference that she got mad: "I could not have puzzled General Hastings more if I had addressed him in Chinese; and if ours had been truly an Oriental mission, the gallant soldier could not have been more courteous and kind. He immediately set about devising means for making as comfortable as possible a 'poor lone woman,' helpless, of course, upon such a field! It was with considerable difficulty that he could be convinced that the Red Cross had a way of taking care of itself at least, and was not likely to suffer from neglect."

At Johnstown Clara drew criticism for

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abetting "the shiftless" at the expense of the more deserving. She had worked with local relief committees and set up a huge tent to accommodate clothing, furniture, food and lumber sent by the nation's "great manufacturers." Eventually a warehouse was built along with six two-story Red Cross Hotels (p. 138) that supported entire families for months. Of the lessons learned at Johnstown she later wrote: "But there is always a right time for any benevolent work to cease; a time when the community is ready to resume its own burdens, and when an offered charity is an insult to the honest and independent, and a degradation to the careless and improvident, tending to pauperize. . . ."

As the people regained their confidence and the debris gave way to new buildings, the rejuvenated city looked around for usable land. She was asked to remove the hotels and other structures. Some of the lumber shipped out was used—frugally—to build a combination warehouse-residence for her in Glen Echo, Maryland. The house (below), which looks remarkably like a Red Cross steamboat, is now a National Historic Site and open to the public. In Clara's day it had its drawbacks, notably a roller coaster from a nearby amusement park, which ran alongside with cars full of screaming riders, some of whom undoubtedly craned their necks for a glimpse of her.

With Clara at Glen Echo were her devoted colleague Julian Hubbell and a populous black family, according to her relatives. They would all gather outdoors on sunny days to do the huge washing. Hubbell shaved yellow soap into a large barrel filled with clothing, while one person poured in the boiling water, and another beat the laundry with a big stick, just as the Bartons had done in Massachusetts years before. Among the treasures at Glen Echo was an Arabian horse, Baba, given to her in Cuba by war correspondents of the New York *World*.

Somewhere along the way, even professional doers of good crave a break in their routine. In her 1882 diary, early on in the life of the organization she personified, Clara looked forward to doing "something that had not the eternal Red Cross for an incitement and an end."

Ultimately it was Mabel Boardman, a socialite of "more than medium height and rather slender, with a liking for modish gowns and the details of the business of the Red Cross," as *American Magazine* described her in 1910, who handed Clara the greatest disaster of her life and the only one with which she was unable to

Clara's home in Glen Echo, Maryland, was first built as a warehouse for Red Cross supplies. She modified it into her residence and headquarters in 1897.

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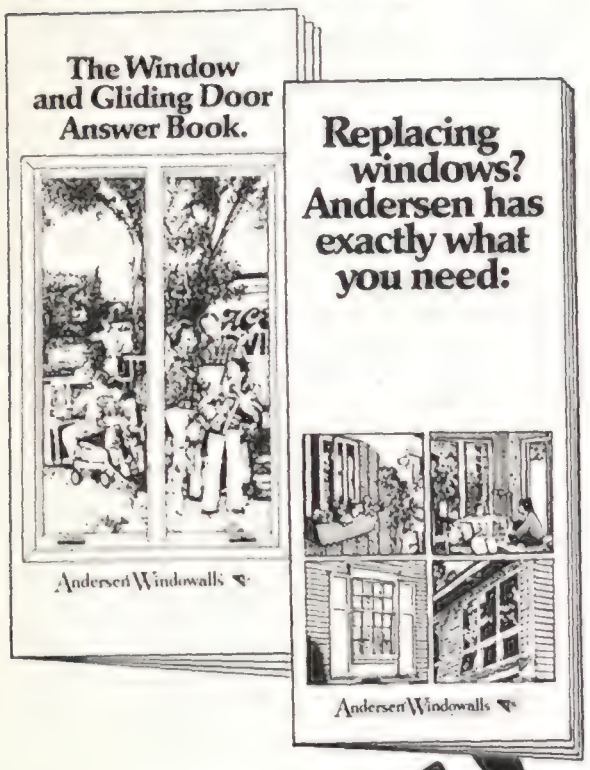
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Relentless Mabel Boardman was Clara's archenemy and a better administrator.

cope. Mabel was a formidable adversary as the battle lines were drawn for control of what had become a prestigious organization by 1902. Half Clara's age and an accomplished administrator, her business-like nature, in fact, was to bring a stability sorely lacking during Clara's tenure. Ironically, Mabel had been recommended for Red Cross leadership just a few years earlier by none other than Clara herself.

Clara's fatal mistake was to underestimate the strength of her opponents—"liars" and "remonstrants," she called them. At the 1902 annual meeting, her supporters rammed through changes in the by-laws to give her the title of president for life; the aging lady rested secure. Prematurely. Minority members, led by Mabel, counterattacked by submitting a memorial to Congress in protest of Clara's lifetime status. Her problems were just beginning. President Theodore Roosevelt withdrew from the Red Cross Board of Consultation, damaging her credibility. While the controversy raged, she retreated to what she called her "rat hole."

An investigating committee was appointed and hearings had hardly started in the spring of 1904 when Clara announced her intention to resign. In a strange coincidence—or maybe not so strange—she submitted her resignation on the day that the key witness for the opposition failed to appear for cross examination. She was thus not compelled to testify and the committee disbanded. On May 14 she made her resignation public.

In her diary for that day, she noted that she had met George Pullman on the walkway at Glen Echo when she returned from her "resignation" press conference. As they stood there, "G.P." gave her an "old time kiss" and offered to close up his home and "go with me to Mexico at once." Adding that "Dr. Lucy" had made a similar offer, she mused: "What does it all mean?"

Out but not down, Clara set about harassing the reorganized Red Cross with which she had severed all connections. She formed her own National First Aid Association to "supplement" Red Cross programs. Complaints reached Mabel Boardman that Clara's agents were barging into Red Cross training courses and telling the students that only *their* instruction was valid. This was only one of many problems plaguing Mabel, who was by then being criticized from within for failing to motivate some of the inactive state branches.

"Is the American Red Cross ever to become a living, vital, active, social, civic, potent factor in modern civilization," the San Diego subdivision officers asked in 1908, "or is it simply to remain a somnolent, indolent, passive force, calmly reposing on past laurels?" Clara could have answered that one.

Howard Chandler Christy wed patriotic fervor to voluptuousness in a 1919 poster.

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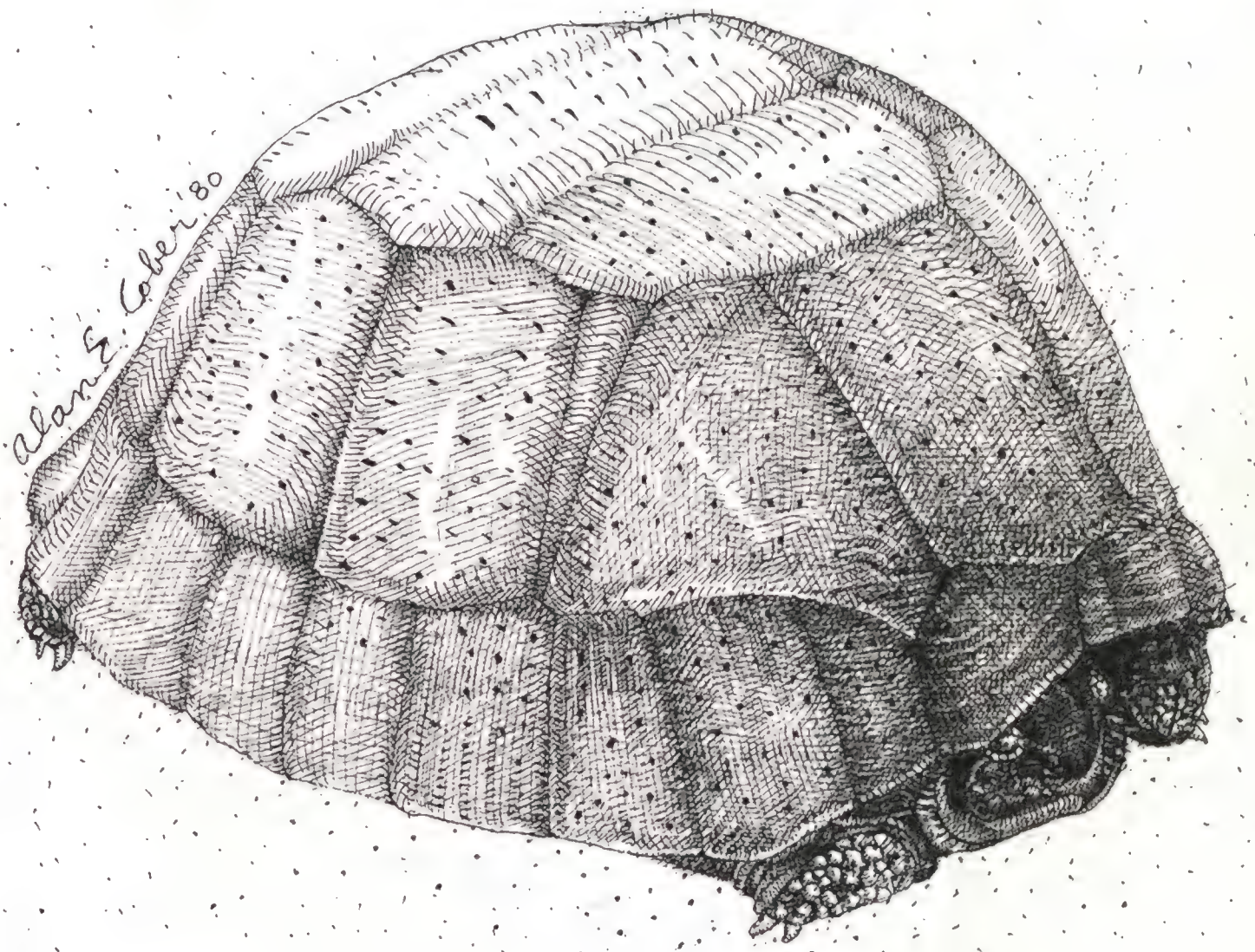

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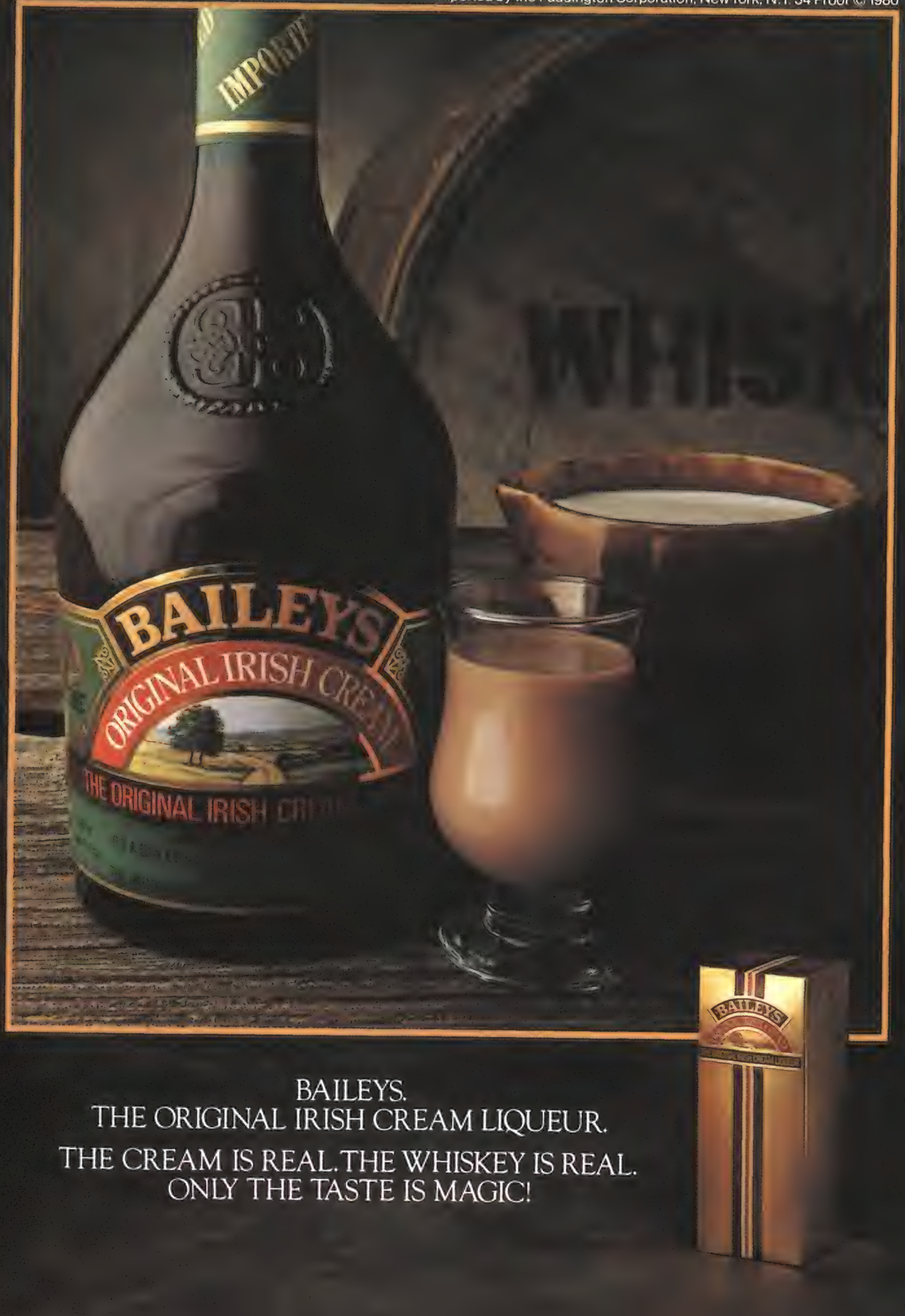

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By James Lehrer

The confessions of a wayward bus connoisseur

Aficionado of motorcoachmania will stop at nothing to get hold of a depot sign or a driver's badge

There is a 12-by-24-inch metal sign hanging outside an appliance store in a small town in Michigan. It is green, orange and white with the word BUS in the center of an oval and "Indiana Motor Bus Company" in smaller letters surrounding it. I want that sign. I want it so badly it hurts.

The same goes for a faded red-white-and-black Short Line sign that swings forlorn and forgotten outside a service station on Highway 209 in New York state. And an old Crown Coaches sign, also faded and forgotten, that hangs from a building in an Arkansas town.

Each is an object of my passionate affection. I will not rest until they or ones like them hang on my home or office walls as part of what must surely be the finest collection of bus-depot signs in America. It must surely be so because it's just about the *only* collection of bus depot signs in America. George Howell in Oregon has a few and so do Fred Rayman in Oklahoma City and Dan Falvey in Louisville, but they're more interested in other bus things. George specializes in cap badges. Had 134 at last count. Falvey owns 17 full-size antique buses and more than 5,000 toy ones, and models. Fred has a completely restored driver's seat and dashboard from a 1954 Greyhound Scenicruiser in his living room.

Don't laugh. Fred, George, Dan and I are among a select group who find beauty and romance in the artifacts of intercity buses and the companies that operate them. We're very serious about it all.

We are small in number for understandable reasons. My interest flows naturally from my genes. My father worked in the bus business for nearly 40 years and was Trailways' station manager in San Antonio when he died in 1970. I grew up in Kansas around buses and conversations about them. As a boy, my only ambition was to be a bus driver. Falvey's interest also comes from his father. Howell and Rayman *are* bus drivers. George drives for Pacific Trailways, Fred for Oklahoma Transportation.

Unlike the train, the bus does not automatically conjure up misty-eyed nostalgia in most people. Quite the contrary. Say "bus" and you get a grimace from images of grimy bus stations where the smelly and the poor wait amidst drunks and panhandlers to get a cramped seat for a trip that will take forever. There are no Casey Jones-type folk songs about heroic bus drivers guiding their splendid coaches through snow and sleet, mud and flood to their destination.

All of this used to bother me. I often

Author takes a break from public TV's *MacNeil-Lehrer Report* to caress a 1931 Mack Greyhound bus. Restored by the company, it made run to Baltimore.

Public TV news co-anchor, Mr. Lehrer is also the author of We Were Dreamers, *about his family's bus business in Kansas.*

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moaned to anyone who would listen about how the bus was ignored by songwriter, novelist, folklorist, historian. No more. I have accepted the fact that my passion is special. I revel in its specialness. I thoroughly enjoy, for instance, the look that comes over a person's face who enters my office for the first time. A sign on the door says "Bus Exit—Do Not Enter." On the wall behind my desk chair is a 3½-by-1½-foot red-and-yellow Trailways Bus sign. On an opposite wall is a Greyhound sign.

On one side wall are signs or mounted decals from Jefferson Lines, Vermont Transit Lines, Wisconsin-Michigan Coaches and KG Lines, among others. There are photographs of old buses on the other. My bookcase brims over with models and toys. Our conference room next door is decorated with a seven-foot-long "Silver Eagle" emblem stripped off the side of a bus.

But my office is merely a tease for the *real* collection. That's at home in a basement room routinely called the "Bus Room." Everything in it except a Ping-Pong table is a bus item, each displayed in its full, if modest, glory.

There, the bus-depot signs are mostly the kind that hang in small towns from places of business which sell bus tickets on a commission basis and handle package express and baggage as a tiny sideline to their main purpose—café, drugstore, service station or whatever. I have 45 of these signs representing a variety of companies, past and present. They differ in size, vintage and style. Most are metal, some are heavy, indestructible porcelain with enamel paint baked on. The oldest are from the Twenties—a Santa Fe Trail (above) Transportation Company

Depot sign recalls buses the elder Lehrer once drove. Toy bus is author's.

"Safety First" stool is from Columbia Nite Coach of Santa Fe Trailways.

(one of many forerunners of the present Trailways Inc. system and the one my father started with), two Greyhounds and two Red Star Motor Coaches, an Eastern Shore of Maryland-Delaware company now owned by Carolina Coach, a Trailways affiliate.

Almost as old is my one wooden sign. It's a 1932 Vermont Transit one, which hung for 45 years outside the bus station in Bellows Falls. And there are Bus Depot decals, designed to be stuck on the windows of small stations. I mount them on pieces of Plexiglas and hang them on the walls with the signs. The rarest is a Gulf Transport (p. 150) of the Forties. It's a Mobile, Alabama, company which still operates through the South.

Then there are the badges. Howell, in The Dalles, Oregon, has the most, as far as I know. But I'm right up there. I have 120 which I keep under glass in the top of a large old coffee table (p. 148). I love these artfully designed insignia in gold or silver that bus drivers still wear on the fronts of their caps. I have several from the Twenties and before—companies that have long since gone out of business or been absorbed by Greyhound or Trailways. Many carry tiny replicas of buses that exist now only in faded photographs.

Dan Falvey in Louisville has 5,000 toy and model buses. I have a hundred or so. The best of my lot is a huge 1929 Buddy L toy bus. I also have some cast irons,

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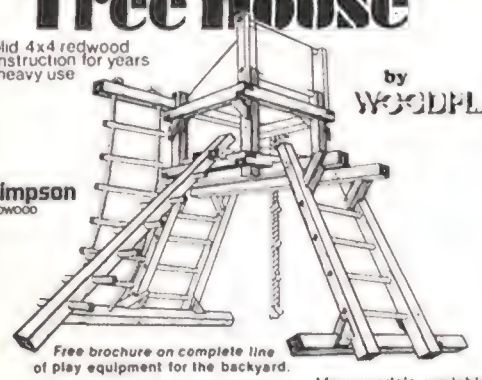
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Cap badges, worn by bus drivers, are mounted under glass on Lehrer's coffee table. He has 120 of them, including many from long-gone lines.

several of which I was given as a child. (My mother kept them in apparent anticipation of her son's second childhood.) In addition, my Bus Room is the depository for a 1925 Southland Greyhound card-ticket case; a blanket used on the Continental Trailways reservation-only Golden Eagle buses; a cup and saucer from an old Greyhound Post House restaurant; a Santa Fe porter's cap; several Greyhound dogs and Trailways insignias of varying sizes from off the sides of buses; some 30 destination signs like window shades (p. 153); and an assortment of timetables, photographs, pencils, cigarette lighters, rulers, fare boxes, ticket stamps (p. 152) and other equally splendid things. One of the most recent and most delicious additions is a step stool (p. 146) used to help passengers board Santa Fe's Columbia Nite Coach in Wichita in the early 1930s. (For a few years, buses, outfitted much like Pullman cars, provided sleeper service from the Midwest to Los Angeles. Didn't know that, did you?)

Having all of these wonderful things, being able to look at and to handle them admiringly whenever I wish, constitute the principal pleasures of my bus-collecting obsession. But there is also joy in the search, the discovery, the acquisition. I am often accused of having no shame when it comes to hustling for bus material. It's a fair accusation. There is little, short of outright burglary, that I won't do or haven't perpetrated.

I have really worked over the bus companies themselves, for one thing. Few companies, large or small, have not received a letter from me. If they don't answer the first letter, I, like a bill collector, send a second—sometimes even a third or fourth. I plead with them to look in storerooms and desk drawers for old signs and badges, to think of me before they throw away anything.

I've called on many of them personally, asking—and usually receiving—permission to sift through their trash. One of my more glorious afternoons was spent grubbing through a hundred or so boxes in the basement of the Trailways station in Lincoln, Nebraska. Lincoln had once been the headquarters for another of Trailways' principal predecessors, American-Burlington Bus Lines, and many of that now-defunct company's records had been stashed in the basement on their way to an incinerator.

The biggest bonanza came three years ago when the industry's trade group, the American Bus Association, made the mistake of asking me to speak at their annual convention. I agreed on the condition that my "fee" be lots of bus memorabilia. Some of the companies came

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The reputation that Hasselblad enjoys as the choice of professional photographers and advanced amateurs might lead you to believe that it's a difficult camera to use. Nothing could be further from the truth. In many respects a Hasselblad is easier to use than other cameras, despite the extraordinary results it gives.

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A Hasselblad handles beautifully. It cradles comfortably in the palm of your hand. All controls are logically placed and easy to reach (the U.S. Astronauts were able to operate their Hasselblad cameras on the moon while wearing bulky gloves).

As a matter of fact, a Hasselblad lets you do things you can't do with a 35. Such as viewing and shooting with the camera held upside down overhead (great for shooting over crowds). Or for taking pictures at ground level without having to lie down (useful for nature photographs, or for shooting at unusual angles).

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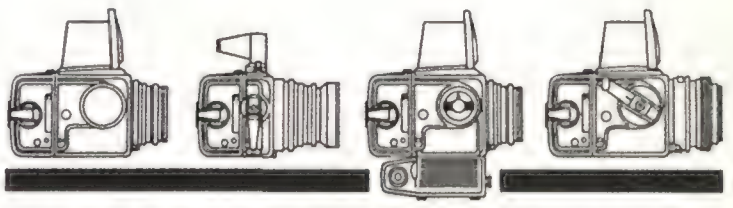

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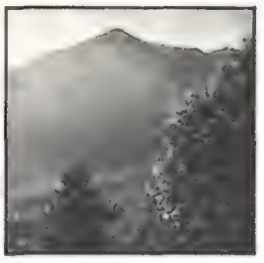

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"Local Agent" decal came from shop window where tickets were a sideline.

through immediately, and I hounded the recalcitrant by mail until they did. Martin Kramer, an executive of Southeastern Trailways in Indianapolis, was one of those so hounded. I was in Indianapolis last fall and paid him a personal call, trying to squeeze even more out of him. "Your speech wasn't *that* good, Lehrer," he grumbled as he scoured his company's offices and garages once again for things he could give me so I would go away.

I have also been known to blackmail people in connection with speeches. I will often agree to make one only on the condition that the host (usually some poor public-television station) secures a bus-depot sign and/or badge from the local bus company. Old friends of my father's, still in the business, are also prime targets. I imagine many now rue the day I found out they ever knew Dad.

I haunt flea markets, collectibles shops and antique advertising and nostalgia shows. My brother Fred, a minister in Tennessee, shares (he had no choice, either) my enthusiasm for buses. He collects primarily paper items such as timetables and tickets, so we do a lot of swapping. I have also done some trading with other collectors, particularly Howell and Rayman. And there's a friend, Bob Beard, who drives for Trailways out of Washington, D.C. Not a collector himself, he keeps a vigil on my behalf.

And I've been lucky. A retired Greyhound "roadman" heard of my collecting mania and called me. He said he had been tossing odd things into his basement and garage for 30 years and now he had to clean them out because he was moving.

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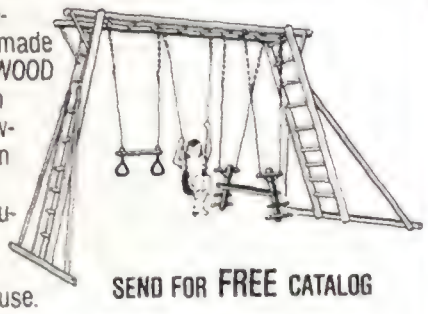

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These bus-line insignia were once carried on the sides of the vehicles.

I was welcome, he said, to anything I wanted. I drove home from that excursion with three signs and seven huge boxes of material ranging from decals and timetables to posters.

Then there's John David. John operates a radio station in Joplin, Missouri, down where Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Missouri meet. I met John last spring at a black-tie dinner at the University of Missouri. He was there as president of the Missouri Broadcasters Association. We happened to sit next to each other. One thing led to another, and before I knew it I was telling him of my interest in buses.

He looked at me strangely and said, rather sheepishly, that he was interested in buses, too. So interested, in fact, that on weekends he often drove charters for a small bus line. Few people in Joplin knew he did it—it was his private way of living out his Walter Mitty dream.

My God, we said.

It was John who found me the Santa Fe Trail sign sitting back in the corner of an auto body shop in a small Missouri town. He uncovered that porter's cap in a Joplin warehouse. And it was John David, bless him, who located in Arkansas that Crown Coaches sign I lusted after.

I have no hesitation about walking into bus stations and asking startled agents if they happen to have any old things lying around. Like selling vacuum cleaners door-to-door, it's strictly playing the percentages. Nine out of ten such approaches turn up nothing, but it's all sweet and worth it when the tenth does. Two of the finest Trailways signs in my collection were acquired just that way. As my family knows (and detests), this has led to my trying to avoid interstate highways. I delight in motoring slowly down old two-lane highways through small towns, forever on the lookout for bus-depot signs I can con somebody into selling or giving to me.

I delight in it all. I really do. There's

Rubber stamps bearing names of bus stops are another collectible item. Tickets below them show how the stamps filled in missing town names.

no other real explanation and I offer none. Fred (my brother Fred and the other Fred), George and Dan understand. And we are not completely alone. There are a couple of bus-history organizations which have a few hundred members nationally and publish magazines and hold annual meetings. One of them, the Motor Bus Society, has published an excellent pictorial history of the industry entitled *Over the Road* (p. 167). There's also a publication which deals solely with toy and model buses. Here on the East Coast there's an annual event called the "Bus Bash." The organizer is a nifty man named Bob Redden, a graphics artist who also puts out a quarterly magazine called the *International Bus Collector.*

I went to the last Bus Bash. It was held on Memorial Day weekend in the garage of a small bus line in East Longmeadow, Massachusetts. Restored old buses were parked around for inspection and rides. There were a few flea market tables set up for selling cap badges, models and other collectibles. And there was a slide show, an auction and, finally, a parade of all the buses through the nearby neighborhood. But primarily there was conversation. About Macks and Faegols, Silversides and Supercoaches, Fitzjohns and Aerocoaches, Pony Cruisers and Flxible Clippers, Edwards Sash and air horns, doubles and limiteds, pancake motors and baggage racks, ACF IC-41's and Becks. . .

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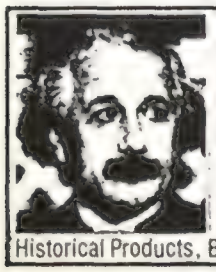
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Book reviews

"Watch Out for the Foreign Guests!"
Orville Schell
(Pantheon, $8.95)

The Son of Heaven long ago made China's position unmistakably clear: the "foreign barbarians" should leave China alone, said the Qianlong emperor in 1793, for the Chinese needed nothing from the outside world.

The emperor's reasoning was sound. Britain at the time was smuggling opium into China by the ton, and foreign devils were busy establishing a dominance that was to last until Mao Zedong broke its grip in 1949. Marxist emperor Mao reaffirmed China's old mistrust and contempt of the West, but with the demise of Mao and the Gang of Four, China's great wall of isolation has now opened and foreign influence is seeping through the gates at a rate that American author Orville Schell finds alarming.

In *"Watch Out for the Foreign Guests!"* a brisk and entertaining chronicle of China's new encounters with the West, Schell says "it can be almost frightening to look beneath the surface and realize that there is no infallible grand plan," all suppositional theories notwithstanding, for China to defend itself against what the author describes feelingly as "cultural and political contamination from the bourgeois world outside."

A veteran China observer, scholar and writer, Schell admits that it was China's very aloofness and independence that attracted him in the first place. When he first managed to get to the mainland in 1975, the wariness of foreigners was still so strong that "I would sometimes see mothers protectively grab their children as I passed." On his more recent trips, "it was like entering a different country." Bob Hope and Pierre Cardin had brought their acts to Peking, the Chinese were importing Coca-Cola and steel mills and dancing to disco, and "youths stopped tourists in the streets to speak English, bum cigarettes, buy foreign exchange, or convince them to part with their pocket calculators and tape recorders."

Will such rapid changes cripple the Chinese sense of their own self-esteem, Schell wonders, or will they produce a backlash against the West?

Some of Schell's lively tales of the new China certainly reveal a radical shift in Chinese behavior. In Peking's Goldfish Alley he meets Benefit-the-People Wang, a People's Liberation Army soldier and part-time pimp who hangs out at the Peace Café with a gang of dissolute youths, drinking beer mixed with orange soda, more concerned with abortions than with the thoughts of Chairman Mao. At night in Shanghai's People's Square Schell runs into three youths gunning their mopeds "like apprentice Hell's Angels," one of them with pomaded hair, wraparound sunglasses and bell-bottom pants bearing a homemade Levi's label on the pocket.

They seem like bizarre freaks, hardly representative of China's millions. But Schell presents even more bizarre sights from the visits of Chinese leaders to the United States—Vice-Premier Deng Xiaoping riding a golf cart through a Ford plant in Georgia and sporting a 10-gallon hat at a Texas rodeo, or Vice-Premier Fang Yi, the architect of China's modernization program, dancing "like a trained bear" with Minnie Mouse at Disneyland.

More revealing, perhaps, is Schell's encounter with a young Peking woman who spent six years in a Mongolian work camp, growing vegetables, repairing roads, perusing Mao's writings by the light of an oil lamp, and now dreams of becoming a fashion designer and studying in the United States. Or the aging Shanghai laborer, imprisoned because he had once worked for an American firm, who has hardly dared to speak to anyone but his wife, or even to think, for the past 30 years.

"Everywhere around me in China now I see irreconcilable forces and contradictions," writes Schell. Will they undermine China, will Coca-Cola dilute the dignity of China's national identity? Vice-Premier

Fang Yi gives what may be an answer: "As for us Chinese, we prefer our green tea."
—*David Lancashire*
The Globe and Mail, Toronto

Mary Chesnut's Civil War
edited by C. Vann Woodward
(Yale University Press, $29.95)

Mary Chesnut was a fine Southern lady whose husband resigned his Senate seat the week after Lincoln's election in 1860 and helped to lead South Carolina out of the Union. Between February 1861—when she accompanied him to Montgomery where the Confederacy was founded—and July 1865—when they returned across a devastated landscape to the ruins of their home near Camden—Mary Chesnut kept a journal, eventually filling 2,500 notebook pages with her account of the events she had observed from the vantage point of the inner circle of Confederate officialdom. Later, she attempted to recast the journal as a novel, and, in the 1880s, she produced a substantially revised version that was published in an abridged form years after her death.

In *Mary Chesnut's Civil War*, C. Vann Woodward, a distinguished historian of the South, has brought together the revision and the original manuscript in an annotated edition, allowing her at last to have her full say in print and to take the place among American writers that under different circumstances she might have earned in her lifetime.

Childless and perhaps overtaken by the loneliness that sometimes afflicts the wives of public men, Mary Chesnut was addicted to literature and carefully noted in her journal the books that filled a considerable portion of her time. One has the impression that she planned her reading—which included contemporary English, French and German literature, history, philosophy and the classics—with a sense of its appropriateness to the times. As the war progressed, she complained that "fiction is so flat. . . . Nothing but what is going on in this distracted world of ours can arrest my attention for ten minutes at a time."

And, indeed, she always found herself in those days where the *"real show"* went on. She was in Charleston to witness the firing on Fort Sumter ("Nobody hurt, after all. How gay we were last night.") and in Richmond during the formative months of the Confederate regime, when

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it was believed that one brilliant Southern victory would suffice to convince Washington that it could not force the disaffected states back into the Union. "Everybody said. . . . There will be no war," she reassured herself on hearing the news from Bull Run.

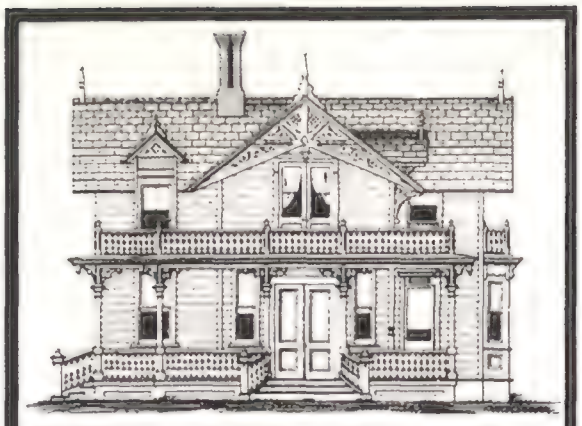
But by early 1862, Mary Chesnut had despaired and acknowledged in her journal that the war was lost, even if the cause was just. At home in Camden, "abandoned of God and man, here in this dismal swamp," she succumbed to the great fear of a slave uprising. Returning

Collection of Mrs. Hendrik B. van Rensselaer

Samuel Osgood painted Mary Chesnut at 33; she had not yet begun her diary.

to Richmond, she found that "this horrid war" had poisoned everything in the demoralized Confederate capital. At teas and dinners, women compared the wounds received by their mutilated lovers, because "we sup on death and carnage or go empty." Obsessive as the war was, however, it was no longer interesting. "We can bear pain without a murmur," she confessed, "but will not submit to being bored." Men who fought on from habit only prolonged the country's misery, and there was no glory or honor in that.

As the war mercifully drew to a close, Mary Chesnut was once again in Camden, waiting to hear the sound of Sherman's bugles and finding consolation in books. In its final weeks she became a refugee, fleeing ahead of Johnston's retreating army and watching as it melted away.



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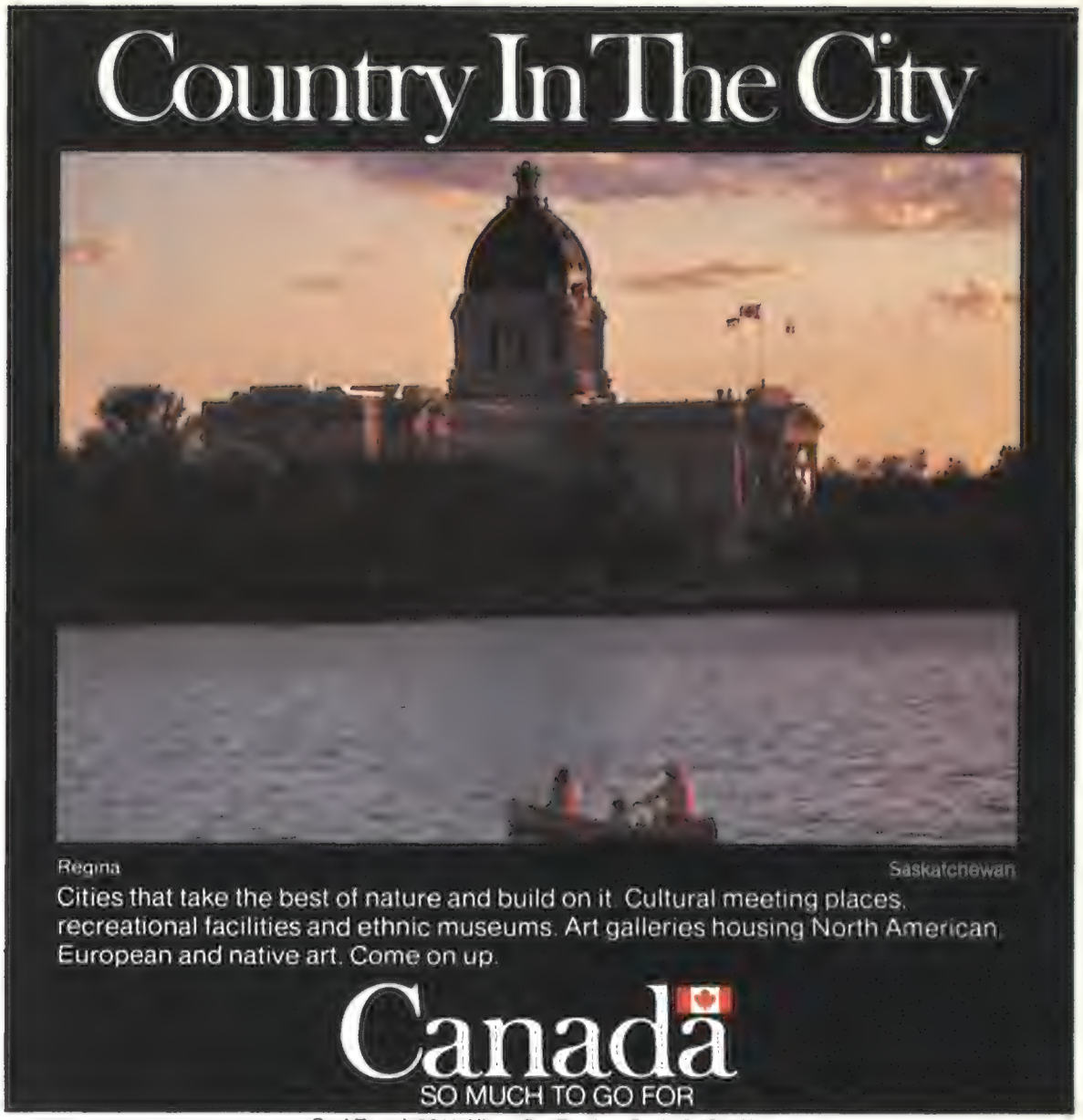
Not many pages into this book, readers will understand that the Civil War is only its setting, not its subject, and that battles and leaders are the supporting cast for its central character, Mary Chesnut. A closet heretic, full of contradictions and complexity, she must surely have been a puzzle to her friends (and to her husband?). A member of the slave-holding establishment, she condemned slavery, which, she wrote, victimized white Southerners as well as blacks. It turned her class into liars who pretended not to know about black harems at the great houses or to notice the family likeness in mulatto offspring. The Emancipation Proclamation was, she thought, long before the record of history would agree with her, the only good thing likely to come out of the war.

For all her anguish over slavery, however, she still considered blacks a species apart: "I have never seen a mule as handsome as a horse . . . no matter how I lament and sympathize with its undeserved mule condition." A dutiful wife, she railed against an oppressive patriarchal tyranny thinly disguised under a patina of courtly manners: "There is no slave, after all, like a wife." Deprived of an identity of their own, women of her class submitted themselves like any "African slave" to be bullied by fathers and husbands who were used to exercising unrestricted authority over all their possessions.

Edmund Wilson judged Mary Chesnut's journal to be "more genuinely literary than most Civil War fiction," and he believed that it contained metaphors for the rise and fall of the Confederacy—like the foredoomed romance between a lovely young girl and a battle-scarred general that Mary Chesnut followed closely. Perhaps that is reading too much into it, but she did reduce an epic tragedy to human proportions, to individual tragedies.

Her constant theme is waste, especially the waste of good families whose young men died leaving "nothing to show that they ever were on earth." And perhaps she also wanted to explain the waste of Mary Chesnut, who could only define herself as her husband's wife and whose ambitions were stifled by his, although she was smarter than he by more than half. Ironically, if the aristocratic James Chesnut is remembered, it will be as a character in her journal.

Professor Woodward's edition of Mary Chesnut's journal makes a very large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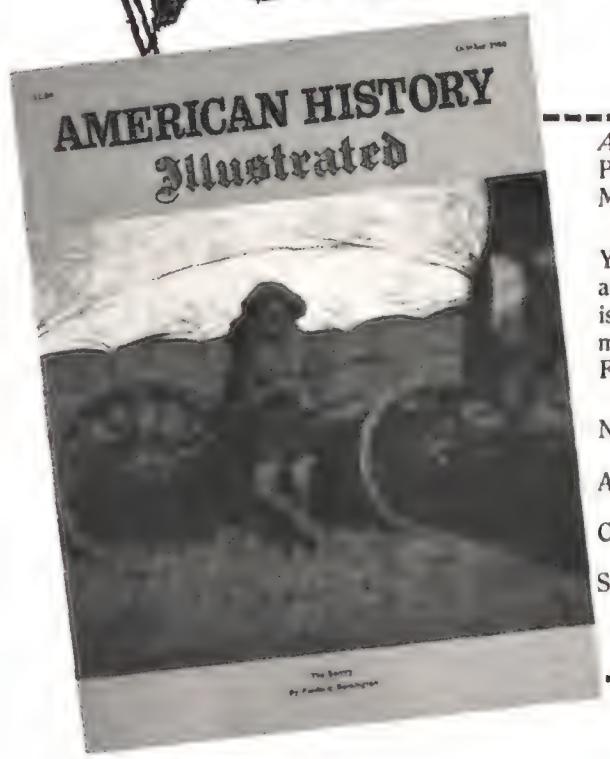

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book. It will lend itself to being dipped into, a temptation that should not be avoided. First, though, read it through from beginning to end as if it were the novel that Mary Chesnut always wanted to write.

—Robert Rinehart
The American University

The Mapmakers
John Noble Wilford
(Alfred A. Knopf, $20)

There must be many people who, like this reader, love maps and atlases, but have no very clear idea of how the Messrs. Rand, McNally, Hammond, Bartholomew, *et al.*, know that Colorado forms an almost perfect rectangle, Scandinavia looks like a leaping terrier, and France is violet. *The Mapmakers*, billed by the publishers as the first general history of mapmaking in 20 years, is the book for them.

John Noble Wilford, a science writer for the *New York Times*, begins his account with the earliest known evidence of attempts to take the measure of the land, in the Middle East, and carries it right up to the present with its scarcely-to-be-believed feats of extraterrestrial mapping. It is an awe-inspiring story that brings into relief some of Man's most admirable traits: curiosity, conceptual inventiveness, practicality, determination, physical courage and endurance. It is also a complicated story, involving philosophical, scientific and technological, as well as human, dimensions. Wilford weaves these strands together with considerable skill, and is at his best when dealing with scientific principles and technical matters.

We learn that the history of geodesy (the science of Earth measurement) divides into three periods. The first, or spherical, epoch stretches from Eratosthenes, a librarian in Alexandria who scientifically calculated the circumference of Earth in the third century B.C., to Jean Picard in the 17th century. During this period, "Earth was thought (except in myth and dogma) to be a sphere and was measured and mapped accordingly." (It is surprising to discover in passing how early Earth was perceived by some to be round.)

The second, or ellipsoidal, epoch, stimulated by the theories of Newton, was marked by "the introduction of advanced surveying tools and methods, particularly triangulation," and the realization, brought about by more precise surveys, that Earth was *not* quite round. Modern scientific mapmaking really dates back no further than this—about 300 years.

The third, or geoidal, epoch began in the 20th century and has featured sophisticated instruments that have "permitted geodesists to define the figure of Earth, every variation and undulation, with incredible exactitude."

All of the familiar figures are in *The Mapmakers*: the intuitive (though not always on the mark) Ptolemy; Henry the Navigator, the Portuguese visionary; the dogged Columbus; Mercator, who projected Earth's curved image onto a plane; James Cook, the intrepid Yorkshireman who mapped the Pacific but came to regret that he had ever laid eyes on Hawaii; those linear thinkers, Mason and Dixon; Lewis and Clark; the flamboyant John Charles Frémont; and more.

But some of this reader's favorites are much less known: the four generations of the Cassini family that literally put France on the map in the 17th and 18th centuries; John Harrison, the English clockmaker who spent a lifetime developing the first practical marine chronometer, revolutionizing navigation and then almost being cheated out of the £20,000 prize offered in reward; Kinthup, an illiterate native from Sikkim engaged by the British to survey a remote region of Tibet, who was sold into slavery but managed to escape and complete his mission; and John Frémont's incomparable topographer, Charles Preuss, a gloomy German-born tenderfoot who hated the frontier but kept returning to it. They were heroes one and all.

John Wilford writes about all this in an easy, unadorned journalistic style. Above all, he is clear. If there is a weakness, it is that sometimes the author, having so much material to cover, whets the appetite and then fails to satisfy it. For example, describing a surveying expedition to Latin America, he refers to one member of the party: "Godin had married a thirteen-year-old Peruvian girl, Isabella, and strange romantic circumstances caused him to remain in South America a quarter of a century." Period. End of story. Unforgivable! And, of course, he never does quite explain why France is violet.

—Albert Meisel
Chief of public programs,
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Land of Savagery, Land of Promise: The European Image of the American Frontier
Ray Allen Billington
(Norton, $18.95)

My grandfather's appetite for Western novels was insatiable and indiscriminate. When it was objected that he had brought home from the drugstore a paperback he had already read—as he frequently did—he said it didn't matter: Westerns all had the same plot, anyhow.

Adolph Hitler and Albert Einstein evidently shared my grandfather's literary interests. Their favorite author was Karl May, who recounted in dozens of tales the improbable adventures of Old Shatterhand and his sidekick Winnetou, a kind of Teutonic Tonto.

May never laid eyes on the American frontier, but his writings helped shape the ideas millions of Europeans had of it. Such ideas are the subject of Ray Allen Billington's new book. (His last, except for a book of limericks not yet published —Billington died in March. He was 77.) A senior research associate at the Huntington Library, Billington sees patterns in the wild and fanciful notions Europeans have entertained about the frontier from earliest times to our own day. Novelists and unsympathetic travelers portrayed the West as a land of unremitting savagery; promoters and idealists created a compelling image of a land of promise. Either land was far distant from the realities of America's westward march.

Billington elaborates this straightforward thesis by means of countless anecdotes and examples drawn from the literature of several European languages. Novelists exerted the greatest influence on the reading public and played the biggest role in feeding it misinformation. In celebrating the virtues of the Noble Savage, writers of the 18th-century Enlightenment were reproaching Europeans for their own vices. James Fenimore Cooper's imitators exploited the Coopermania that swept Europe in the romantic era; in the commission of egregious errors they even outdid the master distortionist ridiculed in Mark Twain's devastating essay, "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses."

The German Karl May had his counterparts in the Englishman Mayne Reid, the Frenchman Gustave Aimard, and countless lesser hacks. Their pages dripped with blood and gore and lingered long over scenes of scalping, torture and other outrages. The Noble Savage gave way to the Inhuman Barbarian. Either way, whether as Victimizer or Victim, treated sympathetically or as a figure to be feared and loathed—but almost never to be accurately described—the Native American remained a central figure in the literature of the frontier.

The White Man's image (blacks and Mexicans scarcely figured in the literature of the frontier, despite their ubiquity on the frontier itself) underwent as many mutations as the Red Man's. European attitudes toward the frontiersman were decidedly mixed. For every writer who sang his praises as a sort of Western Galahad, the soul of idealism and generosity, another condemned him as a money-grubbing, ill-mannered illiterate (one novelist suggested the national bird should have been the vulture, not the eagle). Toward the end of the 19th century, woodsmen, hunters, plainsmen and farmers gave way to the apotheosis of the

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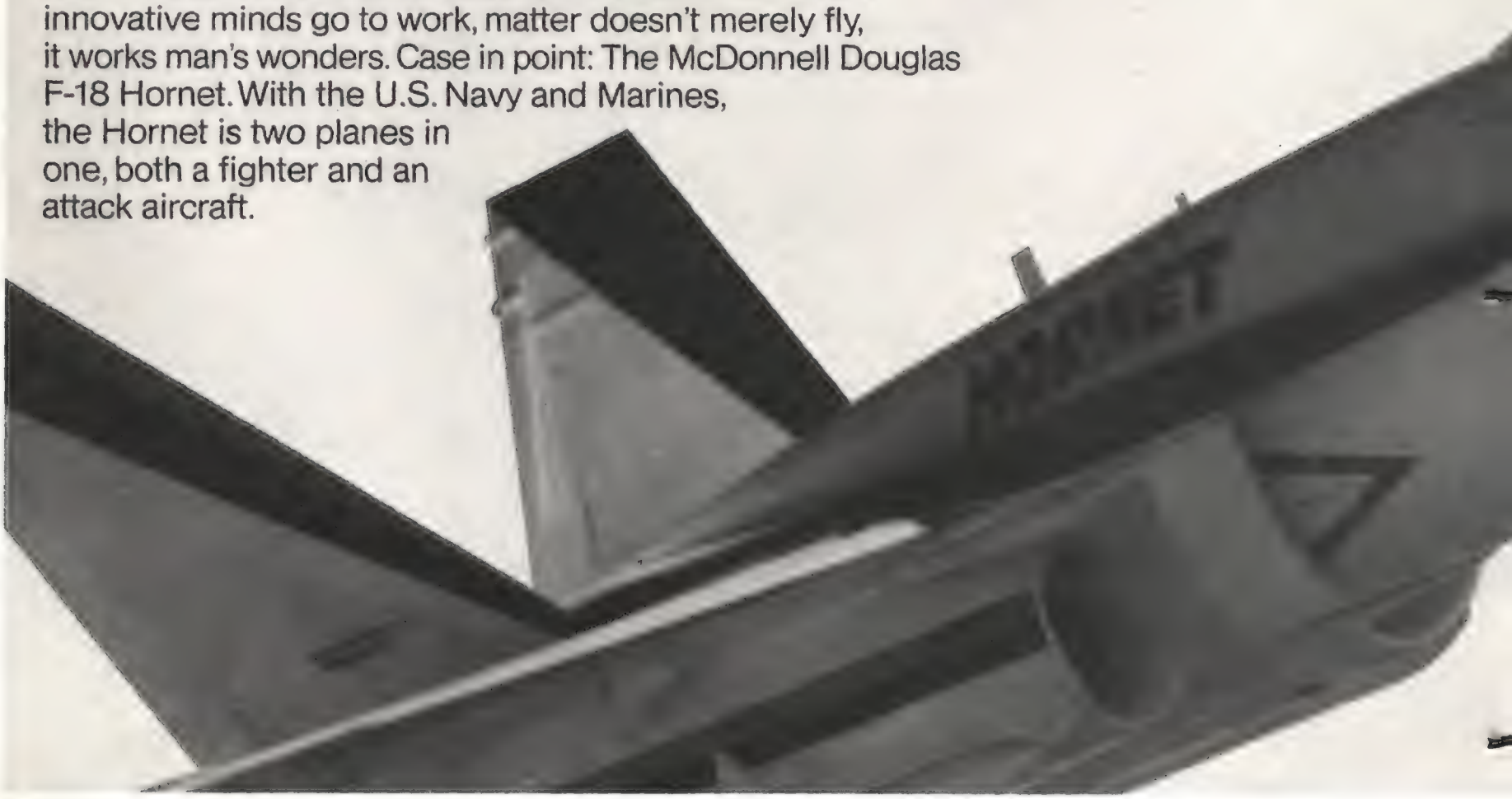

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"Stir a Finger and I Spur On," warns intrepid, if unrealistic, horsewoman in British writer Mayne Reid's *The Headless Horseman*.

Western hero, the American Cowboy.

The Western landscape itself, bigger, emptier and grander than anyone who hadn't seen it could imagine, became an actor in the literature. Novelists, including such disillusioned travelers as Charles Dickens, found the West a place of menace and foreboding. To promoters and land speculators, the West was the Garden of Eden, locus of the Big Rock Candy Mountain. That the European agents of the railroad builders and steamship companies should have portrayed the West as paradise hardly comes as a surprise, and the sections devoted to their efforts at puffery are among the book's weakest.

Billington attempts to link changes in images of the American frontier to changes in European politics, society, culture and the economy. But he isn't entirely successful in this enormous task; the linkages he dwells on longest—such as the one between the advance of industrialization and the rise of escapist literature—are those that have been written about the most elsewhere. *Land of Savagery* is far better at sorting through and cataloguing changing images of the frontier than at accounting for their existence. Still, it makes plain that in writing about the frontier, Europeans were writing about themselves.

This book began life as an address to a learned society. Expansion has made it somewhat unwieldy. Readers might occasionally find themselves wishing Billington hadn't been quite so thorough. In less able hands such a relentless enumeration of examples would quickly grow tedious, but Billington's detached and ironic style carries the story over some snags.

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A LAMP—NOT A BREADBASKET

The fluctuating flow of immigrants into our country never stops. The trend is up. We don't know what to do about it because our thoughts are shackled by the lines below the Statue of Liberty: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses."

ALL the poor? The poem by Emma Lazarus makes no mention of numbers. ***But numbers matter.***

A century ago an open-ended invitation may have been safe enough. America was a new country then, unfilled. The supply of possible immigrants wasn't so great. Now, the huddled masses of the wretchedly poor amount to 800 million. More than three times the U.S. population. It would be insane to invite them all in. Even one percent would be too many.

Variety in a nation is good. So also is unity. But when variety (of which we've always had plenty) overwhelms unity, how are we to keep a complex society like ours running?

When newcomers arrive too fast, they gather into enclaves and resist learning the national language. Immigrants then become *the new isolationists*. Internal fragmentation sets in: *Goodbye, unity!*

Once it is fragmented, America will become like the countries from which the immigrants fled. To give the immigrants we admit the benefits they seek we must restrict the flow of immigration.

Saving all the world's poor is beyond us—that's a tragic fact we must accept. The wretchedly poor are increasing by some 25 million per year. Immigration into the U.S. was perhaps only 2 million last year, but even that amount strained the fabric of our society. Remember Miami? Remember Fort Chaffee?

What effect does our acceptance of immigrants have on the country that sends them? In the long run, it may actually harm the sending country. When we take in the most competent people, we leave the sending country worse off. "Brain-drain." Skills-drain. But if we take in the least competent—what does that do to us?

Every action is a message. Sometimes several messages. Last year Cuba sent us 120,000 people all at once. We accepted them. So our first message to Castro was this: "If you have any people you want to get rid of, just send them to us."

Why so many? Enter: the population problem. Every poor country has too many people for the actual carrying capacity of its land. That's *why* its people are poor. Cuba's 10 million people are increasing by 120,000 per year. Is it pure coincidence that the so-called "Freedom Flotilla" brought us 120,000 Cubans? So our second message to Cuba—and all other poor countries—was this: "If you have a population problem, just ship it to us."

Our third message was addressed to Castro and all other dictators. Castro sent us the people he most wanted to get rid of: independent and unruly people who endangered his dictatorship. In accepting them we said this to all evil rulers: "No need for you to reform. Just send us all your malcontents. That way we will help you dictators stay in power."

Are those the messages we want to send? Is that what the Statue of Liberty really means?

Lazarus's lines are NOT part of the statue on Liberty Island. These lines were not added until almost two decades after the statue was dedicated. The real name of the statue is, and always has been, "***Liberty Enlightening the World.***"

Not welcoming all the world. Not even feeding the world. ***Enlightening it.***

As a torch sends rays of light out into dark places, so America should send out messages that will, if heeded, eventually improve life in other parts of the world. We must be very careful about the messages we send. What messages are most needed now? These:

For the sake of peace, each sovereign nation must solve its population problem on its own territory. The methods chosen must fit each nation's traditions and culture. Different cultures, different methods, different policies.

Because uncontrolled population growth has no limit, no population problem can ever really be solved by exporting it. We in America do not try to solve our problem by exporting it; nor will we permit you to export your population problem to us.

Such are the messages America should send the world. What the Statue of Liberty holds aloft is not a breadbasket, but a torch or lamp. Liberty cannot feed the world; but it can enlighten it.

Garrett Hardin

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gifts for Spring

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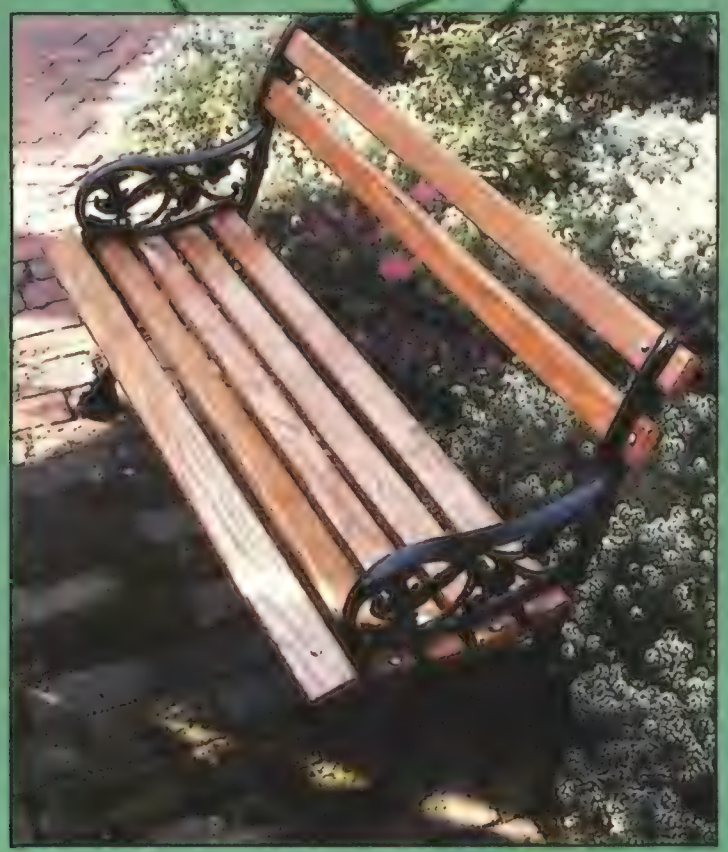

BIRD OF PARADISE PARK BENCH. Our indoor-outdoor bench is of white oak slats easily assembled on a cast iron frame. Finished with a clear all-weather varnish. 4 feet long. 3002 $250.00 (Members $225.00) (s/h 35.00).

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THE WATCHFUL LION, king of beasts, has been cast in pewter into a characteristic pose. About 3" long. 8033 $37.50 (Members $33.75) (s/h 1.50)

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GLASS FROM THE GILDED AGE. Our "Broken Column" pattern was first made in Ohio in the 1880s. The pressed-glass bowl measures 8" in diameter and makes an attractive centerpiece or serving dish. 7102 $16.00 (Members $14.40) (s/h 1.60).

STORK SCISSORS SEWING SET. From an 18th-century embroidered handbag, the case kit contains silk-screened design on linen, DMC embroidery floss, and instructions. The scissors have nickel chrome blades with gold-plated handles. Case 2545 $8.00 (Members $7.20; Scissors 2598 $9.00 (Members $8.10) (s/h each 1.25).

A SNOWY EGRET, a favorite turn-of-the-century motif, forms this expandable sterling silver bracelet. 4606 $135.00 (Members $121.50) (s/h 2.85)

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Additional reading

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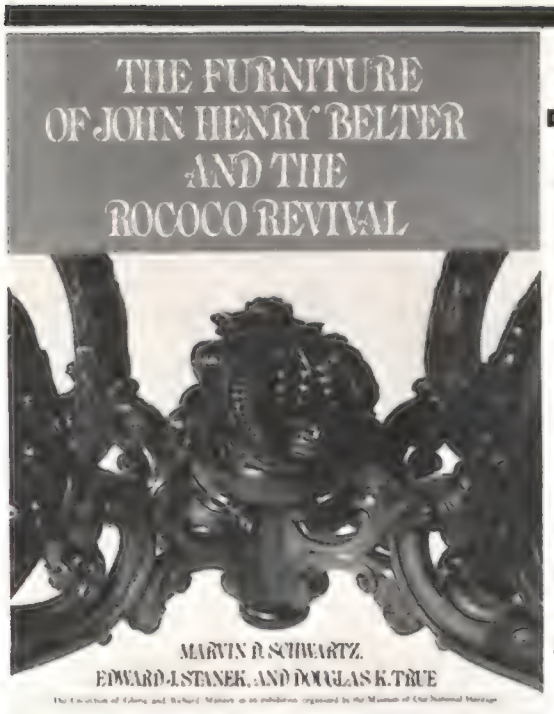

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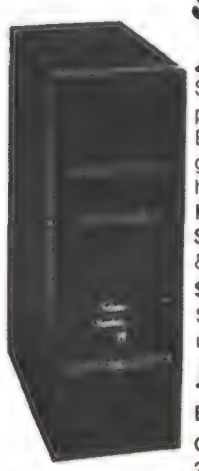

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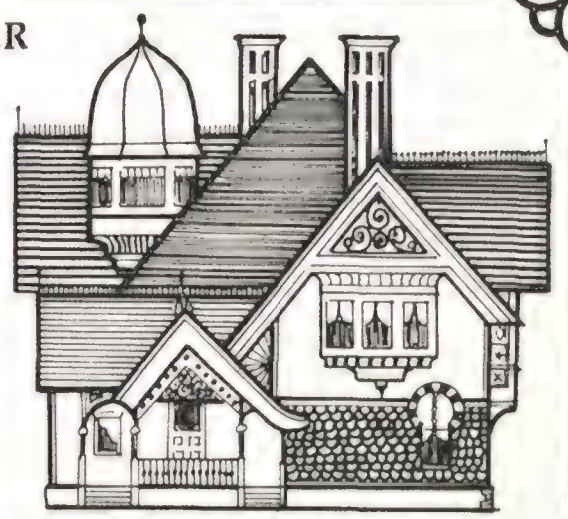

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Smithsonian highlights

The sunny season comes to the Mall in old-fashioned style May 1-3 with a joyous Spring Celebration and a variety of traditional activities—ferris wheel rides, sword swallowing and other sideshow acts, a one-ring circus under a tent, a demonstration of the carving of carousel animals, and a look at clown alley where the stars make up. Spring Celebration is organized by the Division of Performing Arts and the Museum of American History, where the events will run from noon to 5 P.M. daily. Call 357-2700 for information. (The season also brings summer hours to six of the museums on the Mall. They will remain open until 9 P.M. through Labor Day weekend.)

Another happy production, also from the Division of Performing Arts, is the landmark "Smithsonian Collection of Classic Country Music," an eight-record historical presentation with banjo-pickers, fiddlers, guitarists, dobro-players and such names as Hank Williams, Jimmie Rodgers, Bill Monroe and Loretta Lynn—143 works in all. To get them, Smithsonian used the archives of 17 record companies. The collection begins with the 1922 recording of "Sallie Gooden" by "champion fiddler" Eck Robertson and winds up with Willie Nelson's "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain" of 1974. An added bonus is a 56-page booklet on the history of country music with annotations on the selections by the man who chose them, Tulane music professor Bill Malone.

Special May events

National Museum of American Art
In Their Own Way (May 1-October 4)—Some 20 paintings and sculptures by 19th- and 20th-century artists reflect marked independence from tradition (below).
High School Graphics VII (May 3-August 9)—Some 150 works by Washington-area students.
An American Perspective: Selections from the Bequest of Frank McClure (May 15-September 20)—Prints and drawings.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum (New York)
Crafts Fair (May 15-17, May 22-24)—Exhibition and sale of works by invited artisans; includes leather, ceramics, paper, wood, glass, textiles, rugs.
Pottery (May 5-July 12)—A survey of the Museum's collections, from classical Greece to present day.

National Portrait Gallery
Bret Harte: Chronicler of the Gold Fields (through July 12)—Portraits, poems.
How Fleeting is Fame (through August 23)—Portraits of ex-celebrities.

Jennie Cell's *Pruning Time* joins other nontraditional works at NMAA.

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National Museum of American History
Spring Celebration (May 1-3, noon-5 P.M.)—Variety acts, rides, demonstrations.
Thomas Jefferson and Science (through July 5)—Specially collected objects.
American Bowed Strings (ends January 4)—Twenty-one musical instruments.
A Salute to the American Red Cross: Centennial 1881-1981 (May 15-September 6)—Includes 1898 ambulance, Clara Barton's desk and Florence Nightingale's shawl; 75 historical objects (p. 126).
The Changing American Farm, 1831-1981 (May 1-November 1)—Historic equipment shows tractors, machines for planting, harvesting, dairying.

National Air and Space Museum
Assignment: Aviation (May 19 through December)—Photo-realist paintings from the collection of Stuart M. Speiser.
The X-Ray Sky (May 13, 7:30 P.M.)—Lecture by astrophysicist Paul Gorenstein.
The Luminous Universe (May 2, 9 A.M.)—Monthly sky lecture, Spacearium.

National Museum of Natural History
Pressed on Paper: Fish Rubbings and Nature Prints (through May 31)—Resurgence of an unusual art form.
Renaissance of Islam, Art of the Mamluks (May 14-July 19)—Major exhibit of 128 works, 13th to 16th centuries.
Curious Creatures and Mini-Monsters (May 29, noon)—Smithsonian photographer Kjell B. Sandved narrates his new film on animal behavior.
Eternal Summer at 80° North (May 1, noon)—Dr. Leo Hickey discusses Arctic life of some 50 million years ago.

Renwick Gallery
The Grand Beehive Exhibition (through December 13)—Utah's symbol on display.
The Animal Image: Contemporary Objects and the Beasts (through August 30).

Anacostia Neighborhood Museum
Anna J. Cooper: A Voice from the South—Surveys the life of this educator, author and developer of social programs.

Smithsonian events

For tickets to May Resident Associate Program events, call 357-3030:
Eila Hiltunen: A Finnish Treasure (May 5, 8 P.M.)—Author, teacher and sculptor discusses her work.
Literature and the Arts in Today's Ireland (May 13, 8 P.M.)—Review by poet Anthony Cronin.
Mount St. Helens: The First Anniversary (May 13, 7:30 P.M.)—Illustrated lecture.
The Heroic Age of Polar Exploration (May 21, 8 P.M.)—Illustrated lecture.

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SOME SERIOUS NOTES ON MOVING.

By Victor Borge

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(Tiger first appeared on Smithsonian cover, August, 1978)

The Magnificent Cathedral of Chartres and Its Masters (May 11, 8 P.M.)—Lecture.
Code-Name: MAGIC (May 6, 8 P.M.)—Recently declassified information about the penetration of Japanese codes in World War II.
The Return of Halley's Comet (May 12, 8 P.M.)—The history of this famous comet, due back in 1986.

For tickets to Performing Arts events, call 357-1500:
Fiddlers Folly Puppet Theatre (May 7-31)—Wednesdays-Sundays, A&I Theater.
Spring Celebration (May 1-3)—Historic amusements, rides, acts, free at the Museum of American History, noon-5 P.M.
Scott A. White Family (May 17, 3 P.M.)—Four generations sing gospel.
Songs of Kurt Weill (May 21-24)—An evening of his unforgettable music.
Kathakali (May 27, 28)—Indian dance.
Smithsonian Chamber Players (May 3, 4)
20th Century Consort (May 4)
Smithsonian Jazz Ensemble (May 10)
Romantic Chamber Ensemble (May 15-17)—Features the Emerson String Quartet.

Regional Events

In May and June the Regional Events Program travels through the Northeast. The series in New London, Connecticut, May 15-20, features miniatures, Europe's great gardens and the history of the steamboat. Subjects scheduled for Providence, May 14-21, include landscape design, celestial maps and performances of 19th-century sea chanteys. And in Rochester, a gem exhibition will highlight the program, June 2-10, which also includes lectures on crafts, distinguished American art collectors and the Air and Space Museum. For further information, write: Regional Events Program, 1208 A&I, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560.

Membership benefits

Planning a Smithsonian visit? A previsit packet, filled with information for Associates coming to Washington, is free for the asking; send postcard or phone Associates Reception Center, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560 (202-357-2700 or, for hearing impaired, TDD 202-357-1729). Allow two weeks for receipt.

Your benefits at the Smithsonian include dining in the members' restaurant, The Court, and relaxing in the Associates Lounge; slide/lecture orientation to 13 museums; discounts in most museum shops. Complete details are available at the Associates Reception Desk in the castle, 10 A.M.-4 P.M.

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Radio Smithsonian, a weekly half-hour visit to exhibits and performing arts program, is heard nationwide on some 65 stations. Smithsonian Galaxy, a series of twice-weekly, 2¼-minute features, is broadcast by 200 stations. To find out which station in your area carries either program, write: Office of Telecommunications, A&I Building, Room 2472, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560.

Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service

SITES circulates exhibitions to hundreds of cities outside Washington. To sponsor a show in your community, write to Eileen Harakal, SITES, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560. Here are some May exhibits:

Anchorage (May 2-June 6)—*Collages: Selections from the HM&SG*, Anchorage Historical and Fine Arts Museum.

Santa Cruz, California (May 9-June 7)—*Visionary Drawings: Architecture and Planning*, University of California.

West Palm Beach (May 16-June 28)—*Paintings of the Figure from the National Academy of Design*, Norton Gallery and School of Art.

River Grove, Illinois (May 2-31)—Early *Chicago Architecture*, Triton College.

Edgewater, Maryland (May 9-June 7)—*Aquaculture: A World View of Seafarming*, Chesapeake Bay Center for Environmental Studies.

Minneapolis (May 9-June 7)—*The Farallon Islands: A Conservation Success Story*, Bell Museum of Natural History.

Kansas City, Missouri (May 9-June 7)—*A Patternbook of Victorian Architecture*, Historic Kansas City Foundation.

Helena, Montana (May 2-31)—*Art as Language*, Montana Historical Society.

Buffalo (May 2-31)—*Jupiter and Its Moons*, Buffalo Museum of Science.

Akron (May 9-June 7)—*America's Architectural Heritage*, Summit County Historical Society.

Nashville (May 16-August 16)—*A Collector's Eye—The Olga Hirshhorn Collection*, Tennessee Fine Arts Center.

Austin (May 9-June 7)—*America's Architectural Heritage*, Texas Memorial Museum.

Midland, Texas (May 2-31)—*The Photographer's Hand*, Museum of the Southwest.

Charleston, West Virginia (May 9-June 7)—*Images of Earth from Space*, Sunrise Foundation, Inc.

Green Bay, Wisconsin (June 13-July 12)—*Terminal, Station & Depot*, National Railroad Museum.

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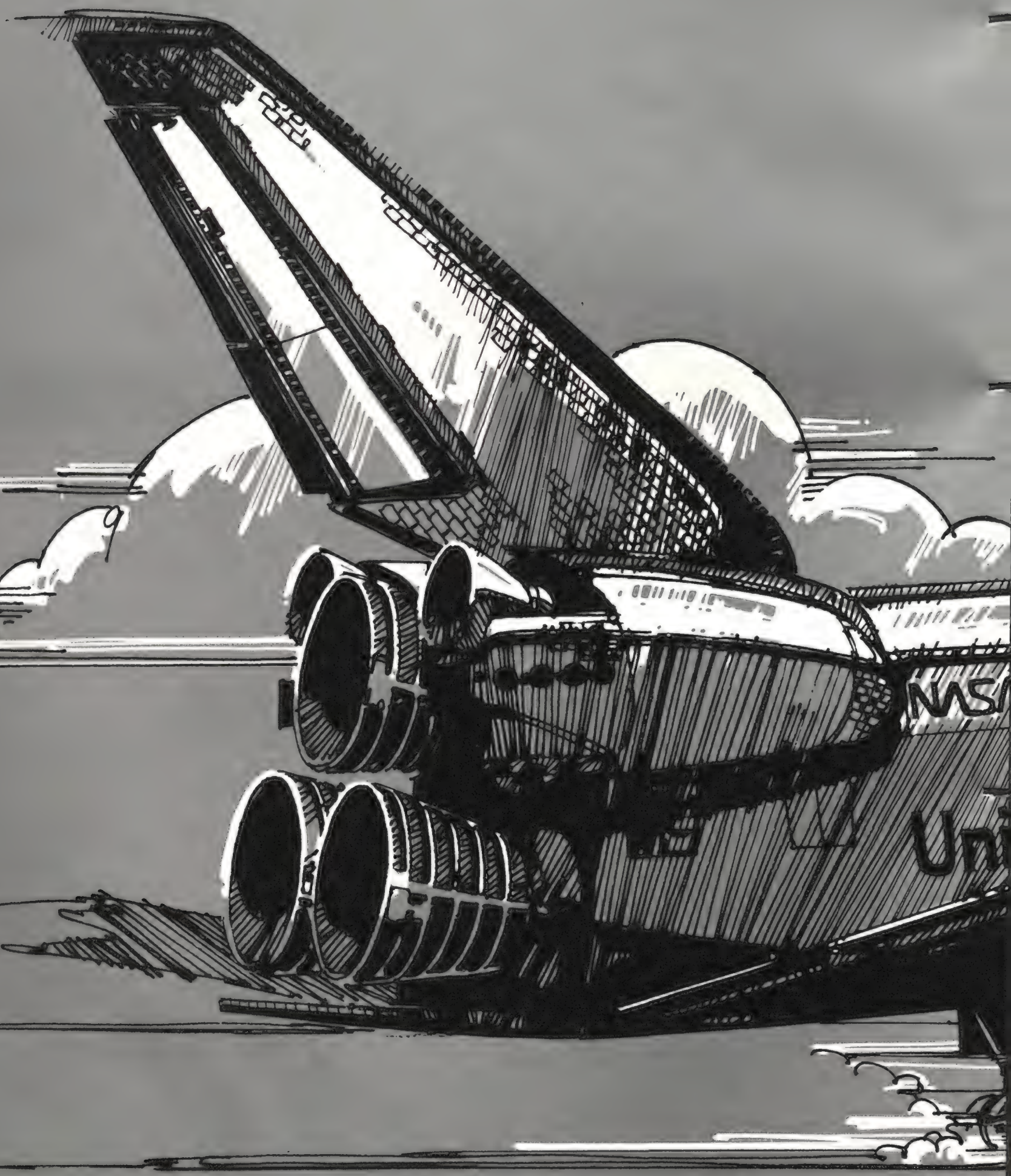

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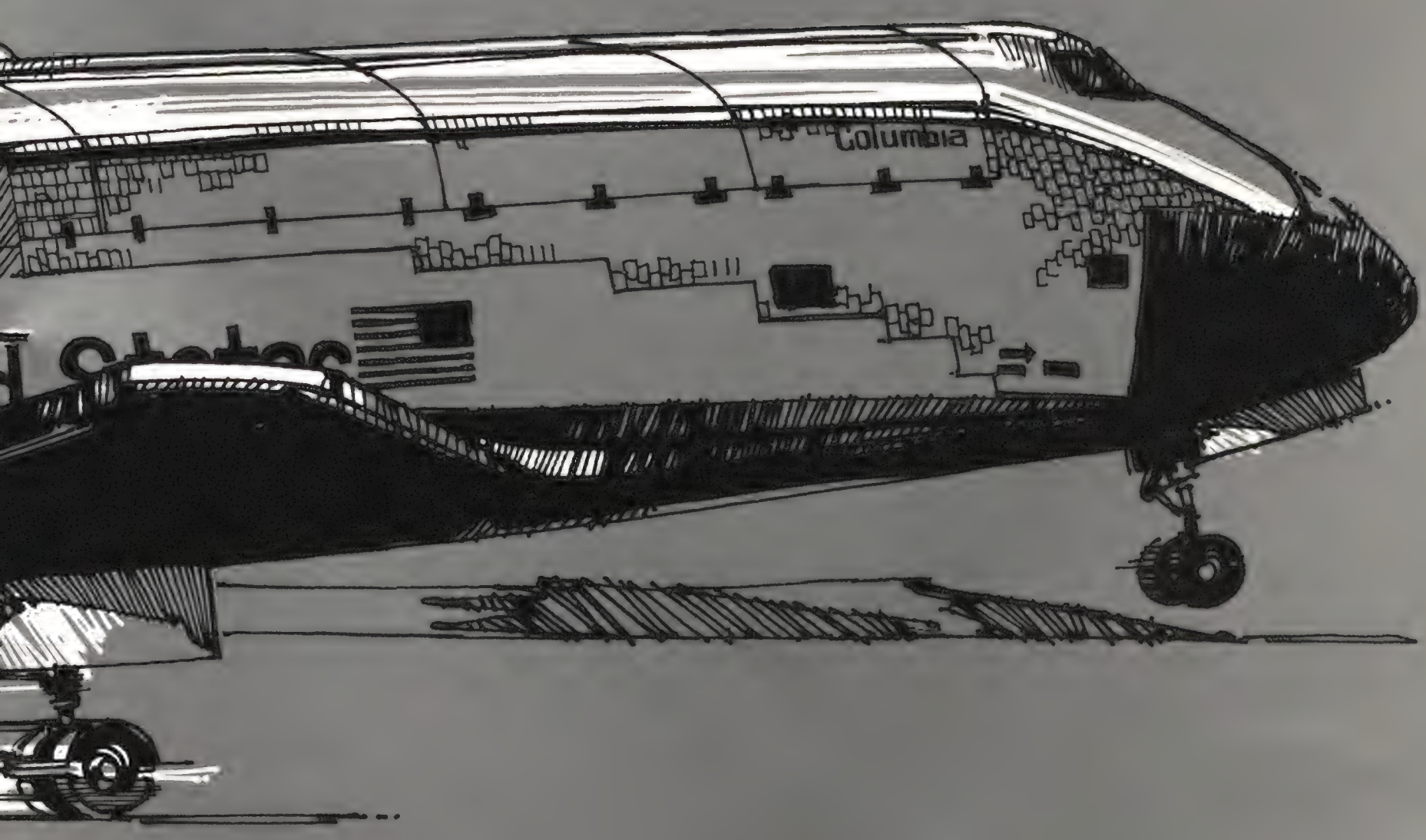

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Travel and Study, at Home, Abroad . . . and

As a Smithsonian Associate, you can enjoy the benefit of culturally oriented experiences under the guidance of museum curators or visiting scholars. Your lively curiosity and broad interests have resulted in a comprehensive study program to meet many tastes and budgets.

Domestic Study Tours

Philadelphia—May 20-24: Museum visits and walking tours of Society Hill, Rittenhouse Square and Fairmont Park.

Illinois Archaeology—May 23-30: Join dig that spans nearly 10,000 years. Includes instruction, lab work and field trips.

San Francisco—June 14-20 or September 20-26: An in-depth view of the city's social and architectural history. Museum visits, bay cruise, evening events and concerts.

Family Sampler—June 25-28: Special program for parents and children (ages 7-14) to enjoy behind-the-scene activities at five Smithsonian museums and the National Zoo.

Glacier National Park—July 4-13: From prairie and forest to treeline and summit: learn the story of varied life zones, explore Glacier's dramatic terrain and enjoy the comforts of a lodge at night.

Desolation and Gray Canyons—July 22-August 1, September 30-October 11, or October 12-23: A white-water trip for the adventurous on Utah's Green River.

Salmon River—July 28-August 4: Spectacular mountain scenery; see bears, bighorn sheep and pine forests while rafting in Idaho's vast primitive area.

Grand Canyon—August 14-24 or August 22-September 1: The light and shadow of a sublime natural spectacle, seen on a raft trip down the Colorado River.

The North Woods—August 20-28: Minnesota's lakes, streams and hardwood forests are the setting for a hiking and canoeing natural history program.

Hopi and Pueblo Country— September 14-23: Enjoy autumn colors and study Southwest Indian cultures with visits to Mesa Verde, Chaco Canyon, Hopi Reservation and Canyon de Chelly.

California Wine—October 4-10: Visit selected vineyards for tasting and lectures with distinguished wine masters.

Great Smoky Mountains—October 9-15: Camping, hiking and brilliant autumn colors enhance this spectacular natural history study adventure.

Asheville—October 15-18: Visit Biltmore and other historic homes in this mountain resort area during the peak of fall foliage.

Gems Weekend—October 16-18: The science and romance of gems and minerals with behind-the-scenes tours of the Smithsonian's renowned collections.

Florida Keys—October 19-25: An active program of snorkeling, canoeing and swimming to study the ecology of Big Pine Key and colorful coral reefs.

Washington "Anytime" Weekend: Choose any weekend to visit your choice of Smithsonian museums, spend two nights at Loew's L'Enfant Plaza Hotel or Hyatt Regency Washington, each close to the Mall, and see other sights in the city by Tourmobile. Reservations and payments at least ten days prior to arrival.

Foreign Study Tours

These tours range in size from small group experiences to charter adventures and vary in price from low cost to deluxe, depending on the type of travel, destination visited and length of trip:

People's Republic of China: Eight tours from May through November with three different itineraries; important cities and archaeological sites, Chang Jiang (Yangtze River) gorges.

Odyssey of Flight—May 24-June 8: Paris Air Show, the Musée de l'Air, Britain's Shuttleworth Collection and more, with Air and Space Museum curators.

Malaysia, Borneo and Singapore—May 25-June 12: Exotic Kuala Lumpur, Penang and Malacca plus a safari in the jungles of Borneo to visit the Sea Dayaks in their longhouses and the famous Niah Caves.

Wild Highlands of Scotland—May 28-June 13: Mountains, lochs, crofters, eagles and moors; a natural history program in a castle near ancient Caledonia forests.

Alpine Countryside—June 6-21 or September 12-27: Study folk art and architecture, flora, fauna and geology in a charming Austrian mountain village.

Waterways of France—June 28-July 9: Lively Paris followed by an MTS *Argonaut* study voyage to Brittany, Bordeaux, the Breton Islands and Mont St. Michael. Exclusive excursions, festive dinners and distinguished guest lecturers enhance the program.

Wales—July 4-17: Savor dramatic landscapes, visit archaeological sites, fishing villages, mines, manor houses and old castles; attend the International Music Festival at Llangollen.

Finnish Lakes—July 10-26: An extravaganza of cultural happenings, the Savonlinna Opera Festival, plus music, design and architecture in Helsinki.

An Alpine Walk—August 2-16 or August 16-30: A 125-mile hike through the Swiss Alps to study peaks, waterfalls and flora.

Oxford/Smithsonian Seminar—September 11-26: Archaeology and Oxford landscapes are among ten in-depth courses taught by Oxford faculty. Live in Worcester College with visits to Cambridge, Bath and Stratford for a performance.

The Ancient World of Peru—September 18-October 2: Visit Lima and major archaeological sites along the coast; then explore the Inca capital of Cuzco, amazing Machu Picchu and colorful Indian markets.

Canadian Rockies—September 22-30: Snow-capped peaks, lakes and forested valleys provide scenic grandeur for hiking and natural history study at Banff, Lake Louise and Jasper.

Salzburg Seminar—October 3-17: Study opera of the Baroque era in the lakeside setting of Schloss Leopoldskron; includes German lessons, lectures on Austria, visits to museums, theater and concerts.

Portugal—October 6-20: Enjoy Lisbon's diverse charms and gentle character; sample the rich variety of the historic coastline and hinterland.

Kyoto Seminar—November 6-22: Live Japanese style; visit shrines and gardens of Kyoto and Nara; study Japanese history.

Write National Associates, A&I 1278 Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. or call (202) 357-2477 for specific tour brochures

in Washington

Selected Studies Seminars

Now is the time to enjoy the latest popular programs at the Smithsonian which combine excellent speakers and small, specially arranged "behind-the-scenes" tours. Choose from:

American Antique Furniture—September 20-25: Connoisseurship of masterpieces, 1650-1840. Includes color slides of great collections, detection of fakes, care of antiques and tours of the elegant Diplomatic Reception Rooms at the Department of State and of Winterthur Museum.

Chinese Ceramics—September 20-25: Become familar with the unsurpassed porcelain, stoneware and earthenwares that have captured the world's interest for centuries; includes beautiful export wares, enameled porcelains, reign marks, dating methods, detection of fakes and today's market, as well as small tours of the Freer Gallery's outstanding collection on display and in storage.

Genealogical Research—September 27-October 2: Taught by Milton Rubincam, Marilyn Duncan and other leading authorities, participants learn how to conduct research in major genealogical repositories such as the National Archives, Library of Congress and the DAR Library.

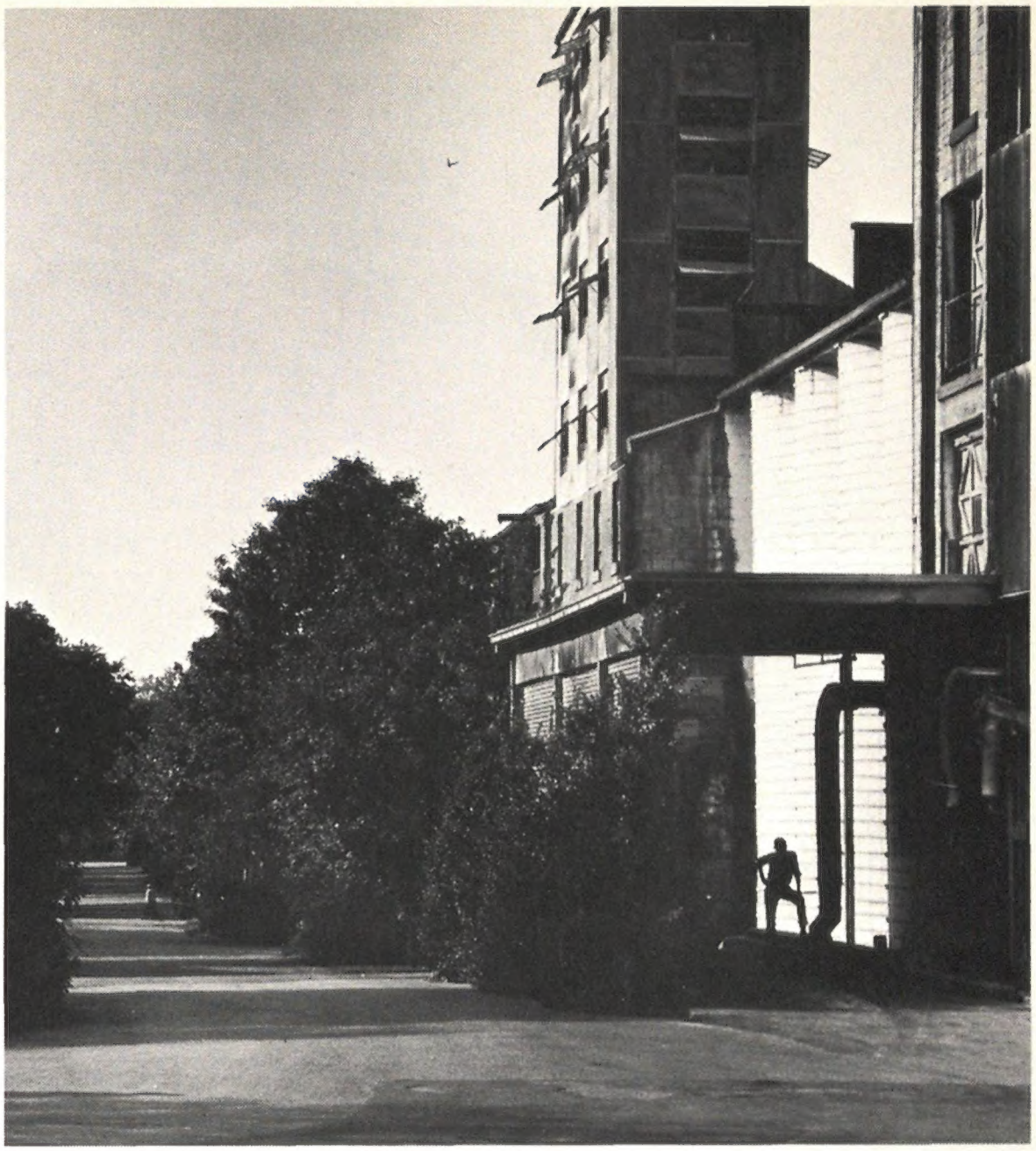
Aircraft Restoration: How To—October 4-8: The master craftsmen who restore the famous planes in the National Air and Space Museum share their many techniques in workshops at the Paul E. Garber Restoration, Preservation and Storage Facility (formerly known as Silver Hill).

Tibet: Lost Horizons—October 18-23: The culture, history and art of this rich civilization along with behind-the-scenes tours of the Freer Gallery of Art and the best private collections in the United States.

Post-Impressionist Masters—October 25-30: Bill Kloss explores the unsurpassed paintings of Gauguin, van Gogh, Cézanne and other outstanding artists in lavishly illustrated lectures and tours of Washington's great museums—the Hirshhorn, Phillips Collection and National Gallery of Art.

Coming:
Historic House Preservation: How To—November 1-6.
World War II Aviation—November 15-20.

or (202) 357-2475 for seminar brochures.



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By Richard Wolkomir

Beep-beep-beep assaults us the world over

Psychologists, apparently wondering how well we're interfacing (that word!) with machines these days, are probing humankind's relationship with the automobile. Their findings can be puzzling.

For instance, psychologists from Fort Hays State University, in Kansas, report that the speediest patrons of drive-up bank windows are men—but only if they have male passengers. And a New Zealand researcher has discovered that women drivers are likelier to yield the right of way than men. But here's a surprise: women won't yield to scooters.

Meanwhile, in a fascinating study of Nigerian attitudes toward stop signs published in the *Journal of Applied Psychology*, Denis Chimaeze E. Ugwuegbu, of the University of Ibadan, notes that "In the early history of the automobile in Nigeria, people perceived cars and lorries as a medium of destruction through which the gods could manifest their anger at will. Accidents . . . were attributed not to the failure of the machine nor to the behavior of the driver but to bad luck or evil spirits."

Having once owned a second-hand Chrysler that clearly was possessed by evil spirits, I vote with the Nigerians. But I also like the Italian approach.

In Italy, the car horn is a musical instrument that can express the full range of human emotions. Carlo, the grinning rascal who drove our tour bus through Italy, tooted chummily at friends on the street. He honked admiringly at pretty girls, warningly at careless pedestrians, impatiently at slow-moving Fiats. And when we were overdue back at the tour bus, possibly lost, he tooted anxiously.

But he unleashed the full majesty of the Italian auto horn when another driver behaved like a *grosso stupido*, which some frequently did. Then the two opposing drivers would perform a symphony of mutual outrage, alternating tenor and bass blats, short passages in bellowed Italian, thumb biting and crescendos of honks. At the finale of these performances, the audience in the bus always burst into spontaneous applause, while Carlo—the inevitable victor—grinned.

Recently in Egypt I discovered a different point of view. A group of us were riding in a tin wagon, pulled by a tractor across the sizzling plain to Tel el Amarna, once the site of Pharaoh Akhenaton's royal city, but now a swath of desert. There was only sand, the ruts we were lurching along, and an intersecting set of ruts up ahead—from horizon to horizon not a human being, not another vehicle, not even a camel. Yet, as we chugged through that lonely crossroads, our turbaned driver's hand shot to the horn button: *beep-beep-beep*. . . .

Egyptians love to beep. Everyone keeps one hand on the horn button and *beep-beeps* down the road—*beep* at farmers, *beep* at camels, *beep* at other cars, *beep* at nothing at all. Then, at night, activity shifts to the light switch.

Barreling down a dark road—where peasant families sit cross-legged on the pavement, cooking their evening meals over campfires—the Egyptian driver likes to flicker his headlights, especially at oncoming traffic. First driver A flicks his lights, high-low-high. Then driver B flicks. Then A turns his lights completely off. Then B turns off his lights. A flicks his back on, until they whiz by each other with a perfunctory *beep* and a final flash.

For city Egyptians, cars are toys—they beep, they flash, they're fun. But rural Egyptians have a different perspective.

At dawn, when the peasants bathe their oxen and water buffalo in the Nile, the one family in maybe 10,000 who owns a tractor also is on the banks, tenderly splashing bucketfuls of river water onto their machine. Like the donkey, the vehicle is a worker, a member of the family. One ex-peasant who drove us, after stopping for minor repairs, affectionately kissed his engine before closing the hood.

Even city drivers seem to expect their mechanized steeds, all on their own, to avoid smackups. As one Cairo acquaintance assured me, after we'd scooted through the evening's ninth red light: "Oh, they're just for decoration."

But that is an idea that drivers in places like Boston and San Diego often seem to share. In fact, all around the world, *Homo automotus* may be only one species.

In the *Middle East Journal*, Professor Charles H. Winslow of Indiana University has published "A Study of Palestinian Taxi Drivers Crossing a One Lane Bridge in South Lebanon." With his assistant, a Palestinian student, Professor Winslow observed that drivers raced each other onto the bridge, creating horn-blowing, imprecation-shouting traffic jams that cost everyone time and tranquility. Why not, the researchers suggested in a leaflet they handed out to the drivers, simply take turns crossing the bridge?

But as one driver said, surely speaking as much for the human race as for Palestinian cabbies: "You can get *me* to do it if you can get *them* to do it!"

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